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# THE MONTH.

**ROEHAMPTON :**  
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# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,  
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.  
(*Apoc.* xxii. 2.)

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## *The Affirmation Bill.*

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THE Affirmation Bill, which abolishes any recognition of God as a condition of being admitted into the English Legislature, marks the introduction of a new and important principle into the field of public morality. It is not a measure for the relief of the consciences of those who object to oaths as unlawful: it is not an extension of the privilege already conceded to the Society of Friends and other religious bodies: it is not in any sense a measure admitting to civil privileges those who had hitherto been excluded by conscientious objections. If it had been this, I would have passed it over as logically necessary in a constitution which recognizes liberty of conscience as one of its fundamental principles, and if I regretted the consequences which flow from its adoption, I would have held my peace and submitted to what equity and consistency alike demanded.

But the Affirmation Bill is of a very different character. It is framed in order to admit into Parliament, not one who objects on principle to oaths, for he who is the occasion of it proffered the oath and was refused. It is not a concession to conscience, since those whom it will admit deny the existence of conscience, except as another name for a bundle of traditional opinions based on our selfish instincts and modified by the results of experience. It is a measure enabling an atheist<sup>1</sup> to boast himself

<sup>1</sup> As one of the arguments urged in favour of the Affirmation Bill is that the word *atheist* does not admit of precise definition, it may be as well to explain at once the meaning of the term. An atheist is one who denies the existence of the God of Theism, that is, of a Supreme and Personal Ruler of the Universe, who rewards virtue and punishes vice. It is not necessary to Theism that the Theist should recognize the Omnipotence, and still less the Infinite Nature of God. It is enough, at all events in the uneducated, that they should regard Him as a Person, as the Governor of the world, as possessed of a supreme and absolute power, as the Distributor of happiness to the just and punishment to the wicked. The Mohammedan is a Theist, the pagan, and even the idolater may be a Theist. The worshippers of Zeus and Jupiter were Theists so long as their God possessed uncontrolled dominion and was in no danger of being ousted by any power superior to himself. The degraded savage may be a Theist and is a Theist so long as he has not by his own wilful sin against the law of nature closed his eyes to the light.

an atheist before the world, and yet to claim a share in the government of a country which is, as regards the bulk of its citizens, still Theist and Christian. It is a measure legalizing the admission among our lawgivers of those who proclaim themselves the open foes of that which is the ultimate basis of all law, justice, order, morality, and virtue. It is a measure giving a share in the government of a great nation to those who virtually acknowledge neither duty nor conscience nor right nor wrong, except so far as narrow, shortsighted, purblind, ignorant man shall judge the fulfilment of duty, and obedience to conscience, and the maintenance of the distinction between right and wrong, to conduce to his own selfish interests or to the temporal well-being of those around him.

Anglican clergymen, as we had a right to hope and expect, have come forward boldly to protest against this repudiation of the first principle of all religion. Within the last few weeks the new Primate received a deputation, who came to present a petition signed by thirteen thousand clergymen against the Bill. One would have imagined that the chief dignitary of the religion of the State would on this occasion have spoken out plainly. For Anglicanism is at least Theist and Christian, and although appointed by the promoters of the Bill, Archbishop Benson might have been expected to allow religious conviction to carry the day against the gratitude of a politician. But to our surprise, we find him defending the Bill, and that with a strange and perverse ingenuity. By common consent, he tells us, declarations have been substituted for oaths in the mouths of the clergy when admitted to the cure of souls, so that it is by a declaration that they now repudiate the crime of simony and express their assent to the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer. From this he argues that the absence of the formula, "So help me God," does not necessarily imply disbelief, and that its removal would not in any way destroy the Christian character of the Legislature.

The plea that oaths are an useless and perhaps mischievous formality, rather dishonouring to the Deity than otherwise, is an argument which has already been put forward by Lord Sherbrooke in the *Nineteenth Century*, and answered with most convincing skill and earnestness by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The answer, if not the wild and unpractical article which called it forth, is probably familiar to my readers, and it is not necessary to do more than just to allude to it here.

But in the mouth of the Anglican dignitary the subject requires a little further notice, on account of the fallacy of the parallel that he draws.

It might seem at first sight fair enough to say, that if a declaration is found in practice sufficiently binding on honourable men, an oath is an unnecessary and even profane formality. But Dr. Benson's classic lore might have called to his mind the common consent of mankind to the substitution on some subjects of oaths for mere declarations. An historical examination, as well as the ordinary dictates of common sense, would have led him to the conclusion that there is a sort of proportion between the importance and solemnity of any statement made, and the importance and solemnity of the manner in which it should be made. Any sort of solemn asseveration respecting the trifles of ordinary life is acknowledged to be out of place. A man who should formally declare on his word of honour and still more on his oath, that he preferred apples to pears, or light sherry to dark, would thereby make himself ridiculous. But when the matter is one on which serious issues depend—a witness before a court of law—a subject assisting his Sovereign in the work of legislation—then mankind at large recognize the fitness of an oath in testimony of the veracity of the one and the loyalty of the other.<sup>2</sup> Add to this that the simple declaration of an Anglican clergyman, who by his very position professes after his own fashion his belief in God and in revealed religion, has a force which would be entirely and wholly wanting in one who recognizes no Supreme Authority to whom he is responsible, and who therefore has no sufficient motive for any careful discernment between truth and falsehood. The value of the declaration varies with the moral standard of him who makes it. If he is a man of integrity and virtue (and Anglican clergymen in general are such), his declaration has to a great extent the same value as his oath. If he is a man for whom religion is a name with no corresponding reality, whose morality is known to be of little account, and whose character gives no weight to his words, one who sets at nought all the

<sup>2</sup> It is to be noted that the value of the oath lies not in the words, "I swear," but in the invocation of God and the appeal to Him as a witness of the truth of the statement made. In America, where the Members of the Senate are allowed the alternative of an oath or an affirmation, the form of the affirmation, "In the presence of God I solemnly declare," fulfils all the purposes of an oath as an appeal to, and consequently the expression of a belief in, Almighty God. At the same time it relieves all possible conscientious objections on the part of those who object to oaths as such.

sanctions by which men ordinarily regard themselves as bound, we cannot reckon his solemn declaration, his word of honour, if you please, as more than a mere empty sound to be adhered to or departed from as occasion may serve. For him some further test is necessary, and an oath is valuable not so much because he would be likely to respect it, as because there are still pains and penalties attaching to one who shall profane the oath by taking it with an avowed disbelief in Him by whom he swears.

The second part of Dr. Benson's statement calls for a word of comment before we pass on to the main argument we shall adduce respecting the promised measure. He tells us that, supposing the Bill should pass, he "should be the last to admit that after that moment Parliament would have lost its Christian character, or would be less called upon to answer all questions in a religious and Christian spirit."

We ask ourselves as we read these words what the Primate of the Anglican Church can mean by this oracular announcement. An assembly which once consisted of Europeans has admitted into it first a number of half-castes, and afterwards opens its doors even to native Indians, and one who professes to be an official representative of the Europeans therein contained protests that after the admission of natives the assembly is none the less an assembly of Europeans, and none the less bound to approach any question in the spirit and in the temper which distinguished the Europeans from those who belong to any other country. Into Parliament are admitted, first of all those who reject Christ and the Christian religion, and then the door is opened to the avowed atheist, who makes it his boast that he will pursue Christianity and Theism with unrelenting hate, and still the courtly prelate of Anglicanism sweetly says to the thirteen thousand clergy who sent in their manly protest: "Whoever be found in the Legislature of my country, Jew, agnostic, atheist, still, thank God, I shall continue to regard that Legislature as essentially a Christian assembly." Strange language this for the ecclesiastical head of a vast body of professing Christians! How can orthodoxy hold its own in the Church of England, if its first dignitary thus throws dust in the eyes of those who still cling to Christianity, and talks in faltering and ambiguous tones where we should at least have expected a vigorous cooperation with the thirteen thousand Anglican clergymen, who must have been sorely disappointed with the reception they encountered at Lambeth Palace.

But, after all, to paint the Affirmation Bill as a mere substitution of a solemn affirmation for an unnecessary oath is to ignore its true aim and object. It has one object and one only—to enable the avowed atheist, the open enemy of God, the blasphemer of all that is sacred in Heaven and earth to take his place in his character as atheist among the legislators of our country. It is true that whatever test be imposed it cannot exclude the concealed unbeliever. The atheist who chooses to take it can always gain admission, and a certain number will be sure to do so. Why should one who recognizes no responsibility, is bound by no law of conscience, prefer truth to falsehood, save as far as falsehood proves injurious to his own selfish interests? Nay we imagine that one who denies the God of Truth would naturally gravitate towards the principle opposed to truth. But the test of a solemn oath has this invaluable object—that if it does not exclude all who say in their heart, “There is no God,” it prevents them from expressing with their mouth the sentiments they entertain. They are gagged by their oath, for even they for the most part are not shameless enough to disavow their solemn and deliberate act, and if they did so would forfeit the position of which this was and is the condition. They are rendered harmless by the fraud they have practised, and are compelled to act as theists, speak as theists, write as theists. If we are told that this is to compel them to hypocrisy, we answer that a villain compelled to act as an honest man is in a far better position than one who is free to indulge his villainy. An atheist veiling his atheism is even in himself less evil, as well as less pernicious to the interests of others, than an atheist vomiting forth his blasphemies. It is a benefit even to the criminal to prevent him from committing fresh crimes—it is an incalculable benefit to others.

But the all-important point in the present question is that we should clearly keep before our eyes that the introduction of the Affirmation Bill is not merely a continuation of the policy of religious liberty, which has, for good or for evil, been steadily advancing on all sides. There is no sort of parallel between the admission of Jews or Unitarians into Parliament and the admission of atheists. The two cases are altogether on a different footing. An Anglican clergyman in objecting to the Unitarian is illogical in doing so, not so in objecting to the atheist. Catholics cannot throw in their lot with any orthodox Protestants seeking to impose disadvantages on non-Christians



because a consistent Protestant would not be a Christian himself. But a Catholic can and ought to take part with an orthodox Protestant in fighting against atheism. In the one case the Catholic stands on a rock, the Protestant on a foundation of sand; but in the latter they are both on the same ground. For in the former case it is a question of revealed religion, in the latter of natural religion. In matters of revealed religion the Catholic must stand aloof from all, since revelation is the exclusive possession of the Church. In matters of natural religion there is no question of Church or Revelation, and Catholic and Protestant can take their place side by side, just as they can in supporting temperance, or in discountenancing immorality, or in upholding denominational schools.

It is this possibility of union between Catholics and the various sects outside the Church which shows most clearly how, in the present case, the battle between good and evil is being fought on a very different level. It is no longer a question of Papal Infallibility, or the sacramental system, or the supernatural power of the Church. Nay it is not even a question of Christianity itself. Mournful indeed, but mournfully true is the thought that we have sunk lower still, and that the light has been so rapidly giving place to thick darkness that we need not, we cannot, discern in marshalling our ranks any difference, so far as our common action is concerned, between Catholic and Protestant, between Christian and Jew, in face of the ghastly foe who now advances to the attack. All who still maintain their natural belief in God are bound to take common action against this new enemy. Whether their religious principles beyond this primary fact are true or false, logical or illogical, whether they belong to the Church which cannot fail, or to one or other of the transient heresies which arise only to sink again into the darkness which gave them birth, all who have not relinquished their adherence to a Supreme Ruler of the world, are called upon, by their loyalty to God, to put aside their religious differences and unite on the wide basis of a common theism.

It is an ill omen for England that we should have come to this, and that Catholics should have to hold out their hands to their opponents in order to combat an enemy more deadly than all the rest. We could have predicted that ere long it must be so when once the severance from Rome had taken place; we knew that our poor country was embarked on a dangerous slope, at the bottom of which yawned the gulf of

atheism. We cannot help casting a glance of pity at the poor tottering structures of the various dogmatic bodies outside the Church, unable to keep out the rising tide of unbelief because of the crumbling state of their own foundations. But if all these structures were to be swept away, if all their positive beliefs were to disappear and bare theism alone remained, without miracles, without sacraments, without Christianity, without revelation, still we should be bound to unite ourselves even with these foes of revealed religion if we could thereby do anything to avert the approach of that deadly pestilence, that well-spring of moral miasma, that curse of humanity, that source of ruin and death to the souls of men, that fell destroyer of virtue, that plague spot of the moral and social order, that enemy of God and man, that we see personified in the dogmatic atheist.

It is not without good reason that I draw this distinction between the illogical adherent of some form of religion which is an incongruous mixture of truth and error, and the miscreant who denies and opposes all religion whatsoever. For while the one, by reason of invincible ignorance, may be excusable, the other is always and in every case inexcusable. The one may be a good man, the other cannot. The one may be, in spite of his errors, the friend of God, the other is necessarily His enemy. The one may be beautiful in the sight of Heaven by reason of the supernatural charity which is compatible with countless errors of ignorance, the other is foul and hideous before God and man. The one may be an heir of Heaven, the other is an inheritor of perdition. The one may be a member of the Invisible Church of Christ, the other is in reality, as well as in name, a member of the synagogue of Satan. The one may never have lost his baptismal innocence, the other is deeply sunk in the foul mire of deadly sin. The one may have wandered from the way of Truth through an ignorance for which he is not himself responsible, the other has deliberately and perversely, through the malice of his own corrupt heart, chosen evil instead of good, falsehood in the place of Truth.

For there is no such thing as invincible ignorance respecting the existence of God. Nothing but wilful and persistent ill-doing can so blot out the knowledge of Him from the intellect that a man can, without a conscious act of dishonesty, say in his heart, or with his lips, There is no God. Some, indeed, there are, who have worked their way from rebellion against God to a hatred of Him, and from a hatred

of Him to a wish that He did not exist, and from a wish that He did not exist to a positive doubt respecting His existence, and from the doubt to actual unbelief. But even in such there still lingers a conviction which from time to time flashes before their minds amidst the darkness, that they are intellectual impostors. The denial that comes so confidently, so shamelessly from their lips, corresponds very ill to the wavering opinion of their heart. There lurks within them a secret dread, which refuses to be silenced, that perhaps they are deceiving themselves. Beneath the surface their dwells a disquieting suspicion that the reason why they see no trace of God's existence in them and around them, is not that He does not exist, but that they have shut their eyes, unwilling to acknowledge One whose presence they hate and whose law they refuse to obey. Or if they succeed in persuading themselves that they are honest, if they contrive, amid the tumult of passion or the din of an applauding crowd, to drown the whisper and silence the voice of God, or at least to shut their ears so perfectly that for them it sounds not, then they are but like those who with eyes so tightly bandaged by their own deliberate act that no ray can pass through, declare that it is a delusion to suppose that there is a sun in heaven or a moon to give light upon the earth.

When I hear the Affirmation Bill defended, even by good Catholics, I am convinced that they defend it because they do not fully appreciate what the guilt of atheism is. They have a sort of generous desire to advocate the cause of those whom they regard as culpable indeed, but as in many instances very excusable by reason of their education, the society in which they have lived, the peculiar character of their minds. Perhaps they have witnessed the external decorum and respectability of many a professed atheist, nay, have admired his natural virtues, his generosity, his kindness of heart, his sense of justice, his courage, his truthfulness. They find it hard to believe that such an one is a criminal of the deepest dye, a foe to his fellows, utterly inexcusable for his rejection of the Light that lighteth every man that comes into the world. They forget that atheism implies a previous course of debasing wickedness, a deliberate series of outrages against virtue, a dishonest intellect, a perverted will, a hardened heart, and a degraded morality. They, moreover, forget that though this or that individual may retain some of the natural virtues, yet his opinions have for their infallible result the blotting out of the natural law from the minds and hearts of

men. They forget that in the train of atheism there enters in not only pride, blasphemy, sacrilege, and other offences directly aimed against God, but also social disorder, impurity, the corruption of youth, the spread of obscene literature, the foulest crimes against nature.

For atheism is not only a sin against the natural law, but a denial of its very existence, for a law implies a law-giver, and to deny the lawgiver is to reject the law. It is an act of complete rebellion against all authority, since it rejects Him from whom all authority, of whatsoever kind it be, ultimately proceeds. It is not only a state of rebellion against God, but it is also a state of rebellion against society, since the atheist recognizes no claim of any ruling power to his obedience, save in so far as obedience seems to him to promote his own welfare and interest. If he acknowledge Altruism as a corrective of Egoism, and the interests of those around him as counterbalancing and modifying the interests of self, yet this Altruism has no securer basis than the instinct of one who recognizes himself, and himself alone, as the final source whence proceeds all authority and jurisdiction over his own actions. It is for the individual, and for him alone, to judge how far his selfish instinct should be controlled by this counter-instinct raising its voice for others. At such a tribunal we may imagine what sort of a chance the interests of those around have when in collision with the interests of self. Nay, we have no need to imagine it. In the French Revolution, in the more recent Commune, we see the effects of atheism let loose. We see how far the interests of others are respected by those who have triumphantly cast off the yoke of God. We see the horrors we are launching upon society when we intrust legislation to those who own responsibility to no Deity save to the hideous idol which they miscall Liberty, and set up in the place of the God of Heaven. Or to look nearer home, we see in the atheist of to-day the fruits of atheism. Not that I wish to adduce the repulsiveness of the individual atheist as an *ad captandum* argument in my own favour. It would be a gross injustice to those who unhappily have lost their belief in God, to put them on a level with the demagogue and criminal whom no honest man would welcome within his doors. I should be sorry to ascribe to atheists as a class his filthy immorality, his low obscenity, his obtrusive bad taste, his vulgar coarseness, his indiscriminate abuse, his appeal to the lowest passions and prejudices of the ignorant. Yet these are

the natural results of dogmatic atheism. They may not always be as undisguised, as openly repulsive as they are in this or that individual. Education may modify them, or gentle breeding, or a more cultivated intelligence. But even where the leaves and blossom do not betray the true character of the plant, the poisonous root will ever be the same, and will bear the same fatal fruit.

When we urge that such men as these should not be introduced into our Legislature, we are sometimes told that the appointment to civil duties ought not to be interfered with by any religious disabilities. I do not for a moment admit the principle as a principle, but even if it were true it would not open the door to the dogmatic atheist. For a religious disability is a disability by reason of the religion which a man professes, and a dogmatic atheist professes no religion whatever. Even if we extend the definition, and explain a religious disability as a disability based upon a man's conscientious objection to this or that form of religion, still it does not admit the dogmatic atheist. Even though among the forms of religion objected to be the minimizing creed of the bare Theist, still the dogmatic atheist is outside the barrier. For dogmatic atheism differs from all other forms of unbelief. There may be, and there are, many in the legislature of our country who profess no dogmatic faith, many whose creed is from first to last one long series of doubts, and who would insert a "perhaps" into every positive statement they would make on religious subjects. There may be some who would assert that outside the world of sense all is guess-work and haphazard conjecture. But such men are comparatively harmless as compared with the atheist proper. Other unbelievers are content to remain silent, they wage no positive war against religion and against God. The dogmatic atheist has so blinded his conscience, so perverted his moral sense, that he regards it as a duty (if duty it can be called) to fight against his Creator. Other unbelievers, if they have no faith themselves, yet respect those who have. The atheist regards faith as one of the curses of humanity, one of the chief obstacles of what he is pleased to call progress. Other unbelievers, if they have lost sight of God, at least regret their loss, and know that they are deprived of a source of happiness and joy, of a Friend and Protector, a Comforter in trouble, in sickness, and in death. The atheist keeps God in sight, hates Him, regards Him as an enemy, loathes His very name. Other unbelievers still cling to morality, and respect religion as the basis of morality. The

atheist regards morality as a bane to mankind, and the religion that inculcates it as a foolish and mischievous superstition. Other unbelievers are content to let alone accepted beliefs for time to establish if true and to destroy if false. The atheist is the bitter foe of every accepted belief ; he would fain tear down the temples of every creed, and level with the dust everything that reminds man of an unseen Power whom he is bound to obey.

Such is the man, or rather, such are the men whom England proposes to admit among the legislators of what I hope I may still call—though I fear the name is almost forfeited—a Christian country. It is well to remember that it is not only an individual whose gross blasphemies may at any moment be heard in our Senate, printed in our papers, read in every English home as the weighty utterances of a senator of the land. It is a very short-sighted policy to defend the Affirmation Bill on the ground that it will take away from a noisy demagogue the prestige of one who is persecuted for his honest convictions, that it will silence his appeals for justice, force him into an outward respectability, perhaps thrust him back into a comparatively harmless obscurity. For the Affirmation Bill is not merely a bill of relief to an individual, it opens a barrier through which, as the remnants of faith fade away, and England hastens down the slope of free thought and private judgment towards the precipice of indifference and secularism, an ever-increasing number of dogmatic atheists will pass within those portals which hitherto have been impassable save to those who at least acknowledged with their mouth the submission due to their Creator and their God. For years to come little or no results of the change may appear on the surface ; the canker-worm will do its work of destruction gradually, but none the less surely. As the refusal to acknowledge the Pope as Supreme on earth robbed us of our Catholicity, and by logical consequence of our Christianity as well, so this new departure, (which is the inevitable result, though it is not the logical consequence of what went before), will rob us little by little of that natural religion that still remains to us.

The decay of natural religion will necessarily carry with it the decay of our social order. At some not very distant day we may see the extreme Left domineering in our Legislature. It is quite possible that those who come after us may witness in England a repetition of the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and

if the Reign of Terror should perchance be under the guidance of men like to him who now waits at the door of the House of Commons demanding admission, it will be a Reign of Terror more foul, more brutal, more elaborate alike in its cruelty, its lust, its blasphemy against God, than was even that foretaste of Hell upon earth over which Robespierre held sway.

I have expressed my opinion on the Affirmation Bill without reserve, because it is essentially a religious question, and not a question of party politics. I imagine that the natural instinct of a political Conservative who had ceased to believe in God would be to vote for it, in spite of his distaste for the individual whom it may immediately introduce. I imagine that the natural instinct of every political Liberal, if he be a religious man, would be to vote against it. It is a mournful sight to see it introduced under the sanction of one who has passed all his life for a man sincerely devoted to Christianity, and whose honesty of purpose nothing but prejudice can doubt. It is the Nemesis which follows on Truth rejected, that the rejection involves, as its logical and practical consequence, a forced association and unwilling alliance with the bitter enemies of all Truth.

R. F. C.

## *Louis Veillot.*

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DEATH, which has been unusually busy of late with famous names in France, has at last broken, after long years of honourable strife and amid expressions of regret from all parts of Christendom, the sharpest weapon ever wielded by layman in the service of the Church, and stilled a great heart than which few nobler ever beat in the sacred cause of truth. Louis Veillot has gone to his rest and his reward ; to the rest which his spirit of generous self-sacrifice never allowed him here, to the reward which God has promised not to apostles only, but to all who in whatever sphere of life shall have run manfully in the race, fought the good fight, and kept the faith. He is gone with a last "God speed you to Heaven" from the Vicar of Christ, the crucifix to his lips, the God of the Eucharist in his heart, and his eyes turned at the close, as throughout the course, of his truly Christian career, to that Rome, whence shines the unfailing light which never misleads in life and which can alone scatter the gloom and the terrors of death. Certainly no more appropriate epitaph could be graven on the tomb-stone of this uncompromising believer and doughty champion of our common faith, than that which is contained in a few verses to be found at the close of his own most charming little *Çà et Là* :

Après la dernière prière,  
Sur ma fosse plantez la croix ;  
Et si l'on me donne une pierre  
Gravez dessus ; *J'ai cru, je vois.*

Catholics of every shade of opinion, those even who disliked and disapproved his polemics, and who, therefore, were the least disposed to take him unreservedly for their master and model in the art of literary warfare, will sincerely mourn the loss of one, who, whatever his mistakes, never took up his pen but in the defence of truth against error, never raised his voice but on the side of right against wrong, and to whom all are



alike indebted for a rare example of noble intrepidity. There are few, no matter what their political principles and religious belief, who, having any appreciation of what is noble, true, and great, any admiration for genius, any fellow-feeling at all with lives of entire self-devotion, unfaltering courage, ceaseless unremunerative toil, and thorough fidelity to conscientious convictions, will find it in their heart to withhold the homage of their esteem from the career and character of this self-taught writer, whose literary excellence, the terror of his enemies, the delight of his friends, and the wonder of both, is acknowledged by all; whose absolutely indomitable pluck, a virtue so justly dear to every English heart, never shrank from joining battle with adversaries, however powerful or numerous; and whose innate love of honour, truth, and justice, at once an instinct and a passion, earned for him no better reward here below than a very large share in the unpopularity, which seems to be the peculiar inheritance of truth and rectitude. Last and not least, engaged as we are in the same great cause, we too desire to lay a little tribute of respect and gratitude, none the less hearty for being very humble, on the coffin of the great Christian apologist, who could always spare time from his untiring defence of immeasurably higher interests to break a lance with the enemies of the Society of Jesus.

A plebeian of the plebeians, the son of a poor village cooper, starting life with no better education than what he could pick up at the *École Mutuelle*, self-made and self-taught, Louis Veuillot astonished the world for close upon forty years with numberless and almost daily proofs of a literary talent which has deservedly ranked him amongst the foremost writers of his country in this and, indeed, in any age. His was a talent none could gainsay. "J'aime tant le talent," M. de Rémusat once remarked to Sainte-Beuve, "que je serais capable de voter pour ce diable de Veuillot s'il se présentait à l'Académie!" In these words M. de Rémusat was but expressing the common opinion even of those most hostile to the unpopular editor of the *Univers*. Few writers ever possessed a more thorough knowledge of the French language, or displayed a greater skill in putting forth for his own purposes all its wealth, power, and beauty than Louis Veuillot. Foes no less than friends have at all times rendered willing homage to the originality, power, brilliancy, and versatility of a genius which was grave or gay, eloquent in the highest degree or brimful and running over

with sparkling wit and humour, tenderly pathetic, or witheringly scornful and pitilessly severe at pleasure. Sublimity is a very big word indeed, but we have the admission of a writer in the *Times*, whose fault is not excessive partiality, that when, his feelings stirred to their lowest depths by the misfortunes of France in the late war, Veuillot deploras the godlessness as the cause of the disasters of his country, his style rises to the sublime and his grief is the grief of a modern Jeremiah bewailing the captivity of his people.

Praise so high as this will sound little, if at all, exaggerated to those who are familiar with the great writer's works, any more than the assertion that his pen sometimes borrows not a few of the most salient characteristics which distinguished the respective styles of writers so eminent as Bossuet, Molière, La Bruyère, Pascal, and Voltaire; his thought takes wing and soars aloft after the Eagle of Meaux; he is droll with the drollery of Molière; he paints character to the life with the master hand of La Bruyère; and when he takes his scourge into his hand, which is very often, and like a Murat of the pen in the thick of the fray lays vigorously about him right and left, he scores the backs of his poor victims, the Havins and Coquelets of the Parisian Press, with more than the caustic wit and all the pure and forcible French of Pascal, just as at other times he pillories and pelts them with a pitiless satire which is not less pungent but only less venomous than the ridicule Voltaire flung at his foes. Pure and forcible French! What Frenchman ever wrote purer or more forcible? We have his own statement as warrant for the fact that he owed whatever merit he possessed as a writer in great measure to the assiduous perusal of Bossuet and Voltaire, two of the greatest, if not the greatest, masters of French style, whose works he had got off by heart in his youth, and we know that in later life he took the trouble, with a view to perfecting himself as a writer, to make himself master of the Latin language.

That is one secret of his literary pre-eminence. Another is to be found in his possession of a gift, rarer than is generally supposed at first sight. No man was endowed in a higher degree with an instinctive and unerring perception of the precise meaning and exact force of words than Veuillot. Often a single word or pithy little phrase will do his work for him. With a single word he will fell or flog an adversary, tear the mask from the face of a hypocrite, paint a character, dissipate

an error, redress a wrong, silence a scoffer, damn a bad or indifferent book, tickle the fancy or bring the tears to the eyes of his readers. Take up any one of his many books—there are few which cannot show valid claims to be considered master-pieces—turn over the pages of his incomparable *Çà et Là*, or *Rome et Lorette*, or the *Parfums de Rome*, or the *Pèlerinages de Suisse*, and you will not have long to wait before you encounter the most delightful surprises, passages of rare beauty and easy grace, in which the author scatters his pearls and glistening diamonds about him with a profusion you would think reckless if it were not always regulated by the most faultless good taste, captivating allegories and stories prettily told as only he could tell them, wonderful turns of strikingly original expression, thoughts of exquisite delicacy and finesse, a wealth, in fine, of imagery and a power of vivid description, which belong to the poet rather than to the prose-writer. Of one such page an impartial critic and judge, than whom none is more competent to pronounce a sound verdict, Sainte-Beuve, has said that nothing finer is to be found in the whole range of French literature. And Veuillot was a poet too, a born poet. Though he never dabbled in verse till well on in life, he has left lines behind him that call to mind and will even challenge comparison with some of the very best to be read in the poems of Victor Hugo. But prose was his first and latest love, a prose which his magic touch has clothed with a life, spirit, nerve, sinew, a freshness of grace and splendour of beauty more than sufficient to enamour a man of the French language, if previously he had looked coldly on its charms.

How comes it then, it will be asked, that the author of *Les Parfums de Rome* and its pendant *Les Odeurs de Paris*—there are passages in the former unsurpassed by Gibbon, and the latter reveals powers of observation keen as those of a Balzac or a Dickens—was never numbered amongst the immortal Forty? If Veuillot, like Balzac and Molière himself, failed to attain to the honours of the Academy, the failure was due to no lack of literary merit, but to this, amongst other reasons, that he himself sought shelter more willingly under the Dome of St. Peter's than under the Cupola of the Institute. To say that the man who penned *Les Libre-Penseurs* had little sympathy, nothing at all in common, with many of the Academicians of his day, is to put the case very mildly indeed. Imagine, for example, the two rival and antagonistic authors of the

*Life of Christ* brought face to face and eyeing each other from opposite fauteuils. It is not difficult to guess which under these circumstances would have quailed beneath the gaze of the other. Veuillot, at any rate, had never sold his God to his publishers. He had, in truth, as little ambition to sit in the Academy as to make his way into the Chamber of Deputies. The answer he made to the electors who in 1871 solicited him to offer himself as one of the candidates for the representation of the capital is Louis Veuillot all over. "I have not," he said, "the qualities which would fit me to represent Paris, nor Paris those she should possess to be represented by me." There is a ring of proud independence in these words highly characteristic of the man. Veuillot never had the least ambition to be anything more than a writer, neither asking favour of those whose cause he defended, nor making terms with the enemy, which would have crippled his hands for battle, but having the good sense to remain contentedly plain Louis Veuillot, the Stofflet or Cathelineau of Catholic French literature, to the last.

But though Louis Veuillot is most eminent as a writer of books destined to live as long as the French language itself, it is in his character as a polemical journalist that this "lay Tertullian of the Nineteenth Century," as he has been called, is most universally known to and will be best remembered by the men of our own times both in and out of France. And here again his superiority as a writer is equalled only by the ardour of his faith, the singleness of his aims, the soundness of his judgments, the thoroughness of his loyalty, and the heroism of his self-devotion as a Christian battling in the least popular of all causes. No man in our day ever won to himself the confidence of his friends more thoroughly, or incurred more fully the hearty detestation of his enemies than Louis Veuillot. His was not a nature made to be loved or hated by halves. He was himself a man so thorough, that few could be lukewarm in his regard, and his career as a journalist partakes naturally and to a very large extent of the same character. Those who thought about him at all—and in his own country, at least, there were not many who could leave him altogether out of their reckoning—were forced in spite of themselves either to rally to his side or to array themselves against him, to be his sworn friends or open and declared enemies. He experienced, indeed, at times the supreme anguish of receiving a petty stab or two in the back at the hands of the very men in whose

defence he was all the while parrying the enemy's blows in front. But these occasions were happily rare, and, for the most part, whilst few writers have been more openly and cordially hated by the enemies of Catholicism, unbelieving, heretical, and liberal-Catholic, none, certainly no layman, has ever won for himself so well-deserved and so large a share in the admiration, respect, and love of his Catholic brethren in every country of the world. If proof is needed of the feelings of veneration entertained for him by countless friends and admirers, it is to be found in his own paper the *Univers*, which since his death has been every day flooded with appreciative and affectionate letters, not from France alone, but from all parts of Christendom, all testifying to the profound regret felt for his loss, as for that of a personal friend, by men and women of every nationality and of every class and condition in life.

It is unquestionably this very thoroughness of the man in an age of compromise and exaggerated toleration, the wonderful energy of his character, the unfaltering rectitude of his soul, the inexorable logic of his mind, the absolute devotion of his loyal heart to Catholic truth, more even than his unrivalled powers as a polemical writer, which explain at once the great influence he exercised and the unmeasured hatred he excited. The cause, moreover, of truth against falsehood, of virtue against iniquity, in which from the day of his own conversion to God these high qualities were enlisted, is, as it always has been and ever will be, the most unpopular of all causes, and the weapons which he judged it necessary and which his great gifts, natural or acquired, helped him to employ with such telling effect, were amongst the means the least calculated to conciliate the good-will of his opponents. Satire and ridicule are in no country a passport to favour, least of all in France where ridicule is absolutely fatal. But Veuillot had no special call or desire, at any period of his polemical career, to court the favour or decline the ill-will of his foes. What, rightly or wrongly, he wanted, was not to conciliate, but to shame to silence the enemies of Catholicism, and few will deny that his efforts in this direction were attended by a very fair measure of success. He wrested from the hands of his adversaries and turned against themselves the weapons of their own choosing, but which he knew how to wield to infinitely better purpose, with the familiar result that they were hoist with their own petard. Whether the use he made of these his favourite tactics was or was not occasionally excessive and

indiscriminate, so as in the end to have wrought harm as well as good, many, even if they do not decide the case peremptorily against him, will no doubt pronounce to be an open question; but, surely, it is only fair before we utterly condemn his so-called truculence to judge it not by the standards which prevail in our own country, but by the light of the religious controversies and the state of parties which prevailed, and still prevail, and by the method in which journalistic warfare is conducted on both sides, in his.

When Veuillot took up and mended the pen which Lamennais had dropped, and succeeding to the *Avenir* founded the *Univers* in the interests of the Church, the moral and intellectual atmosphere of Paris, the would-be head-quarters of modern civilization, was no doubt thoroughly vitiated then as now, and then as now hatred of God occasionally paraded its streets, boulevards, and other public places; but the attitude most commonly affected in those days, as in these, by unbelieving Frenchmen, was one rather of lofty disdain than of intolerant violence. Men were in the habit of looking upon religion as a kind of appanage belonging to particular families, which they accepted without question and handed on with other respectable but useless heir-looms from father to son, and to which they clung out of a certain traditional fidelity to the memories of the past. Voltaire has spitefully described his countrymen as a make-up, half tiger and half monkey. When Veuillot came upon the scene the tiger was in abeyance; it was the monkey's turn, and he was chattering and making faces with all his might. Scoffers of every description—from the Prudhommes of the so-called liberal school and the Coquelets of a flippant press down to that exceedingly vulgar person the “commis-voyageur,” all of whose likenesses, grotesque but true to the life, Veuillot has so repeatedly dashed off for us with a few bold, rough, and rapid strokes of his laughter-moving pen—were daily pleased to assume airs of lofty contempt, or mock pity, or patronizing condescension towards the most venerable institutions of their country, to express themselves about religion as about a superannuated superstition, and to talk with self-complacent facetiousness about the “grand seigneur” and his companion the priest as personages that were moving off the scene, destined speedily to disappear arm-in-arm out of sight for ever. Veuillot stepped in with his Gallic dash and keen wit ever on the alert, and changed all that. Men may sneer now as heretofore, but not

with the same impunity. He taught coxcombs to respect, if he did not induce them once again to embrace, the old faith of their fathers.

Few men were ever better fitted for a task such as this in a country where fashion and opinion rule the day, and where men who tremble at nothing else will quake with fear of being turned into ridicule, than the writer, the bold, broad, heavy down strokes of whose versatile pen work at times the malicious mischief of a very sprite of hell with the pages of his adversaries, as easily as at others its light delicate touch inspires his own with the softest grace and beauty. It is no wonder then, if, with that which was perhaps the predominant characteristic of a many-sided character, his exquisite sense of the ridiculous and equally unrivalled power of expressing scorn, superadded to a fund of big burley common sense, a wholesome appetite for straightforwardness in thought and word, a thorough honesty of purpose as conspicuous as the instinctive faculty he possessed of detecting knavery in others, he completely turned the laughter, in which foes as well as friends were forced to join, against the hitherto jubilant enemies of religious and social order in France, and became in an age of shallow self-conceit, false principles, and declamatory sentiment, a terror to the quacks, literary, political, and philosophical, who stalked the country on stilts, puffing their nostrums for the mental and moral regeneration of the human species.

Veuillot's enemy, his pet aversion, the man he contemned above all others and delighted to hold in his iron grip and to flog with the pitiless scourge of biting sarcasm and cruel mockery, was the modern enemy of the working classes, the preacher and fomentor of revolution, the briefless barrister turned scribbler, who, promising freedom, enslaves his readers by robbing them of their religion; the heartless Jacobin, who, like the craven chiefs of our own Irish Invincibles, gets his dupe to rebel and leaves the poor wretch to be shot down at the barricades or be hanged on the morrow; the impudent upstart, the *Ote-toi de là que je m'y mette* fellow, who, having robbed and extruded the old nobility of the land, apes without possessing their brilliant qualities and easy grace of manners. These were the objects of Veuillot's special hatred and contempt, the criminals selected for condign punishment by a man, who, be it remembered, was himself no aristocrat, but essentially a man of the people, and who, so far from being discontented with

or blushing for his lowly origin and humble parentage, has spoken in such magnificent terms of his poor ignorant father and mother, and told us that if he could restore the old aristocracy to-morrow he would do so, and himself remain a commoner. There is no better proof of the absolute singleness of his aims than that furnished by his own statement so full of truth and point, that he had both defended the rights of capital and landed property without having himself saved a sou or owning an inch of land, and spoken up for the aristocracy and for royalty at a time when he could reckon barely a nobleman or two amongst his acquaintance, and in an age which had never seen a real king and perhaps never would see one. "All these things," he adds, "I have defended out of love for freedom and the people, and nevertheless I bear a name for hostility to both one and the other, which would get me strung up to the handiest lamp-post on the first favourable opportunity. And yet my way of thinking is an upright and logical way of thinking; but the fact is I have had too strong a belief in duty and spoken too much about it. This is my only comfort, when I reflect on all, alas, that I have not done." How could such a writer be anything but an object of hatred and terror to the anarchical and irreligious press of his country, in the unequal contest between ignorance and passion on the one side and wit and conscious rectitude on the other? What else could these men do when powerless to shake themselves loose from his grasp, but like whipped hounds turn round upon the hand that scourged them, and drive their teeth into it?

Entire and constant devotion to duty, that is one explanation of the fact that Veuillot was found so generally in the right, so seldom in the wrong, a merit not calculated to increase his popularity with the Anarchists, Gallicans, and Liberals, whom his unanswerable logic and keen wit convicted of error and held up to ridicule. He had from the outset of his career as a writer and polemical journalist fixed his gaze irrevocably on Rome, and for safety anchored all the hopes and aspirations of his soul by the rock of Peter. In him was found pre-eminently the characteristic trait, which it had long ago been predicted should distinguish the sons of light from the children of darkness, namely, that they were to be all "teachable of God." He possessed in a marked degree the spirit of Christian docility, knowing whence to seek guidance and how to submit. Veuillot and the *Univers* succeeded where Lamennais and the *Avenir* had



made woeful shipwreck, because the layman unlike the priest had not the presumption to wish to lead, but the docility to follow the Vicar of Christ. "It is better," he once wrote, "to follow the Pope by clinging to his cassock than by endeavouring to drag him on. The Pope has wisdom enough to be neither held back nor pushed forwards." A Christian before and above all else, he subordinated everything to his faith. Politics with him, (and he had his views, strong views, in politics), were of infinitely inferior importance. It mattered comparatively little to him, provided the interests of religion were safeguarded, which had the upper hand, Legitimists or Orleanists, Bonapartists or Republicans. He gave the support of his journal to the Government of Louis Napoleon, so long as it stood by religion, and withdrew it, to his own cost, when the policy of the Emperor required that Rome should be thrown overboard to the Revolution; and if, commoner as he was by birth, character, and natural instincts, he took up the cudgels, as he had a perfect right to do, for the old monarchy, this was because, rightly or wrongly, he was of opinion that the restoration of the ancient dynasty of France would conduce more than any other form of government to the social and religious well-being of his country. But because Veuillot advocated Legitimacy and spoke contemptuously of constitutions such as those which, since the immortal year '89, France has seen coming and going in rapid succession, each a greater failure than its predecessor, it does not follow that he was therefore an enemy of freedom and an absolutist. He was on the contrary all for freedom, no man more so, but not at the expense of authority. "I love liberty," he says in a letter written at the close of 1865 to Prevost-Paradol, who had ironically congratulated him on "his conversion to thoughts of freedom," "as much as a Catholic may, and that is very dearly; but I also reverence authority as much as a Catholic must." And then he concludes his letter in these forcible terms: "The world," he says, "has lost the secret of blending freedom and authority together. The secret is at Rome. But men are about to bury it under such a heap of ruins, that the human race may think itself fortunate if a century or two suffice to dig it out again."

That this great Christian apologist should himself stand in need of one to vindicate his own conduct in the defence of Catholic truth is not surprising, when we remember how thoroughly he had identified himself with this the most univer-

sally unpopular of all causes. The faithful mastiff or watch-dog, whose nose, ear, and eye distinguish instinctively between friend and foe, is not, generally speaking, a favourite with the tramps, beggars, and other suspicious characters who haunt and infest our back premises. To him, the layman, fell, by accident or by choice it matters not, all the rough work of every battle, a work much too rough for priestly hands, as he once good-humouredly remarked *à propos* of a silly rumour that he was about to take Orders and receive a cardinal's hat. It would have been wonderful indeed, if the temper of this rugged athlete, who went down almost daily for five-and-thirty years into the arena and mingled constantly in the thickest of the fight, had never been ruffled by thrusts in front and stabs behind; the man would have been either more or less than human, if, when goaded to the quick, "nettled and stung with pismires," he had invariably delivered his blows with all the propriety of chivalrous courtesy, due respect for persons, and perfect regard for the requirements of the strictest charity. In presence of his corpse, at any rate, friends and foes have with few exceptions agreed to be silent about the mistakes, that they may recall only the merits, of this "King of polemical journalism," as he has been called.

Nevertheless a sketch, short even as this, would be manifestly still more incomplete, if it did not contain at least a passing mention of one or two of the chief accusations so repeatedly levelled at Veuillot, as a polemical writer. His intemperate zeal, it has often been alleged, wrought as much mischief as benefit to the cause he championed. Well, something similar has been more than once said of Pius the Ninth himself by Protestant and infidel writers. So far from promoting union, he sowed dissensions, so it is affirmed, in the Catholic camp. For this the enemies of the Church should have acclaimed not vilified him. But the charge is false. The definition of the Dogma of Infallibility, for this is what is meant by the accusation, or it has no meaning at all, which Veuillot in common with the immense majority of the faithful, lay and clerical, advocated all along, and to which all, with a few unhappy exceptions, yielded an adhesion as prompt as it was thorough and hearty, is distinctly the cause of the marvellous union now observable in the Church, and which was never perhaps more visible at any previous period of her long and troubled history. This is particularly true of France, where the definition has given the finishing blow both to Gallicanism and to Liberal-Catholicism,

those two fruitful sources of dissension in the bosom of her illustrious Church.

Again, the ridiculous statement that Veillot hectored the Pope into making the definition is worthy of the *Times* newspaper, but it cannot be consistently made at least by French Liberal-Catholics. If he did so bully the Pope, then the distinction between him and them is nothing more than the difference between success and failure. They hectored him to prevent, he to push on the definition; he succeeded and they failed. But once again the charge is false as it is silly. Veillot drew his inspirations from Rome, not Rome from him. We have already heard what he thought about the folly of wishing to lead instead of following the Pope. Lamennais perished, as the school of Liberal-Catholicism has perished or is fast perishing, because posing as self-constituted arbiter between the Church and civil society, Lamennais aimed at reconciling them on his own, not on the Pope's, lines; whereas Veillot owed his influence with the Catholic body and his success in promoting Catholic union to precisely the opposite tactics of never seeking to defend the interests of the Church, except by her mandate and in the manner and within the limits she prescribed. They certainly know little of Veillot, who will not readily agree, that whilst his enemies were powerless to wrench the pen from his grasp, his hand would have dropped it instantly and cheerfully at a word from the Sovereign Pontiff, a Christian spirit of docility which the *Figaro*, a journal of decidedly Liberal-Catholic bias, admits and commends, when, affecting to believe that the great Catholic journalist was in disfavour with his present Holiness, it goes on to adduce it as irrefragable proof of the solidity of his virtue.

But it has been laid to the charge of Veillot, with much more show of reason, that excessive intolerance of the opinions of other men, even on open questions and in matters of legitimate debate, led him, a Bismarck of the pen, a man of literary blood and iron, to spare his friends as little as his enemies, and in particular betrayed him on a memorable occasion into a line of conduct, which was said to have been deficient in reverence, temper, and charity towards an eminent Bishop of the Church. I desire to speak with all reverence of the late Mgr. Dupanloup, a prelate, whose shining virtues as a priest, distinguished abilities as a writer and preacher, and unquestionably great services during a long course of years to the cause of the Papacy give him the strongest claims to the respect, affection, and

gratitude of Catholics of every shade of opinion. If, then, Veuillot forgot, in the heat of a controversy in which both sides were sometimes wanting in perfect dignity and temper, the respect due to the Bishops of the Church, it was because, rightly or wrongly, he judged them in their turn to have forgotten the reverence due to the Church's Head. If there was sometimes a bitterness in his pen, it was the bitterness to which a loyal heart is always tempted towards those whom he regards as tainted with disloyalty. He carried the courage of his convictions to excess, and it would perhaps have been as well, or better, if he had handled prelates so distinguished as Dupanloup and Darboy, and laymen so worthy as Montalembert, less roughly and less unceremoniously, and if he had reserved all the gall and vitriol of his ink for men like Loyson, Renan, Jules Ferry, and Paul Bert.

It is at the same time only fair to Veuillot to add that if the Bishop of Orleans sometimes waxed angry, so angry as on one occasion to adopt the very extreme measure of forbidding the *Univers* to his priests, Veuillot, on the other hand, was not all implacability. There is a story, to be found in a letter of condolence lately written to Mdle. Veuillot by one of her brother's oldest and most intimate friends, the Comte de Guitaut, so much to the present purpose and so edifying, that I cannot forbear to repeat it here. Veuillot's own sister never learnt the fact about to be told until she read it in the Count's letter to her. The occurrence took place at the time when Veuillot, then staying on a visit at the Count's château, was in the thickest of his controversy with the Bishop of Orleans. "A violent and offensive letter from the pen of a celebrated bishop"—I leave the writer to tell his own story in his own words—"had just appeared in one of the newspapers, and Veuillot was reading me one morning his exceedingly witty answer to it. When he had done, I said to him: 'Have you quite made up your mind, my dear friend, to publish that letter? because, though you have a perfect right to do so, I have been asking myself the question, whether you would not be making a very acceptable sacrifice to God by putting it into the fire.' Veuillot hesitated a moment, rose, crossed over to the fire-place, and burnt the answer, which, to my mind, was a masterly reply. In a little while, however, I began to doubt if I had acted as I should have done; but of this, at any rate, I am certain, that Veuillot was proud of the sacrifice he had thus made to God." Many other such traits of character his biographers will no doubt be able some day to

disclose. In the meantime, the friends best acquainted with the man have but one voice to declare, that when he took his big whip into his hand it was invariably against the grain, that if he sometimes made too free and fierce a use of it, the fault arose from an over-mastering sense of duty, and that in the relations of private life his character was as gentle, good, kind, and forgiving as his pen could be fierce, rough, bitter, and unsparing of friend or foe. There were only two public men of whom, as a journalist, he had vowed never to speak ill, Marshal Bugeaud and M. Guizot ; that vow he kept, but he kept it at the expense of little M. Thiers' back and shoulders.

To conclude. Whatever may have been the occasional exuberances of Veuillot's pen, nothing can alter the fact that by his death France has lost one of her very greatest writers, the Church a valiant champion, and Catholic journalism a most formidable polemical writer. Men who once were foremost in declaring that they had had enough and to spare of Louis Veuillot, are now, like the *Figaro*, loud in professions of regret at his departure. What the Catholics of France want, now perhaps more than ever, to uphold the interests of religion against the inroads of infidelity, is precisely such another as the man they are all beginning to miss, whose farsightedness in raising his powerful voice long years ago against the University and other godless educational institutions of his country, gave only too true a warning of the irreligious crusade directed at the present day by men of the Jules Ferry and Paul Bert stamp. And what, above all, is wanted not in France only, but in every country where the Church is fighting daily at close quarters with the enemy, is the type of Christian layman so perfectly represented by Louis Veuillot, who in an age of half-heartedness and compromise was throughout his career conspicuous for thoroughness and loyalty. There are in the Church of God numberless religious practising daily heroic virtue in convent and monastery, but the world cannot see behind the cloister. It was the distinguishing merit of Louis Veuillot, that for forty years he set the brightly shining example of a man who, moving unceasingly in all the bustle, moral and intellectual, of a corrupted and corrupting world, never for a moment belied the character of a high-minded Christian gentleman, but with the self-sacrificing spirit of an intrepid soldier of the Cross renounced ease and comfort, health and recreation to spend himself in the service of God and His Church.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

## *Privileged Communications.*

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IN a note to the paper on "Lying and Equivocation" in the MONTH for March last, the Rev. Joseph Rickaby tells us that the law of England "allows no higher sacredness to the seal of confession than to the professional knowledge of a lawyer about his client's acts and intentions." It may be not without interest shortly to consider what the English law is with regard to privileged communications generally, and in particular with regard to communications made to a priest in confession, and to see whether the case for these latter could be argued in an English court.

Besides State matters, proceedings in Parliament and the deliberations and proceedings of jurors, the only cases of privilege which the text books on the law of evidence consider clear and certain are :

(1) Communications between husband and wife made during the continuance of the marriage, which are protected by a statute of the present reign.

(2) Communications between a client and his legal advisers (solicitors and counsel), in which are included those made to agents between these parties or employed by them in collecting information or evidence for the purposes of litigation.

An attempt was made in a recent case to extend the privilege to communications made to a pursuivant of the College of Heralds, on the ground of the analogy between the practically compulsory employment of one of these officers by a person wishing to protest against the registration of a pedigree, and the employment of a solicitor. But the Master of the Rolls, without the slightest hesitation, decided that the privilege was confined to the legal profession.

Communications made to medical men, even in the strictest professional confidence, are not privileged, and Mr. Justice Stephen states that "probably" the same may be said of those made to clergymen ; he adds, in a long note on the

subject, "the question whether clergymen, and particularly Roman Catholic priests, can be compelled to disclose confessions made to them professionally has never been solemnly decided in England, although in the text-books it is stated that they can."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Best, in his work on *Evidence*, writes: "We apprehend there cannot be much doubt that previous to the Reformation statements made to a priest under seal of confession were privileged from disclosure, except perhaps when the matter communicated amounted to high treason." He quotes a passage in the old laws of Henry the First, not as binding *per se*, but as a guide to the common law. "Priests must beware of repeating to any one, either friend or stranger, what has been confessed to them by their penitents. Any priest so doing shall be deposed and disgraced, and shall spend the rest of his life doing penance as a pilgrim."<sup>2</sup>

Lord Coke has some remarks bearing on this subject, in his comment on the branch of the Statute Articuli Cleri, 9 Edward the Second, which relates to thieves and approvers taking sanctuary. The statute runs as follows: "And the King's pleasure is, that Thieves being appellors, whensoever they will may confess their offences unto Priests: but let the Confessors beware that they do not erroneously inform such appellors."<sup>3</sup> His words are: "This branch extendeth only to thieves and approvers indicted of felony, but extended not to high treasons: for if high treason be discovered to the confessor he ought to discover it, for the danger that thereupon dependeth to the King and the whole realm; therefore this branch declareth the common law that the privilege of confession extendeth only to felonies . . . for by the common law a man indicted of high treason could not have benefit of clergy (as was holden in the King's time when this act was made), nor any clergyman privilege of confession to conceal high treason."<sup>4</sup> He then quotes as

<sup>1</sup> *A Digest of the Law of Evidence.* By Sir James FitzJames Stephen.

<sup>2</sup> "Caveat sacerdos ne de hiis qui ei confitentur peccata sua alicui recitet quod ei confessus est, non propinquis non extraneis; quod si fecerit deponatur et omnibus diebus vitæ suæ ignominiosus peregrinando pœniteat."

<sup>3</sup> "Placet etiam domino regi, ut latrones (vel) appellatores quandocunque voluerint possint sacerdotibus sua facinora confiteri; sed caveant confessores, ne erronee hujusmodi appellatores informant." *Appellator* is used in English law for a criminal who has turned informer (Cf. Ducange Gloss., "Appellator").

<sup>4</sup> It is difficult to see what is the exact meaning of the words "ne erronee hujusmodi appellatores informant," but it is clear that Lord Coke referred them to the privilege of confession, and regarded it as nothing new."

authorities the cases of Friar John Randolph and Father Henry Garnet.

It is evident that Lord Coke's translation of the words of the statute is defective, but his commentary shows that there was nothing new or unreasonable to him in the privilege of confession.

Mr. Badeley, who is the great champion of the Catholic cause, criticises most severely both Lord Coke and the authorities he cites, and in his opinion those cases do not support the proposition that the privilege did not extend to high treason. Mr. Finlason also (the reporter of the case of *Regina v. Hay*, to which reference will be made later) writes: "Neither in Randolph's case nor Garnet's does it appear that the communication was in sacramental confession; on the contrary, in Garnet's case, Lord Coke, then Attorney General, gave six reasons why the communication should not be deemed sacred, not one of which involved a denial of the privilege, but all of which implied its existence—the main reason being that the communication was not in confession."

Mr. Badeley's whole argument on the question of the privilege is most able and interesting.<sup>5</sup> His contention is that the silence of the priest was strictly enforced by the common law, and that there is no evidence of any exception in the case of a priest's testimony being required in a court of law. He shows that nothing short of an Act of Parliament could annihilate any right thus established, quoting for this proposition no less authorities than Lord Coke and Lord Hale; and that not only has no statute been passed to take away the privilege but that 25 Hen. VIII. c. 19 (which although subsequently repealed was revived by 1 Eliz. c. 1, and so remains<sup>6</sup>) provided that "such canons, constitutions, ordinances, and synodals provincial, being already made, which be not contrariant or repugnant to the laws, statutes, and customs of this realm, nor to the damage or hurt of the King's Prerogative Royal, shall now still be used and executed as they were afore the making of this Act, till such time as they are viewed, searched, or otherwise ordered and determined by the said two and thirty persons<sup>7</sup> (whom the

<sup>5</sup> (2) *The Privilege of Religious Confessions in English Courts of Justice considered in a letter to a friend.* By Edward Badeley, Esq., M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Butterworths, 7, Fleet Street. 1865.

<sup>6</sup> (5) The repeal effected by 2 and 3 Will. IV. c. 92., does not touch the question.

<sup>7</sup> It seems that "the two and thirty persons" were happily prevented from ever completing their work!



Act authorised the King to appoint) or the more part of them, according to the tenor, form, and effect of this present Act."

This would comprise all previous canons and constitutions provincial respecting the secrecy of confession.

Mr. Badeley points out that although many of the ancient canons and constitutions to which the statute applies, may have lost their force in consequence of their incompatibility with subsequent enactments, it has never been proved that those relating to confession are amongst the number: and one of the canons of the Reformed Church of England enjoins the silence of ministers as to offences committed to their trust and secrecy, under pain of irregularity.

Of course the applicability of the argument to the case of Catholic priests must depend upon the effect of the statutes passed for restoring to Catholics liberty of worship.

The strongest case against the privilege of confessions is one decided in Ireland in 1802, namely, *Butler v. Moore*, where the plaintiff claimed the estates of Lord Dunboyne as heir-at-law, alleging that the will of the deceased under which the defendant claimed was a nullity, "Lord Dunboyne having been a Popish priest and having conformed and relapsed to Popery, which deprived him of power to make a will." The plaintiff produced a priest to be examined, and he was asked "What religion did the late Lord Dunboyne profess from the year 1783 to 1792? What religion did he profess at the time of his death and a short time before his death?" The witness answered to the first part, that Lord Dunboyne professed the Protestant religion between the years mentioned, but demurred to the latter part, saying that his knowledge of the matter inquired of (if any he had) arose from a confidential communication made to him in the exercise of his clerical functions and which the principles of his religion forbade him to disclose, nor was he bound by the law of the land to answer. Counsel in support of the demurrer agued from analogy, instanceing the cases of attorney and client, husband and wife, &c., which the law favoured on the ground of public policy. They said that the Roman Catholic religion was not only tolerated but sanctioned by the Legislature, and that it was unreasonable to hold that a priest might exercise his religion and then call upon him to violate its tenets. But Sir Michael Smith, the Master of the Rolls for Ireland, in over-ruling the demurrer said he thought there was no difficulty in the case, though it had run

to a great length of discussion, which he had indulged as being most likely to give satisfaction upon a question which seemed to involve something of public feeling. It was an undeniable constitutional right of every subject who had a cause depending, to call upon his fellow-subject to testify what he might know of the matter in issue, and every man was bound to make the discovery unless specially exempted and protected by law. It was admitted that there was in this case no special exemption, and no doubt analogous cases and principles were sufficient for judicial determination, but the principle must be clear as light, and the analogy irresistibly strong, and he did not think that clearness of principle and strength of analogy appeared in that case.

Mr. Badeley is not lenient in his comments on this case, but no one who has read the short report of it in MacNally's *Rules of Evidence* (where alone the case appears) will deny the truth of his remarks, that it was imperfectly and inadequately argued, and that the case has no intrinsic merit, and of course it is not binding on any court in England. It is possible also that, as he contends, the case does not meet the point, as it does not appear that the communication was matter revealed to the priest in confession. It might have been made known to him in such a way that, though reluctant to mention it, he was not strictly bound by the rules of the Church to conceal it.

Mr. Anstey, in his book on the laws affecting Roman Catholics, says that notwithstanding *Butler v. Moore*, it was not (at the time he wrote, 1842) the Irish practice to press the question, when the witness objected on the ground of its having a relation to what he had been told in confession.

Mr. Best declares the question of the privileged communications made to clergymen to be one of some difficulty, and considers that the cases, including *Butler v. Moore* (as to which he says, "how far a particular form of religious belief being disfavoured by law at the period affected the decision it is not easy to say"), leave the general question untouched.

Several judges have expressed the strongest disinclination to compel the disclosure of confessions. Thus, when the question arose whether conversations between a prisoner and the chaplain of a workhouse were admissible, Mr. Baron Alderson said: "I think these conversations ought not to be

given in evidence. The principle upon which an attorney is prevented from divulging what passes with his client is, because, without unfettered means of communication, the client would not have proper legal assistance. The same principle applies to a person, deprived of whose advice the prisoner would not have proper spiritual assistance. I do not lay this down as an absolute rule, but I think such evidence ought not to be given." On this intimation the counsel for the prosecution did not tender the evidence.

Again, Lord Kenyon, when the point was mentioned before him, though not for his decision, intimated that he should have paused before admitting the evidence of a priest as to what he had heard in confession.

And in a case in which the question before the court was the extent of an attorney's privilege, part of Lord Chief Justice Best's judgment is thus reported: "I think the confidence in the case of attorneys is a great anomaly in the law. The privilege does not apply to clergymen, since the decision the other day in the case of Gilham. I for one will never compel a clergyman to disclose communications made to him by a prisoner, but if he chooses to disclose them I shall receive them in evidence."

Now what was the decision in *Rex v. Gilham*? It simply related to the admissibility of acknowledgments of guilt made by a prisoner. The rule of law on this subject is, that voluntary acknowledgments, or confessions as they are called, may be admitted in evidence, but that they are not to be deemed voluntary, if caused by inducement, threat, or promise, proceeding from a person in authority and giving the prisoner grounds for hoping to gain some advantage with respect to the proceedings against him.

It was held in *The King v. Gilham* that a confession made by a prisoner to the gaoler and the Mayor of Bath at the exhortation of the Chaplain, who had given him no hope whatever of gaining any temporal advantage, but had merely urged it as a duty to God and a reparation to man, was voluntary, and therefore properly received in evidence. It is true that counsel admitted in argument that confessions to clergymen and priests were not privileged, but such an admission carries no weight, the question not being in issue. We may therefore put *Gilham's* case aside as wholly irrelevant. But it would hardly be fair in this instance to apply the maxim, *expressio unius est exclusio alterius*, and to conclude that in the

absence of *Rex v. Gilham* his lordship would have held that the privilege was legally clear; for, in a case five years earlier (1823), when a clergyman had induced a prisoner to confess for spiritual reasons, and without warning him that his confession would be used in evidence against him, the same judge merely said that he thought it dangerous, after a confidence thus created, which would throw the prisoner off his guard, and the impression thus produced, to allow what he then said to be given in evidence against him. It is perfectly clear, however, that he was strongly averse to admitting the evidence whenever the question came before him.

Mr. Justice Stephen (in reference to Mr. Badeley's argument) gives it as his opinion that the modern law of evidence is not so old as the Reformation, but has grown up by the practice of the courts and by decisions in the course of the last two centuries, and that it came into existence at a time when exceptions in favour of auricular confessions to Roman Catholic priests were not likely to be made.

In Scotland it appears that a confession of crime made for spiritual reasons by a prisoner in custody and preparing for his trial is privileged; but whether the privilege is extended to confessions made to priests or ministers in the ordinary course of their duty seems not to have been judicially decided.

In America a statute of New York provides that "no minister of the Gospel or priest of any denomination whatsoever, shall be allowed to disclose confessions made to him in his professional character, in the course of discipline enjoined by the rules or practice of such denomination."

But in this country no doubt the current opinion still is that the privilege does not exist. Perhaps the latest illustration of this is to be found in a recent judgment of the late Master of the Rolls in a case, however, in which the point decided had no reference to any minister of religion. His lordship said: "Our law has not extended the privilege as some foreign laws have to the medical profession or the sacerdotal profession." He then speaks of the medical profession, and continues: "In foreign countries, where the Roman Catholic faith prevails, it is considered that the same principles ought to be extended to the confessional, and that it is desirable that a man should not be hampered in going to confession, by the thought that either he or his priest may be compelled to disclose in a court of justice the substance of what has passed in such a communication."

This, again, whether it is rational or irrational, is not recognized by our law." The opinion of so eminent a judge as Sir George Jessel cannot be treated otherwise than with the greatest respect; but it must be remembered that it is a mere *obiter dictum*, and that no question of a priest ever entered into the case.

A few dicta of judges, a few opinions of text writers, unsupported by the authorities they quote, and one case decided in Ireland fourscore years ago, which has no binding force upon the courts of this country, would be a weak array indeed wherewith to combat and disprove a legal right. But is not the onus upon the party claiming the privilege, not upon the party denying it? "The general rule is that every one must testify to what he knows. An exception to the general rule has been established in regard to legal advisers, but there is nothing to show that it extends to clergymen, and it is usually stated so as not to include them."<sup>8</sup>

Medical men, bankers, pursuivants, and others, have tried and failed to establish exceptions in their favour. Clergymen, at any rate, have not failed, for their case has never been properly tried. And may we not say that there is no need to establish an exception, supported by judicial authority, in their favour? It ought to be presumed. Prior to the Reformation the question could never arise, the common law undoubtedly recognizing the priest's silence. After the Reformation the point seldom came before the courts, as confession was so little practised. Since the penalties for exercising the Catholic religion have been removed, there seems to have been only one case in England where a Catholic priest has been committed for contempt of court (*Regina v. Hay*, in 1860), and that was not strictly for not revealing what he had heard in confession, but for refusing to give the name of the person from whom he received a watch in connection with the confessional, and Mr. Justice Hill drew a distinction on this ground, saying, "You are not asked at present anything told you in confession."

Of course to a Catholic this distinction is idle; but the reporter of the case, Mr. Finlason, writes: "It has been erroneously supposed that the learned judge denied that any privilege attached to confession . . . On the contrary, he implicitly admitted it, and drew a distinction which would otherwise have been futile. That there is such a privilege can scarcely be denied."

<sup>8</sup> *Digest of the Law of Evidence.* By Sir James Stephen.

The ministers of the Established Church are doubtless in point of law the successors of the pre-Reformation clergy, whose privilege with regard to the secrecy of confession was at common law so well founded. We have seen that in no way was the rule altered at the Reformation, and that it was recognized even by a canon of the Reformed Church. The case, therefore, for Anglican clergymen seems strong; and that members of the Church of England have a legal right to practise confession to their ministers (for what it is worth) has been conclusively proved by the late Father William Waterworth, S.J. in a short paper on that subject. If, then, the privilege could be established for Anglican clergymen, it would be very unreasonable to deny it to priests, who are far more likely to require it.

The statute 31 Geo. III. c. 32 provided that Catholics who should take the oath prescribed by the Act should not be liable to be presented, indicted, sued, &c., for being present at or performing or observing any rite ceremony practice or observance of their religion; a more recent Act, while removing the condition of taking an oath, has saved the rights and privileges by the first-mentioned Act conferred.

Now the intention of the Legislature evidently was to restore to Catholics legal liberty to exercise their religion, and it is hardly necessary to claim the liberal construction applicable to remedial statutes in order to conclude that complete freedom in the use of confession, with all its rules and safeguards, was virtually conferred by the Acts in question. May not a priest then say, "I am restored, at least so far as concerns the exercise of my priestly functions and the observance of the rules connected with them, to my common-law position?" But if not, at least no proceeding can be taken against a priest for performing those functions or observing those rules. How, then, can he be forced by a court of law to violate one of the most stringent rules of the Church relating to the Sacrament of Penance? If he can, the law would seem to be taking away with one hand what it purports to give with the other.

Moreover, the privilege is that of the penitent, not of the priest, just as in the case of lawyers it is the privilege of the client, not of the solicitor. How, then, can it be said that the English law gives legal liberty to the Catholic subjects of the realm to practise the rites of their religion, if the very courts of law render one of the most essential of those rites practically

impossible by refusing to recognize that secrecy which cannot be separated from it ?

The arguments on the ground of public policy, based on a consideration of the immorality of compelling a minister of religion to violate one of the most sacred obligations he can contract, and of the advantages accruing to the community at large from the establishment and protection of the confessional, in the prevention of crime and the restitution of stolen property, need not be submitted to Catholic readers. They ought, however, to be strongly urged before a court of law if the question should be again raised before any of our legal tribunals.

W. C. MAUDE.

## *The Temples of Girgenti.*

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AS the sun was setting behind the Acropolis of Carthage we embarked at Goletta in a vessel bound for Girgenti, the captain of which intended to take in a cargo of sulphur at the latter port. Next morning we passed the island of Pantellaria, a convict station, where the Italian Government keeps six or seven hundred of the worst assassins, who constitute the population of the island. The coast of Sicily was plainly visible, and at noon we could make out the town of Sciarra, at the foot of some hills, with numerous villages of fishermen along the coast. The sea was calm, the weather delightful, although it was the month of January, and the first view of Sicily was so charming, that one could hardly realize that it is a land so blighted by brigandage as to have almost lost its claim to rank amongst civilized countries.

On casting anchor at Port Empedocle, we found that it was too late to land, and as there was no inn at the port we were much better on board, for the captain had kindly given us his own cabin, and made us very comfortable. It was beginning, however, to blow pretty stiff from the direction of Africa, and the coast being much exposed, without a bay or harbour of any description, the captain was uneasy. During the night the wind fell off, and we landed soon after daybreak on a small stone pier, guarded by an Italian soldier, under the shadow of a ruined castle, from which Charles the Fifth had embarked for the conquest of Tunis, as recorded in an inscription over the gateway. As soon as we got clear of the custom-house officials, we were surrounded by a number of Sicilians, who seemed astonished that strangers should land at such a place as Empedocle, and followed us as we proceeded to an *osteria* in quest of mules. In less than half an hour the greater part of the population were discussing our business, many of them coming with friendly greetings, and apparently sympathizing with us in our distress, for there were neither carriages nor mules



ever seen at Empedocle, and the road to Girgenti was a steep stony path over a belt of mountains, the distance being a little over three miles. There was, however, an abundance of donkeys, all coming into port with loads of sulphur, and my husband thought we could hire some to carry us to Girgenti. In this, nevertheless, we were utterly disappointed, for although we made liberal offers to more than a dozen donkey-drivers, they all refused. Some said that their donkeys were too tired, having come some leagues with heavy loads of sulphur from the mines ; others alleged that their contract with the shippers of sulphur would not allow them even to earn a napoleon in this way ; and others told us that if we waited till next day they could take us, but not sooner.

Meantime Captain B. had gone to his consignee, procuring us a little donkey-cart, just big enough to carry our portmantaus, the owner of which would act as our guide. While the cart was being got ready for the journey, we went to see the consignee's stores, which were cut out of the rock, all filled with sulphur. Fresh relays of donkeys were arriving, and the sulphur was piled in blocks to be ready for shipment. The atmosphere was redolent with the mineral, which gave an importance to the place, and the people looked as if they were well-fed and prosperous.

The donkey-cart was painted with scenes from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, each panel on the sides and back displaying some passage in which Tancred was cleaving Turks, or leading the Crusaders to victory. Even the donkey was decorated with ribands and rosettes. As we set out from Empedocle, we could see on the top of the mountain-ridge the city of Girgenti, the wild grandeur of the scenery making us forget the toilsome march before us. The guide, a tall young mountaineer, resembling an Arab, told us he had been three years a soldier in Italy, and had recently returned to his native village, near Sciarra. He said the reason why so many donkey-drivers had refused to come with us was that the road was infested with brigands, who were usually shepherds unless when some travellers like ourselves presented a temptation too strong for them to resist. The road was tolerably good, but stony, and as we ascended the hill the long line of sea-coast unfolded itself to our vision. Two Sicilian gentlemen coming down the mountain passed us, whom our guide saluted ; one of them was a notary of Girgenti, with a rifle slung at his back, and both were

mounted on fine donkeys. The day was now as hot as mid-summer in England, but I hardly felt fatigue, our guide telling us so many stories about brigands, and telling us of what he had seen in Lombardy during his military service, and his views about the condition of Sicily.

We had got just half way on our journey when a turn in the road brought us in view of a ruined castle standing about a hundred yards from the highway. Girgenti was so close that we could count the houses and hear the church-bells ring the hour of noon. The desolate country was left behind, and now there were vineyards, with small white cottages at intervals on the side of the hill. I proposed that we should visit the ruined tower, and overtake the donkey-cart by crossing the shoulder of the hill, for we could see the road beyond. The guide, however, told us to stay with him, for the locality was famous for bad people. At the same time we observed some men lying on the hillock that overlooked the road, and another peeping out from the corner of the ruin, watching our approach. Our guide was unarmed, but my husband carried a revolver in his pocket, and we quietly followed the donkey-cart, as if suspecting no mischief, well knowing that the sight of our portmanteaus was a terrible *casus belli*, in the opinion of our guide, with too many of his countrymen. The poor fellow was really concerned about us, and I believe regretted that he had undertaken the job of seeing us safely to Girgenti.

On reaching the summit we passed within pistol-shot of the castle, but the men lying on the hillock appeared to take no notice of us. Hardly had we passed when we observed a number of women, most of them seated, as if at a pic-nic. There must have been fully fifty persons about the ruin, on seeing whom our guide said they had evidently slaughtered a cow there, and the women had come from Girgenti to beg or buy the cheap parts of the carcase. At this point the road suddenly made a dip, and we found that a valley of some extent lay between us and the city. A stream, that might almost be called a river, was spanned by a neat stone-bridge, on seeing which our guide said that we had now passed all danger, there being a picquet of carabineers at the bridge. Only six months previously one of the most notorious brigand chiefs in all Sicily had been shot at this bridge for the murder of Prince Genardo, a rich proprietor of Girgenti, whom the brigand had vainly endeavoured to capture alive on this very spot, with the intention of keeping

him for a ransom. So salutary was the effect of the execution, that our guide assured us no robbery had since taken place on the road, although many of the neighbours had an ill reputation. We had to pay toll at the bridge, but the carabinieri did not ask to examine our luggage. The ascent to Girgenti was the steepest and most difficult part of our journey, but the magnificent view that spread out at our feet well repaid the fatigue. After halting to rest for a few moments we proceeded to enter the city, the houses rising on either side abrupt and irregularly.

Narrow crooked streets were as full of people as if a fair or holiday were going on. Dingy houses, utterly devoid of system, style or method, had an air of poverty only relieved by the cheerful look of the inhabitants. We passed some churches with open squares in front, and one of them which we entered was finer than we could have expected. There were no cabs or carriages in the streets, but our guide knew a man who kept a species of landau for conveying travellers to the ruined temples, and we soon arranged with Signor Basilio to be ready in half an hour to take us thither. No one would suppose that the city is at all so ancient as it really is, for it was a flourishing place before the time of Hannibal. It suffered greatly in the Punic Wars, taken and retaken by Romans and Carthaginians, who sometimes massacred the citizens and planted colonies of their own instead. The Girgentians, of course, were Greeks, and sided by turns with one or other of the rival states, but seemed more friendly to the Carthaginians. In those days their city must have covered a much greater space than at present, probably reaching all the way to Empedocle and the sea-coast. The philosopher Empedocles, who was himself a native of the place, said that his townsmen "built their houses as if they were to live for ever, and feasted as if they were to die on the morrow."

The temples which are the glory of Girgenti stand about two miles from the city, close to the sea-shore, and the descent was so steep that we preferred to walk for some distance, following Basilio's carriage through intricate lanes with high walls, until we had almost reached the level of the plain.

No sooner had we got clear of the city than the temples and sea-coast burst upon us in a picture of classical beauty that can never be forgotten. The Temple of Concord seemed as perfect as if a train of Greek worshippers might be expected to

issue from its portico. The illusion of paganism revived might have been complete but for the shattered columns, broken pillars, and other remains of the surrounding temples. The best view of the whole group is from below, standing near the edge of the sea, with your back to the line of coast, looking up towards the rock on which Girgenti is built. Midway the eye rests upon the glorious outline of the Temple of Concord, which looks similar to the pictures one sees of the Parthenon. What adds to the beauty of the scene are the deep blue of the Sicilian sky, the wild luxuriance of vines, Indian figs and cactus growing around, and the utter desolation of the spot, for there are no houses, and one might say, no inhabitants. Basilio told us, however, that brigands often spent weeks in the ruins, when reposing after any excursion in other parts of the island.

The unfinished Temple of Jupiter is now no longer the master-piece of pagan hands. After the Temple of Diana at Ephesus it had no rival, for according to the Anglo-Grecian traveller, Stuart, the height of the nave was eighteen feet more than that of St. Paul's, London, and the breadth two feet greater. Before the roof could be finished, the architect and the workmen retired, the worshippers fell away, and the name of Olympian Jupiter passed into the realms of fable. In all the remains and records of mythology there is nothing so forcibly illustrating the overthrow of false gods at the rise of the pure light of the Gospel, as the fragments of this unfinished temple. The building was three hundred and seventy feet long, with a *façade* of one hundred and eighty-three feet, and of such magnitude were the blocks that modern travellers have been puzzled to make out how some of them, weighing twenty tons each, were raised to a height of seventy feet. All was completed except the roof, for Diodorus even mentions a row of *atlantes*, or male statues, twenty-five feet in height, supporting the upper entablature. We had no difficulty in making our way to the ruined Temple of Esculapius, of which only three pillars remain, adjoining a site which is marked in the ancient maps as a fish-pond, but now a vineyard. From this spot we proceeded to the tomb of Theron, who was Tyrant of Girgenti before the first Punic War. It seemed to us almost incredible that this heap of masonry can be certified as the tomb of a person who flourished twenty-four centuries ago, but when we saw the temples close by, which were unquestionably of the same period, we felt little disposed to be sceptical. Human nature

was the same two thousand years ago as at present, and here among the rude Girgentians the grateful remembrance of Theron still survives, for at least they can point out his grave, while they have forgotten the very name of Phalaris.

The two tyrants ruled within the same century, but Theron was just, humane and generous, while Phalaris was a monster of cruelty, as the story of his roasting a man in a brazen bull, and other exploits of the same kind remind us.

While we were resting at the tomb of Theron, two men rode by on donkeys, with guns strapped to their backs. They might have been brigands, but probably they were not. At all events, as evening was coming on, Basilio hinted that the sooner we got back to Girgenti the better, especially as we had to make a halt *en route* at the Temple of Juno. We found this by no means so well preserved as the Temple of Concord, to which otherwise it bore a striking resemblance. Both were of the Doric order, about one hundred and twenty feet long by fifty in breadth, and surrounded by a colonnade, with six pillars in front, and thirteen on each side. These temples were small compared with that of Jupiter, but eloquent proofs of the highly cultivated taste of the people who built them. That of Concord may remain as perfect two thousand years hence as it is to-day, carrying on to remote posterity the seal of Grecian art in the same way that the pages of Homer perpetuate the splendid genius of that people. The Greeks of Sicily were fully equal to the citizen of Athens or Lacedemon, and at one period Girgenti must have surpassed both those republics in taste and magnificence, for Pindar calls it, *Kallista broteon poleon*, "fairest of mortal cities."

There is still an instinct of refinement about the people, and the donkey-carts, with painted panels of the siege of Troy or the Olympic games, show that the peasantry cherish the tradition of their Grecian origin, which neither Roman nor Carthaginian, Norman nor Saracen, Spanish nor Italian conqueror, has been able to extinguish.

M. MULHALL.

## *Probabilism.*

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ENDLESS as are the controversies which have raged at one time or another on the subject of the morality of human actions, there is one truth which has never been called in question by any of those who recognize an objective difference between right and wrong. That fortunate truth, which has stood unshaken through so many storms, may be crudely stated thus: a man can be guilty of no sin so long as he acts according to his conscience. More fully stated, the same truth amounts to this: If a man possesses all the knowledge he is bound to possess on a particular point, and by the light of that knowledge judges honestly that a particular course of action is allowable, then, for him and for the time being, that course of action is not and cannot be sinful. His judgment from premisses to conclusion may be faulty; he may have pronounced a thing good in the abstract which in the abstract is bad; but at worst he has committed no sin by following the practical dictate of his conscience.

All this is so like a truism, that only its vast importance can be a sufficient excuse for insisting upon it. Truism or not, we have here the test by which every human action must ultimately be judged. God does not lie in ambush to ensnare the soul; He does not condemn His creatures for acts which they, through no fault of their own, did not know to be wrong. He has given to every man a practical guide in the matter of morals—conscience, the voice of reason, informed, in the case of the Christian, by Divine faith. He who follows this guide is not indeed safe from speculative error, but from moral guilt he is safe as surely as God is just. He therefore who does what is wrong in itself, inculpably believing it to be right, commits no sin; and, on the other hand, he who does what is right in itself believing it to be wrong, sins, and will be judged for it. We have called conscience the voice of reason; and yet, almost in the same breath in which we have said that reason may err,

we have also laid it down that man has in his conscience an infallible guide as to right and wrong. Here we are face to face with something that looks very like a contradiction. If conscience be the voice of reason, and reason may at any moment err, surely conscience is but a blind guide leading the blind. This objection is so fundamental that, were it admitted, the whole endeavour to live according to the law of God would be but a game at hazards. Hence we must be excused if we treat a little fully of a point with regard to which no Christian's knowledge can be too clear. The question then to be answered is this: How can conscience, the voice of reason, be an infallible guide, since reason itself is so far from being infallible?

The fact is that there are certain truths about which human reason left to itself cannot err. God, Who made man, has left upon him, and could not but leave upon him, some likeness of His own absolute truth. To say nothing at present of those first speculative truths in the intellectual order which make the child a metaphysician *in posse*, and without which no foundation for after-knowledge could exist, we shall find that there is a first principle in the moral order which will serve our present purpose and bring us at once into the heart of our main subject. "Gloomy and o'er-darkened" as may be the "ways made for our searching," often as we stumble in the course of our purblind search, many as the wild tricks may be which our fancy and our finite intelligence play upon us, it yet remains true that man's mind cannot, without a long course of most perverse training, be brought to doubt about this truth among others, that no one is bound by a law of which, through no fault of his, he does not know. The child's first valid excuse for an unintentional offence is, "I did not know I was not to do it:" and those who are no longer children still recognize the fact that, if the plea of ignorance be true, and the ignorance inculpable, misfortune may have happened, but moral wrong has not been done. Nay, surely Infinite Mercy appealed to Infinite Justice in that dying prayer, "They know not what they do." Here, then, we have a key to the puzzle proposed above, an answer to the question how fallible intellect can speak with an infallible voice which we call conscience. Let the moral problem which meets a man at any moment be as difficult as may be, his honest inquiry into the right and wrong of the matter will lead him infallibly to one of two conclusions, either of which will keep him safe from sin. Either he will be convinced, after

proper diligence expended, that he sees the true solution of his doubt; or he will recognize his own inability to escape from that doubt at all. In the former of these two issues he will argue in this way: "I have done my best. I believe this answer to be the true one; therefore I will act upon it. If, after all, I am wrong in my conclusion, I shall at worst be acting against a law which I do not know to exist; nay, which I honestly believe not to exist. Therefore I can be guilty of no sin." If, on the other hand, he cannot determine whether or not the law of which there is question binds him under the circumstances, he will fall back upon the same truth under another and still simpler form; for he will say: "I have done my best to find out whether I am bound by this law or not. I cannot find that I am bound by it. Hence, so far as I am concerned, the law either does not exist or has not been sufficiently promulgated. In either case it cannot bind me."

In both these cases it is clear enough that whatever of ignorance is supposed to exist is also supposed to be inculpable. Hence, before taking the next step in our argument, it may be well to explain when ignorance is culpable and when inculpable. A mistake is often made in this matter: we often hear it said that it is a man's own fault if he does not know anything which he has had an opportunity of learning. In a certain very loose sense this is true. If a man has an opportunity of learning something and declines to do so, the inconvenient results which follow may be said to follow from his own fault in this sense, but in this sense only: he has declined the trouble of learning; he must therefore take the consequence of his voluntary ignorance. But there is not necessarily any moral fault in the matter. It is certainly not true that every man who has it in his power to learn the German language or the Integral Calculus is bound, under pain of moral fault to study those subjects. If it were so, there would be simply no end to our obligations and no possibility of fulfilling them all. Ignorance, then, is not morally culpable simply because it might have been avoided. It is morally culpable only when a man could have avoided it and was clearly bound so to do. Thus we might all, if we would, attain to a knowledge of the constituents of such common medicines as are in daily use amongst us; yet who will say that we sin by making no effort to learn these things? On the other hand, if a man intends to make his living by selling such medicines, he most undoubtedly is bound to possess knowledge



which cannot be expected of others. He has freely put himself in a position in which the lives of many may depend upon his knowledge. He has done this, it is true, not for the sole benefit of others, but mainly for his own. But he is not free to possess himself of the advantages of the situation and to decline its burdens. A child will tell him that he is answerable for the lives of his customers; and answerable he certainly is for those lives so far as they may be saved or lost by his possessing or not possessing the amount of knowledge which was evidently required by one who meant to set up in his particular line of business. He is not bound to possess a great physician's knowledge; but he is bound to possess the knowledge that will suffice to make him a safe dispensing chemist: and if, for want of this knowledge, he poisons his customers, he must answer for their lives to God, if not to the law of the land. Similar illustrations might be multiplied to any extent. It might be easily shown that the lawyer is guilty of grave injustice if he lets his client suffer, rather than expend ordinary diligence in acquiring the knowledge necessary to the conduct of his case; or that the confessor sins gravely if he runs the risk of injuring his penitent rather than devote proper care to the study of moral theology. In all these instances we find that ignorance is culpable; but we have only to reverse each supposition in order to see as many cases of inculpable ignorance. Thus the chemist's customer is not bound to possess the chemist's knowledge; nor is it any sin in the client or the penitent not to possess the knowledge which is of strict obligation in the case of the lawyer or the confessor. But enough has been said on this point:—ignorance is inculpable in a man who either has not had the means of avoiding it, or has not been bound to avoid it; it is culpable in the man who could have avoided it and was bound to do so.

It will now be safe to return to the main subject. Our argument so far has brought us to this conclusion—that man has in every case the means of acting without sin, if only he has the will. Speculative error he may fall into at any moment, without any fault on his own part; but sin is never unavoidable. This of course supposes a man to act in accordance with the practical dictate of his conscience, and therefore never to act in doubt as to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of his action in the concrete. It is very necessary to add these words *in the concrete*, because, as has already been abundantly shown, man

cannot always be certain of the abstract goodness or badness of every action, for man's power of judging is finite ; but of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of that action in the concrete he can and must make himself certain, because he can do his best to solve the problem before him, and then either he is certain of the existence or non-existence of a law binding him, or else he acknowledges that he cannot be sure, either that the law exists or that it does not exist. In the latter case his conscience tells him that for the time being he is free from moral obligation.

This brings us to the question to which this paper is intended to explain the probabilist's answer. Under what circumstances is a man justified in saying, "I cannot find that a law binding me exists in this matter, therefore no such law does bind me at present"? Is it necessary, before he can thus argue that he be absolutely certain of the non-existence of the law? Or must he clearly see that the proofs forthcoming against the existence of the law are more powerful than those which incline him to believe that the law does exist? Or lastly, is it enough that, after all proper diligence, he still feels a real and well-grounded doubt of the law's existence?

That absolute certainty of the law's non-existence is required to free the conscience, no one who has thought over the matter even a little can possibly assert. To say this would be to leave the most learned theologians daily and almost hourly in hopeless doubt as to the lawfulness of many of their actions; and if so, what would be the state of other men's consciences? Such a rule would make the service of God a perfectly impossible task. Accordingly, the choice lies between three less terrible theories. These three theories are called by three very strange-looking and barbarous names—probabiliorism, equiprobabilism, and probabilism. But, however formidable the names may seem, the things indicated are not difficult to understand. The probabiliorist maintains that before a man can say, "This law does not bind me because I cannot find that it exists or that it applies," he must have satisfied himself that the arguments against the law's existence or its application in the concrete case are stronger than the arguments for its existence or application: the equiprobabilist contends that the arguments against the law must be at least equal in force to those which are in its favour: and finally, the probabilist holds that a doubt is a doubt, and that consequently, as often as, after proper diligence, a well-grounded doubt remains as to the existence or application

of the law, a man does not know that the law exists or applies, and consequently is not bound by that law. It may be well here to repeat once more that the only question supposed to exist is as to the existence or non-existence of a law and the consequent lawfulness or unlawfulness of the course opposed to that doubtful law.

Of the view taken by the probabiliorist very little would have to be said here but for an idea which at this stage of the argument often misleads good people. Having once heard that the probabiliorist teaches that we must always do what is more probably right, while the probabilist sometimes allows us to do what is less probably right, many are inclined to cry out that the whole question is settled. "Of course we must serve God to the best of our power. Of course, therefore, we must all be probabiliorists, and do the more perfect thing always. Whoever says nay is a laxist: let him be anathema." Now some of those who urge this simple settlement of a difficult controversy, do so because they argue inconsequently from the false supposition that optimism is possible and is prescribed in moral matters. To them we need only say one word here. We are not always bound to do the more perfect thing. In fact, we are rarely bound to do it, and for most men it would be practically impossible always to do it. A man whose money is his own, free from debt or other burden, commits no fault if he spends five hundred pounds on the purchase of a picture—a mere ornament, almost useless to him—though he knows that the money might have been better spent in helping to build a church or endow a hospital. His money is his own, and he may spend it on any purpose that is not sinful; between a good and a less good, or indifferent purpose, he is free to choose.

But the same summary settlement of the difficulty before us is often urged by those who know too much about the science of morals to imagine that we are always bound to do the most perfect thing. Such persons say: "Surely, if I cannot be certain that I am doing God's will, I must get as near to such certainty as I can by doing what it seems to me more probable that God has commanded. True loyalty will not run the chance of disobedience where it is possible to make sure of being obedient. Even if I am mistaken no harm is done, whereas, if I choose the other alternative, I may be breaking the law." Has the probabilist any answer to make to all this? Yes, he has. The

answer is that the question is entirely a question of objective law. You have to decide whether God has or has not laid a certain burden on His creatures. You are called upon to say whether a man is bound to a certain course of action. If you cannot say so with certainty, then, by proclaiming the existence of an obligation, you surely go beyond your province. You put yourself in the place of God, and assert the existence of a law which He has not made, or, at least, which you cannot prove that He has made. A man *thinks* that a certain thing is commanded; at the same time he sees that there are very grave reasons to doubt about the matter, very grave reasons for believing that no such obligation exists. Surely his opinion is not to be taken as constituting a law. Does it constitute a law even for himself, in face of the grave doubt to the contrary? And may he dare to believe that it constitutes a law for those others whom he may have to guide or advise? To both these questions the probabilist answers, "No—*in dubiis libertas*," while to both the probabiliorist must often answer, "Yes." He must often hold himself bound, nay, he must often teach others that they are bound, by a law the existence of which is in no sense certain, but only more probable than its non-existence. It is here that the probabilist seems to stand on the firmest ground. He does not object to the probabiliorist's following his own more rigorous doctrine in his own conduct—for what is more probable is certainly probable—but he protests, and thinks he must ever protest, against man's laying upon his fellow-man a burden which cannot be shown to be of God's ordaining.

Besides, the precise estimation of moral evidence by way of comparison is a very difficult thing; and the man whose delicate conscience leads him into the error of probabiliorism will without doubt find the task he has set himself impossible in very many cases. Much the same might be said of the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of reducing to practice the theory of the equiprobabilist. But here we are touching on more delicate ground. Those who hold to equiprobabilism as a theoretic system claim to be the followers, and the only true followers, of the great modern light of moral theology, St. Alphonsus Liguori. It is quite foreign to the purpose of the present paper to enter into the vexed question, how far St. Alphonsus can and how far he cannot be proved to be in theory and practice an equiprobabilist. Our present purpose is neither to attack equiprobabilism nor to defend probabilism,

but to give a simple explanation, intelligible to all, of the real principles and working of the latter system. It would be both dishonest and useless to affect neutrality in the conflict between the rival systems. At the same time, the present paper is not meant to be in any sense polemical, but explanatory only.

The foundation of probabilism is the axiom dwelt upon above, that a doubtful law does not bind; and the probabilist holds that a law is doubtful so long as, after proper diligence, a serious doubt remains as to whether the law does or does not exist or apply. In every such case the probabilist holds that the opinion favouring liberty is probable, in the technical sense of the word, and may be acted upon, so long as, in the concrete case, the decision turns entirely on the existence or non-existence of the law. This limitation has been already twice mentioned. It may be well to explain it with some little care. And here an example may be of great service. Let us suppose that a priest, or other competent person, is called upon to administer baptism under somewhat exceptional circumstances. A house has fallen, so far burying in its ruins an unbaptized child that only the fingers of one hand can be reached. It is certain that the child is alive, but it is also certain that it can only live a few minutes in the position in which it is. Nothing can possibly be done towards exposing its head or other principal part in time for baptism. The child must be baptized on the fingers that can be seen, or not at all. Here a difficulty arises. The validity of baptism on the fingers is at best doubtful; so that a child so baptized would certainly have to be re-baptized conditionally if an opportunity should offer. In our case, however, it is certain that no such opportunity can ever offer. The only question to be answered is this—may baptism be conferred under the circumstances with probable danger of invalidity? The answer is certain—baptism not only may, but must be conferred in spite of the doubt as to its validity. The child has a right, which no one may gainsay, to receive probably valid baptism when baptism certainly valid is unattainable. This right prevails over the law binding every minister of a sacrament not to expose that sacrament to danger of invalidity; for, after all, *Sacramenta propter homines*: the sacraments, like the Sabbath, are made for man, not man for the sacraments. But now let us suppose the same doubt as to the lawfulness of baptizing on the fingers to arise under quite other circumstances. Suppose a child to be carried in the ordinary course of things to the church to be

baptized. There is no special danger of death, and no difficulty in the way of administering baptism in the ordinary manner, on the head. But the mother has heard that baptism on the fingers is probably valid : she has also heard that it is lawful to act upon a solidly probable opinion in case of doubt. Accordingly, at her request, the priest is asked to baptize the child upon the fingers in order that the little thing may cry less. May the priest act upon this request, backed up as it is by such a show of theological knowledge ? Here again the answer is certain : the priest cannot, without mortal sin, do anything of the kind. Now let us see what is the difference between the two cases, and why it is that the very same action is declared not only innocent, but even obligatory, in the one case, and absolutely inadmissible in the other. In other words, why is it that the probable opinion in favour of the validity of baptism on the fingers may be acted upon in the one case and not in the other ? The reason is not far to seek. In the case of the half-buried child there is question only of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of a certain course of action, baptizing on the fingers. No certain law intervenes to settle the matter. For the law alluded to above against exposing the sacraments to danger of invalidity is not absolute but conditional. It is not true that the sacraments may never be exposed to danger of invalidity, but only that they must not be so exposed when it is possible to confer them with certain, or, at least, more probable validity. On the other hand, in the case of the child brought to the church for baptism, the probability in favour of valid baptism on the fingers remained neither more nor less solid than in the other case ; but, over and above this conflict of probabilities, a law the force and application of which was quite certain intervened to prevent the priest from acting on the probable opinion. To put the same thing in a still clearer light, in the first case, the doubt rested upon the only law that could apply ; in the second, two questions of law came into play : the answer to one of them was perhaps doubtful, but the answer to the other was certain. The doubt as to the one constituted no probability of the non-application of the other.

Such instances might be multiplied indefinitely. One more may be usefully considered, both because it touches upon a point which is of some consequence in the present day, and because it too shows how the probable innocence in one respect of a certain course may cease to justify that course in presence of a law which certainly binds. A man wishes to be present at

a spiritualistic *séance*. He has enquired into what has been done at similar meetings in the same place, and has come to the conclusion that not improbably the devil may have something to do with it all, but that at the same time it is more probable that everything is mere trickery. He has consulted the theologians as to the general principles to be followed in such matters, and has found that when it is doubtful whether a certain phenomenon comes from natural or from supernatural agencies, the prudent presumption is that the causes are natural. Seeing therefore not only that there is probability in favour of the harmlessness of the amusement, but even that that probability is much greater than the probability of the opposite opinion, and is strengthened by general principles, he argues without fear that he is free to act as he wishes. Has he judged rightly? Or, what is more, to our present purpose, ought a probabilist theologian to approve of his conclusion or not? To both questions the answer is—no. The conclusion has been honestly drawn according to the man's lights, and therefore there is no question of sin; but the argument employed is faulty for the simple reason that a factor has been left out of sight which ought to have settled the whole matter at once. For, however true it may be that the balance of probability was in favour of the innocence of the course pursued, it is also true that nothing will justify a man in exposing himself without necessity to the danger of holding illicit intercourse with the devil and so falling to some extent into his power. Now, in the case supposed, there was at least a danger of this. The mere doubt, supposing it be a reasonable doubt, such as might naturally influence a prudent man, was enough to bring the case under the general law just mentioned. Hence, though there was indeed a doubt as to the matter of fact, yet, at the same time, a law which was beyond all doubt certainly applied to the case. But it has been said above—and all here set down is merely to enforce and explain the statement—that liberty is then only to be allowed in virtue of a probable opinion when the doubt applies to the obligation itself, that is to the law; or, in case that more laws than one seem to affect the case, to all and each of those laws. So long as one certain law of certain application enforces an obligation, no number of doubts as to the application of other concurrent laws can justify the course favourable to liberty.

It is all the more useful to have set down these examples here, because it is the fashion with many modern authors to

mark off an ill-defined class of subjects to which, they say, the principles of probabilism must not be applied. These subjects they declare to be those which concern the certain rights of a third person or some end which absolutely must be attained. This restriction they illustrate from just such matters as have been chosen for the above examples, explaining to us, for instance, that we must not use doubtfully valid matter in giving the sacraments when matter certainly valid may be had; that a doctor may not use a probably safe and useful remedy when he knows of one the good effect of which is certain; that a sportsman may not fire at a moving object on the ground that it may probably be a stag if it is at the same time probable that it may be a man. These examples, rightly understood, are most useful; but the way in which they are introduced into too many text-books is, to say the least of it, misleading. For it seems to be implied that the whole theory of probabilism is merely a sort of rule of thumb resting on no general principle of universal application. It is quite true that in each of these cases a probability is mentioned which does not constitute a serviceable probable opinion. But why? Not because the theory of probabilism has broken down, but for the reason already pointed out, namely, because in each case a law the application of which is certain intervenes. The concrete obligation therefore, however doubtful it may be on one ground, is quite certain on another. There is thus no room for probabilism, since probabilism does not mean the weighing of doubt against certainty; but the theory has no more broken down, and has no more ceased to be of universal application within its own sphere than a statement made by Euclid about triangles has lost its universal truth when it is discovered that the same thing cannot be said of circles.

At the cost of still further extending a lengthy digression, it may be convenient to add one word as to the true sense of an expression the misunderstanding of which is often a stumbling-block in the way of the student. We are often told that a probable opinion may not be followed in this or that case because "the law is in possession." Very little need be set down here on this subject beyond this simple statement—no law can be truly said to be any longer in possession as soon as its binding force in the concrete has become doubtful. The mere fact that a man has been bound by a law for the last fifty years does not cause that law to be in possession to-day if a



reasonable doubt has arisen as to to-day's obligation. Similarly the fact that a man was certainly bound to do a certain thing once to-day does not show that he is bound to do it now if it is solidly probable, though not certain, that he has already done it. The mere doubt as to the fact is here a doubt as to the further concrete binding force of the law : for such a law is equivalently conditional in its bearing upon an obligation *hic et nunc*—the man must do so and so if he has not already done it. A doubt has arisen as to the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of the implied condition. Hence a doubt now exists as to the further binding force of the law. It is true that this view of the case would be indignantly rejected by many good theologians ; but it has been said above that the object of this paper is not to combat systems opposed to probabilism, but to explain what seems to be the consistent theory of the probabilist when stripped of much confusion which has been imported into the consideration of that theory. It is only necessary to add to this part of the subject that wherever, in the above examples, a doubt has been spoken of, what is understood is a serious, well-grounded doubt, not the mere absence of absolute certainty. This will appear more clearly in our answer to the next and most fundamental question to be touched upon.

This question is: When does a probabilist consider an opinion technically probable, and when does he not? In order to answer this question satisfactorily, a simple distinction must be introduced and explained. The probability of an opinion may be, according to moralists, either intrinsic or extrinsic. An opinion is intrinsically probable when solid reasons exist for thinking that it is or may be true ; an opinion is extrinsically probable when it is grounded upon the authority of those who are qualified to teach. Here we must pause to draw from the definition of intrinsic probability two deductions of immense importance in dealing with the present subject. It is clear in the first place that two opposite opinions may both possess solid intrinsic probability at the same time, and moreover that the mere fact that one of them is more probable does not at once altogether deprive the other of its probability. That which happens so often in other sciences may easily happen in the science of morals : the supporter of one of two opposite opinions may be able to say, "This opinion seems to me the more probable of the two ;" and may yet be compelled to admit that there is something, nay, even much, to

be said on the other side: The second deduction to be drawn from the explanation just given of intrinsic probability is this— not every doubt as to the obligation of a law leaves solid probability to the opinion favouring liberty. Even far short of absolute certainty there may be a preponderance of probability in favour of one opinion so considerable as to deprive the contrary opinion of all solid probability. In such a case no probabilist will maintain that the slight doubt remaining constitutes a solid reason for acting against the almost certain law. In other words, in such a case the opinion favouring liberty is not technically probable at all.

Of course it is not always easy to say exactly how great the preponderance of probability is. Limiting cases will occur that will require serious thought. But it is not surprising that such difficulties should meet us from time to time in this matter. They occur in everything that cannot be measured by a material foot-rule or pair of scales. In all such matters much must be left to the prudent judgment of the individual concerned. But the fact that the probabilist has, like his neighbours, sometimes to face such difficulties is an argument neither in favour of rival systems nor against his. In moral questions, after all, a moral judgment must be followed; and moral certainty differs from mathematical certainty much as man's knowledge of man differs from his knowledge of the more obvious properties of brute matter. A man, for instance, cannot measure his friend's honesty with the foot-rule with which he can measure his height; but he can form an opinion of his friend's honesty so reliable, that he commits no imprudence in trusting him. He will buy a horse from his friend without asking whether the animal is stolen property or not. There is a physical possibility that it has been stolen, and therefore there is a doubt not absolutely ungrounded as to the prudence of the purchase. But clearly such doubts as this do not to any practical extent interfere with certainty. It would be foolish to act upon them. Similarly in questions of right and wrong, the mere absence of mathematical or metaphysical certainty as to the binding force of a law, or, in other words, the existence of a very slight doubt in opposition to a great preponderance of evidence in favour of the law, does not constitute a probable opinion against the law. The doubt required by the probabilist must be a doubt that seems solidly grounded; and then, in the theory of the

probabilist, it will constitute a probable opinion even in opposition to still stronger reasons on the other side. The only limit is this—those reasons must not be so much stronger that, in the judgment of a sensible man, they simply cause the strength of the opposing reasons to become insignificant.

One word more must be added to the subject of intrinsic probability for fear of misunderstanding. It may seem to some from what has been said above, that every man without exception is to be his own judge of the probability or improbability of an opinion in moral. This is not really meant by what has been said. Subjective persuasion of the truth of an opinion will of course save the conscience from sin within proper limits: that is to say, the most ignorant man, acting honestly, and inculpably ignorant of the fact that it is not right to trust his own judgment in a matter with which he has no acquaintance, will not sin by following his misguided conscience. But, after all, this difficulty is not likely to occur: and in any case the above remarks are intended to apply to the subjective persuasion which accords or seems to accord with objective probability; that is, to the case of those who are capable of judging reasonably of the matter in hand. Common prudence must not be neglected in the ordering of one's actions towards moral goodness, any more than in other less important matters. A man must not presume to judge for himself unless he has good reason to think that his knowledge is sufficient for the task. This men know perfectly well with regard to other matters; and experience would seem to show that they know it equally well with regard to the science of right and wrong. However, if there be a real difficulty here at all, it is a difficulty which affects the general problem of morals rather than the special system of the probabilist. Every moralist, of whatever school, will recognize the fact that most men must often, in the choice of their line of moral conduct, fall back upon the knowledge of others to supplement their own. This brings us naturally to the consideration of what the probabilist understands by extrinsic probability.

Extrinsic probability, as has been already said, means that probability which is grounded upon the authority of those who are qualified to teach. There is of course no question here of the teaching authority of the Church as such: for the explicit teaching of the Church on any point results, not in probability, but in certainty. The teaching therefore to be considered in

this place is the teaching, written or oral, of private doctors. At the very outset of this part of our subject we are met by an obvious but superficial objection. Men are only too ready to cry out against those who seem to entrust their consciences to the keeping of others. So thoroughly has the fatal error of private judgment taken possession of many persons, in this country especially, and so eagerly do men grasp at anything that looks like an objection against that bulwark of "priestcraft" the confessional, that many who judge reasonably enough of other matters meet the Catholic moralist with the indignant question: "How can you trust yourself to another's guidance in such matters? How can you fancy that another man's opinion can free you from the obligation of satisfying your own conscience?" But the truth is that those who make use of this objection forget in the most important and difficult of their affairs that prudence which they are careful enough to apply to the formation of other judgments. No man who is not most foolishly presumptuous thinks of judging for himself in all matters. A wise man is always taking advice, especially when what is to be judged of is something to which he has not devoted special study. Thus the judge, who lays down the law without fear or hesitation in some difficult case, may without inconsistency consider it only prudent to consult his physician as to the comparatively simple question what he had better eat for supper; the engineer, who arranges with almost instinctive ease thousands of tons of stonework, or the labour of hundreds of men, does not think it beneath him to consult his solicitor about some very insignificant point of law which comes in his way. In acting thus men only show their common sense and their real wish to carry out well what they are engaged upon.

The same is true of those who seek and follow advice as to the right ordering of their lives according to the law of God. Here more than in other matters, and for obvious reasons, the man who is led only by his own lights has a fool for his guide. No man, however wise or however holy, is fit to be his own unaided guide as to right and wrong, and most men would act very foolishly indeed if they did not often seek the advice of those who are better instructed, or who, from not being personally concerned with the matter in hand, can judge of it with greater impartiality. The more important the matter is of which a man is called upon to judge, the

more imperatively is he bound to take the best means of arriving at a safe conclusion, or, in other words, to consult those whose opinions on the point are worth having. Absolute certainty cannot always be had in these matters; but a man is safe in conscience when he has done his best; that is, practically, when he has taken the best advice within his reach. So much being premised in answer to an objection which could not be altogether passed over, it is time to see in what way the probabilist teaches his disciple to make use of the opinions of more learned men in order to the formation of his practical conscience. Here we must reject by a simple and formal denial the calumny directed against Catholic moralists by some who do not or will not know what those moralists teach. It has been said again and again, in spite of denial and proof to the contrary, that the probabilist teaches that the opinion of any one writer on morals is sufficient to found a solid probability which may be acted upon.

Of course this charge is as false as it is improbable. Those who accuse probabilist theologians of thinking and speaking so very foolishly with regard to the subject which they have specially studied, would hardly think of accusing the same men of similar folly in other matters—of believing, for instance, that New York was probably the capital of Yorkshire, because somebody could doubtless be found ignorant enough to affirm such a strange piece of geography. The accusation in fact implies that all those great men whose works maintain the doctrines of probabilism are either absolutely imbecile, or as reckless in what they write as those are who thus calumniate them.

But apart from the gross improbability of the thing—enough in itself to condemn the accusation as a barefaced calumny—no one can even glance through the works of the great probabilist writers without finding the very doctrine so insolently fathered upon them quoted as an opinion explicitly condemned by the Church, and which consequently no Catholic could hold without ecclesiastical censure. What probabilists do teach on this point is briefly the following. We will begin with what they say of following the opinion of one theologian, so as to substantiate our denial of the calumny just mentioned. The only cases in which one theologian will suffice are these two—first, if by his arguments the one theologian absolutely convinces the reason of his reader. But clearly in this case a man will be acting, not on authority at all, but on the strength of his own subjective

conviction that no more doubt remains on the subject : this he might have done without consulting his author at all if the same arguments had happened to occur to him : he is not following extrinsic probability, as explained above, but subjective certainty. Secondly, a man may consider an opinion probable on the authority of one theologian, apart from absolute subjective certainty, if that theologian is certainly an authority above all objection, and satisfactorily refutes the arguments of all his opponents, and brings forward in support of his own view arguments which those opponents either overlook or clearly fail to refute. Under such circumstances, it is very likely, judging of things by the principles of common sense, that such an author is right in his conclusion. In other words, that opinion is solidly probable, and deserves to be accepted as such by prudent men. It therefore constitutes a really solid doubt as to the truth of the contrary opinion. It is hard to see why the most sensitive conscience should take offence at a doctrine so evidently reasonable as this ; and no probabilist whose name is ever quoted with approbation in Catholic schools of moral theology dreams of approaching nearer than this to the doctrine which we have stigmatized as a calumny. This case, in which a man may act upon the opinion of one moralist in opposition to the opinion more generally received is evidently quite exceptional, just as in other matters it is a very exceptional thing with a prudent man to trust to the judgment of one writer who stands by himself and professes to have discovered what all other authorities on his subject have overlooked. In ordinary cases, the probabilist requires for extrinsic probability the agreement of a large number of theologians of acknowledged authority. Thus, to quote the ordinary example, St. Thomas and his school will suffice ; and certainly no one who knows what manner of men St. Thomas and many of his followers are, will have any fear that an opinion admitted by them has been allowed to pass muster for want of sufficient consideration. The truth is that neither the physician anxious for the lives of his patients, nor the judge with his tremendous responsibility, nor the business man, with his eager eye to gain, is half so cautious about basing a conclusion on extrinsic authority, as the Catholic moralist who has studied his moral theology.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> As calumnies on this point have not been wanting in recent English literature, it will be well to refer the reader for confirmation of the statements made in the text

It is possible that some one with a slight acquaintance with the works of modern Catholic writers on morals, and a still slighter knowledge of the practical working of the teaching body in the Church, may retort upon us with a very obvious question. Is it not true that the Catholic feels himself safe in following St. Alphonsus Liguori without troubling himself about other authorities? Is not this a clear case, and one that recurs every day, of relying upon the opinion of a single theologian? We answer that, if it can be shown beyond all doubt that St. Alphonsus teaches a certain doctrine as true or as solidly probable, a Catholic theologian does feel safe, or rather does know that he is safe, in considering that opinion solidly probable. But this the theologian does, not on account of the private authority of St. Alphonsus, immensely great as that authority is, but for another reason altogether, namely, because the Church has carefully examined St. Alphonsus' doctrine, and has pronounced that, except in the case of the subsequent decision by ecclesiastical authority of a point still undecided in the Saint's time, a theologian is safe in following St. Alphonsus in the way described above. The Church has not indeed pronounced that St. Alphonsus is right on every point, but merely that the doctrines which he teaches as true, or as solidly probable, are so well supported by argument, or authority, or both, that their probability cannot be denied. Even a Protestant can easily understand that, at least from a Catholic's point of view, there is a very great difference between following the authority of a single doctor, however great, and trusting to the sentence of the Church which Christ has appointed to teach all nations.

It only remains to gather up the threads of a necessarily discursive argument. We began by stating that a man sins when he acts against his conscience—then and then only. We then showed in what sense it is true that a man may always avoid sin if he will; not indeed material sin in every case, but formal sin always. We showed how this was to be done, by the formation of a certain judgment for the guidance of the man's conduct;—not necessarily a certain judgment as to the speculative question of right and wrong in the matter, to a few of the great authors, not selected for the purpose, but taken at haphazard, as their works happen to come to the hand on a library shelf. Antoine, 1, 2, 1; Escobar, *Liber Theologia Moralis*, Examen. iii. cap. iii. n. 8; *Ibid.* cap. vi. n. 21; Lacroix, *Theologia Moralis*, tom. i. lib. i. tract. i. q. 26; *Ibid.* q. 25; Roncaglia, *Universa Theologia Moralis*, tom. i. cap. ii. q. 1.

but a perfectly certain judgment as to the concrete obligation. This, we saw, was to be done by the application, when necessary, of the reflex principle that a doubtful law, that is, a law the existence or application of which cannot be ascertained with at least moral certainty, can never give rise to a certain obligation. At this point a question necessarily arose as to the sort of doubt about a law's existence or application which would suffice to keep the conscience free from the obligation of complying with such a law. We have endeavoured to explain the probabilist's answer to this question. That answer may be briefly stated thus. So long as the doubt rests upon the only obligation, or upon each of the separate obligations, of which there is question, a man is not obliged to assume that he is bound to a certain course of conduct if there are solid reasons, whether in the form of internal evidence or in that of external authority, for thinking that he is not so bound. A slight doubt as to the existence of the law, that is, such a doubt as is merely equivalent to the absence of absolute certainty, may not be acted upon, and must go for nothing: but so soon as the doubt is such as would in other matters of importance have weight with a prudent man, the person so doubting may recognize the fact that no certainty, however loosely the word may be understood, can exist in face of a well-grounded doubt, and may therefore say to himself: I cannot find that this law binds me: bind me therefore it cannot, at least until I have the means of gaining a more definite knowledge of it. When he has thus reasoned, his intellect may still be in doubt as to the speculative question, but his conscience is set at rest by a certainty.

No deliberate attempt has been here made to defend the probabilist's system against either of its rivals; the only thing attempted has been to show what the consistent probabilist does really teach.

G. TARLETON.



*Putting in the Shade.*

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'Twas his little daughter's portrait—  
Child as a lily fair ;  
Clear as some crystal stream her eye,  
Sunlit her golden hair.  
He blent his colours tenderly ;  
Love was in every hue  
That decked the canvas pale, whereon  
His darling's face he drew.

"What dost thou, darling father, now?"  
The little maid would say ;  
"And why that darkness on the brow  
I saw not yesterday ?  
Such sombre hues are not for me—  
I love the light," she said.  
"My little daughter," answered he,  
"I'm putting in the shade.

"'Twere not a perfect picture, if  
The dark lights were away ;  
To show the brightness needeth yet  
The help of shadows grey :  
Be patient, little maiden mine,—  
No shadow without sun !  
How dark was needed thou shalt see  
When all the work is done !"

\* \* \* \* \*

O 'twas the Master Painter, in  
Her early morning tide,  
That called that little maiden from  
Her doating father's side ;  
And left the old man weeping lone  
Beside her little face  
Still smiling from the canvas in  
Its innocence and grace.

"'Tis well, O Heavenly Master ! well !"  
The old man softly said ;  
"To make my picture perfect, Thou  
Art putting in the shade :  
Be patient, restless spirit, then—  
No shadow without sun !  
That dark was needed thou wilt see  
When all the work is done."

## *Weather Forecasting.*

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OF all scientific instruments, the barometer appears to many people the most unscientific, puzzling, and misleading. It will rise for wind, it will rise for calm ; it will fall for rain, it will fall for no rain ; it will mark fair when blowing a gale, and it will stand at change during a spell of fine days.

So, too, the weather forecasts, as given in *The Times* by the Meteorological Office, seem to some, as appears by recent letters in the papers, to be but a delusion and a snare. We are told it is to rain, and it is fine ; that it is to be fair, and it rains. What is the meaning of all this, ask the indignant writers of these letters—of this waste of public money on weather prophecies, which make us leave our umbrella at home when we should have taken it out, and take it out when we might have left it at home ? Far better, they think, would it be to trust to the old simple rule, “When it is fine take your umbrella out, and when it is wet please yourself,” than trust to these false weather prophets.

But let the question be considered calmly, and it will then, we think, appear whether the barometer, read aright, and the work of the Meteorological Office, understood aright, are to blame, or whether the critics of them both are not somewhat at fault. Well, it must first be confessed that the barometer, in the ordinary form of weather glass, with the words, “Fair,” “Change,” and the rest, on it, *is* an unscientific and misleading instrument, and if only the mercury could change its colour it would assuredly blush at the untruths to which it is made to bear witness. For, to what, in fact, does the height of the column of mercury in the barometer tube bear testimony ? It is to the pressure and temperature of the air at the time. In the first place, to the pressure of the air, which balances the weight of the column of mercury ; and secondly, to the temperature, as the same weight of mercury, owing to heat causing its expansion, is longer on a hot day than on a cold one. And for this change of

height, due to the expansion and contraction of the mercury for heat and cold, a correction has to be made in order to get the true reading of the barometer.

Hence, even supposing the state of the present or coming weather at any place were in some simple relation to the height of the mercury in the barometer at the place of observation, and in relation to nothing else, still the words, "Change," "Fair," and the rest, would be out of place and misleading, since, if on a certain day, for example, which was fair, the barometer at the sea level marked "Fair," at the top of a hill at the same place it would no longer do so, as the pressure at the summit of a hill is less than at its base.

Moreover, the range of the barometric readings differs in summer and winter, so that the wording on the instrument would be incorrect at one or other season of the year.

But the weather at any place does not stand in a simple relation to the pressure of the air at that place, but, among other things, depends on the pressure of the air at distant places round about it, that is, on the general distribution of the atmospheric pressure. Hence, to try to form a judgment of the weather to come by observing only the height of the barometer, is about as useless as to try to judge of the exact direction of the wind from the smoke of a running locomotive.

Even noticing whether the mercury be rising or falling is not, taken by itself, a reliable sign of what kind of weather is approaching, as a quickly propagated shallow depression with light winds will cause the barometer to fall as quickly as a more slowly propagated deep depression with strong winds.<sup>1</sup>

Hence the inutility of the barometer as a weather-glass, if considered by itself at a single place, is again apparent.

But the readings of the barometer are of the greatest use in forecasting the probable weather, if they are considered, not alone, but in connection with the past and present direction and force of the wind, the movements of the higher clouds, and together with the rise or fall of the temperature, the dampness or dryness of the air, the season of the year, and in connection with the distribution of atmospheric pressure over a large area, as shown by the barometric readings given on the weather charts of the previous days. For the weather is a resultant of all these variables, and more besides.

<sup>1</sup> It should be noted that the velocity with which the wind blows in a storm is not the same as the rate at which the storm moves; the former may be great and the latter small, or *vice versa*.

In the use, however, of such general and probable forecasts of the weather as are given by the Meteorological Office, the influence on them of local surroundings must be observed and allowed for at each place.

While, then, the readings of a single barometer considered by itself are of little use, as the weather does not stand in a simple relation to them, the readings of the barometer, taken at many places spread over a large area, and considered together, are useful in forming a probable forecast, as the general character of the weather is found for the most part to stand in a definite relation to the areas of high and low atmospheric pressure.

These areas of high and low pressure, and the general distribution of the atmospheric pressure, are marked out on the weather charts by lines called *isobars*, or lines drawn through places where the barometric readings are the same, and hence where the pressure of the air is the same. From the position of these *isobars*, and from the gradients or amount of difference of barometric pressure between them, the direction and force of the winds are estimated. To make this clear, let us take an imaginary but possible case. Suppose London and its suburbs to be the centre of an area of low pressure, the barometer in the city standing at 29 inches, and lower than any place round Greater London. And then imagine a closed line encircling London, to be drawn through places where the barometers all marked equal pressures, but somewhat higher than the central area. Suppose, further, several more or less concentric encircling lines, say some sixty miles apart, to be drawn outside this first line, through places of equal barometric readings, but each line representing a higher pressure as it is further removed from the centre. Then it is found that, for the most part, the direction and force of the wind bear a definite relation to these lines. The relation is as follows: As to direction, the winds blow more or less parallel to the lines of equal pressure, but with a tendency towards the centre of low pressure. And they blow so that, if one stand with the lower pressure on the left hand and higher on the right, the wind will be at his back. This fact is known as *Buy Ballot's Law*. This statement is true for places north of the equator; for places south of it we must change the place of the words left and right.

As to the force of the wind, it is found to bear some relation to the steepness of the gradient; that is, the greater the *rate* of decrease of pressure, measured in differences of hundredths of an

inch of mercury per sixty miles as you pass from places of high barometric pressure to places of a lower pressure, the greater the force of the wind.

Thus supposing London the centre of an area of low pressure, and that there the barometer stood at 29in., and at Portsmouth on the first *isobar* it stood at 29.05, and at Plymouth on the second it stood at 29.2, then the gradient or rate of decrease of pressure would be greater in our supposed example between Plymouth and Portsmouth than between Portsmouth and London, and the wind, which in accordance with Buys Ballot's Law would be north-westerly, would be stronger between Plymouth and Portsmouth than between Portsmouth and London.

At the centre of the area of low pressure there is a calm. In this state of distribution of the atmospheric pressure, the winds circulate round the central area of low pressure the reverse way to that in which the hands of a watch move. This kind of atmospheric disturbance or storm is known as a cyclone. These cyclones bring with them our bad weather—winds, clouds, rain, or snow—and they are ushered in and accompanied by a rise of temperature in winter and a fall in summer. For the most part these areas of depression move quickly, and do not last so long, nor are they so extended in area as the opposite type of weather, the anti-cyclone. The majority of the cyclones which visit and pass over these islands travel in an easterly direction. The wind at their approach and passage is found to veer or back at any place, according as the centre of the depression passes on the north or south side of that place. And in general, looking in the direction in which the centre of low pressure is passing, the wind backs at places on the left hand and veers at places on the right of it as it passes them.

The second type of distribution of atmospheric pressure and accompanying weather is the anti-cyclone—an area of high pressure. Its characteristics are the opposite of those of the cyclone. Its area is more extended, it lasts a longer time, and is slower in its movements. Its gradients are less steep and its winds are light, and circulate round the central area of high pressure in the direction of the motion of the hands of a watch, the reverse to that in which they move in a cyclone, and they draw out from the centre instead of in towards it. But, as in the case of the cyclone, they blow more or less parallel to the *isobars* or lines of equal pressure, and at the centre of the system there is a calm. The weather accompanying the anti-

cyclone is generally fine, sometimes with the occasional formation and clearing away of fog. It is generally ushered in by a fall of temperature in winter and a rise in summer.

It is from the knowledge of the characteristics of these two main types of atmospheric disturbance, and from the knowledge of how the distribution of the air's pressure is changing, and of the kind of weather existing over a large area at a given time, that the probable and general forecasts of the weather are formed.

This information is obtained, through the aid of the telegraph, from the meteorological stations placed about the kingdom. The more numerous and well placed the stations are the more complete is this information, and so the less imperfect will be the forecasts. The difficulty of telegraphing on Sundays makes of course a great gap in the data of the Meteorological Office for the first part of the week, and so adds to the difficulty of its work.

The forecasts can only be probable, not certain, owing to our imperfect knowledge and information. For though something is known about the kind of weather accompanying certain types of atmospheric disturbances, still very much has yet to be learnt, by continual and patient observation and study, regarding the laws of storm motion as to rate and direction. Subsidiary depressions, too, form a special difficulty. Lack of information, too, as to the changes taking place over the ocean to the west of us, is to us in England a great difficulty in the way of making forecasts more than a day or two beforehand of the coming storm. Still some, and not little, measure of success has been attained, in spite of all difficulties. This will be apparent from the Parliamentary papers quoted in Mr. R. H. Scott's admirable little book on weather charts and storm warnings, in which it appears that about eighty per cent of the warnings issued were justified by the strong winds or gales which followed.

Besides the forecasts being only very probable, not certain, they are rather general than particular; that is, they give in general the force and direction of the winds, and the kind of probable weather, and cannot and do not pretend to give a forecast of the winds and weather as modified by the surroundings and contour, such as the wooded hills, mountains, and valleys, of any particular place.

It is for those living at such places to observe how the general forecast which warns them of an approaching change

is modified in their case by their surroundings ; and then, with the warnings and aid of the general forecast and their own observation, they should form a particular forecast for themselves suited to their position.

The general forecasts are not meant to be short and royal roads to weather wisdom for the unobservant and un-self-helpful. They do not pretend to tell the people at any particular place that to-day it will rain at ten o'clock and be fine at five ; or that the wind which will in general be easterly will for them be southerly, owing to the position of the hills surrounding the place at which they live. To render personal observation at particular places unnecessary is not their object, and surpasses their power. They are intended as forewarnings to our seamen and as aids to personal observation, and as such do useful work.

Mistakes in forming judgments which are dependent on so many, such varied, and imperfectly mastered factors as are those on which depend a forecast of the weather, cannot but sometimes occur. Still, considering the many difficulties of the work of the Meteorological Office, and the success attained in spite of them, every indulgence should be extended to its failures, and its forecasts and charts should be gratefully received and wisely used as useful aids, and not abused for not being what they never pretended to be, viz., a full, particular, and certain prophecy of the weather for every place in the United Kingdom.

In conclusion it may be remarked that, in a short article of this kind, only a very brief and incomplete outline of the general principles of weather forecasting can be given. The reader interested in the subject must be referred for fuller information to such books as Mr. R. H. Scott's *Weather Charts and Storm Warnings*, and his *Elementary Meteorology*, just published.

H. M.



## *An Anniversary: 1833—1883.*

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IN the last fifty years the world has travelled a long way : and it is not a little difficult to carry our minds back to May, 1833. If we had been studying at Paris in that year, however, we would have probably been reduced, as good Catholics, to a state of sad despondency. In our own days we are accustomed to hear much about the decay of faith and the advent of a new civilization, which may modify or overthrow the ancient scheme of Christianity. But in the Paris of 1833 they had settled it beyond a doubt that Christianity was already dead. The wise men—many of them names well known in literature—and the earnest idealists—many of them willing to sacrifice anything for the advancement of the human race—were all of one mind. A new Gospel had arisen and carried men's minds by storm. It was the Gospel according to St. Simon. It has disappeared. You will find well-educated men who couldn't tell you anything about it. But in those days it was the gateway of the Millennium.

It seems odd to us that so much good enthusiasm should be wasted on a system which in truth was vague and unsubstantial to the last degree. Probably the next generation will be equally surprised that our leaders of thought should make prophets out of Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer. But while the fit is on, hero-worship is an enormous force ; and even those who hold on to their own faith, are too often disheartened and reduced to an attitude of helpless and hopeless protest, when they should be working at the problem of life.

Among the believing population of France, since the great Revolution, this "folded-arms" attitude has been much too common. In the heyday of Simonianism, good men went about shaking their heads over the wickedness of the world and the special wickedness of all Reformers and Liberals, but they did nothing. Indeed, it came to be the favourite saying of the philosophers, that Christianity had done great things in the old

time, but that in modern civilization it had no works to show. "If this system, which claims to be divine," said they, "were true—if its professors, high and low, believed and felt that 'Jesus was the Son of God'—if the Gospel of charity and self-abnegation, of sympathy for the publican and the sinner, of the brotherhood of all men under the Divine Father, were indeed accepted as God's personal message for the regeneration of the world—the good works of the Christians would have renewed the face of the earth."

The taunt went home to the mind of one remarkable man. There was growing up alongside the St. Simonians a small but brilliant band of young defenders of the faith—Catholic students and others, who felt that the philosophic criticisms were really shallow, and were animated by an enthusiasm, vague as yet, to do something to set religion right with the world of their generation. They were few, and not all wise; but in their hour and place they were a great power. Of this band, the most striking figure in many ways was a young lawyer named Frederic Ozanam, who came from his home at Lyons to finish his studies at Paris in 1832. From the first he formed a keen desire to gather about him "a reunion of friends working together under the flag of Catholic ideas." The boldness of the project may be gathered from the fact that when he entered the *École de Droit*, there were among the crowd of students who attended it only three besides himself who professed Christianity.

This plan of organizing a band of Catholics first grafted itself on the debates or *conférences* which had just been started by "Père" Bailly, at the offices of the *Tribune Catholique*. These discussions were brilliant; and as many of the leading assailants of Christianity attended them, they were telling as a protest and a defence. But Ozanam soon recognized that the true defence lay not in words only, but in works. He gathered about him a few debaters of his own mind, and in May, 1833, in the same offices and under the presidency of the sympathetic Bailly himself, the first Conference of St. Vincent de Paul was held.

Before describing, however, the work or the history of this unique association, whose fiftieth anniversary will be celebrated during May in Paris by delegates from all parts of the Catholic world, it is perhaps due to Ozanam's memory that we should turn back to quote, from a letter which he wrote when little more than seventeen, his own account of the ideas that inspired him. If any reader fancies that it might be as true in many

things for 1883 in London as in 1833 in France, we will not dispute with him. *Mutato nomine, de te.*

"For my part," said this boy, "my choice is made. I feel that the past is falling to pieces, that the foundations of the old edifice are shaken, and that a terrible convulsion has changed the face of the earth. But what is to arise out of these ruins? Is society to remain buried under its fallen thrones, or is it to reappear younger, fairer, and more grand? Shall we see the *novos cœlos et novam terram*? That is the question. I, who believe in Providence, and do not despair of my country, I believe in a palingenesis. But what is to be the form, what the law, of this new order of society, I will not prophesy.

"Nevertheless, what I know is this, that there exists a Providence, and that that Providence cannot for six thousand years have abandoned reasonable creatures, naturally desirous of the true, the good, and the beautiful, to the genius of evil and error. . . . The first want of man, I said, the first want of society, is some notion of a religion. . . . I was conscious of a corresponding want in myself. I had need of something solid to take hold of, something I could take root in and cling to, to stem the torrent of doubt. And then, oh my friends, my soul was filled with a great joy! for it discovered by sheer force of reason that this something was none other than that Catholicism which was first taught me by my mother, and which so often fed my childish mind with its beautiful memories and its still more beautiful hopes. I cling to the pillar of the temple. I will point to it as a beacon of deliverance to those who are tossing on the sea of life. Happy shall I be, if a few friends will rally round me. Then we shall unite our efforts, and create a work together, and perchance the day may come when all mankind will be gathered within the same protecting shade. For Catholicism in its eternal youth and strength will rise upon the world, and, placing itself at the head of the age, will lead it on to a happy civilization." No wonder he should add, in his grand simplicity of heart, "I am overcome, my friends, in speaking to you. I am filled with intellectual delight—for *the work is magnificent, and I am young.*"

Such was the spirit in which he set to work to gather about him the few young Catholics he met. It was the spirit of which great enterprises are begotten—a courageous faith, a frank recognition of the realities of the age, and a sublime enthusiasm for the service of God and man. But the outcome of the

work seemed almost ridiculously petty beside these great aspirations.

In the month of May, 1833, eight poor students met in the newspaper office, Rue du Petit Bourbon, near Saint Sulpice, under the presidency of the wise and charitable editor. They settled that the time was come when lay Catholics should devote themselves to some practical work for the glory of God and the good of themselves and their fellow-men. They settled that the work should be "the service of God in the persons of His poor"—that they should visit their people personally—and that they should assist by material help where needful, but specially with all the moral and spiritual assistance which their own greater advantages of education allowed. Their methods were simplicity itself, and so they have remained. Then, as now, the members had each a few poor families allotted to their care. They visited, and met weekly to report and discuss the best means of help. They gave their relief in tickets, and raised their funds by a secret collection at each sitting. They began and closed with prayer.

Their prohibitory rules were equally plain. No politics and no personality were to enter the Conference, and the society was never to be used as a stepping-stone for the worldly advancement of its members. An odd regulation surely, when the society consisted of eight indigent and powerless lads. Yet the self-denying ordinance, which holds as strictly now as then, was one of the very earliest rules of the society.

Among their first exploits was the obtaining of a legal protection for a decent woman whose husband beat her and drank every penny she earned. Ozanam chanced to discover that the hapless woman had been entrapped into what was no marriage at all. With infinite trouble, he persuaded her that she was free, and she was sent rejoicing to her Breton home. But the case is notable for another reason. She had two bright boys, whom she could not well take with her. The society discussed their case, and at last it was agreed that M. Bailly should take them into the printing-office, and that the young brotherhood should be their guardian. Thus in the very earliest days of the first Conference was laid the foundation of that which now promises in many places to be the most useful of all the works of the society—the "Patronage," or care of boys.

One of Ozanam's philosophic friends, with a half-amused pity, said to him, "What can you hope to do? You are only eight poor lads, and do you expect to relieve the swarming misery of

Paris? If you counted any number of members you could do comparatively nothing. We, on the contrary, are elaborating ideas—a new system which will reform the world and banish misery from it altogether. We shall do for humanity in a moment what you could not accomplish in centuries!"

The spirit of the missionary was upon him, however, and, small as the work was, he felt that he must do it. History has answered the critic. Ozanam's "work" has gone on, and is about to celebrate its half-centenary. The "ideas" have long since wrapped up groceries. At the time, however, the young conference was very timid. At first they were almost afraid to admit more. But by degrees they began to grow. In two months they had doubled and moved to a new room. Yet it was two years before they were a hundred. Then, with some misgiving, they decided to split their "Conference" into two. The new step was a success. There were quickly two more meetings commenced, and before long they covered Paris. The students returning to their provincial homes, carried the seeds of the organization farther afield. In 1835 a Conference arose at Nîmes; in 1836 at Lyons, the native town of Ozanam; at Nantes, Rennes, Dijon, and Toulouse, in 1837; at Nancy, Metz, Langres, Lille, and Quimper the next year; and so on, until by 1860 there were eighty or ninety Conferences in Paris and 1500 within France. The little seed had, after its fashion, sprung up into a far-reaching tree.

In that decade it was confined to France; but in 1842 the enthusiasm that followed the sermons of Father de Ravignan at Rome led to its foundation there. In February, 1844, after a series of interesting and urgent appeals in the *Tablet*, a convert gathered in thirteen men to form the first Conference in London. In 1845 the miseries of Ireland brought the brotherhood thither, and in the following years a collection which reached the notable total of 150,000 francs was made over all the Conferences then founded to help in the relief of Irish famine. The year 1845 saw the society established also at Edinburgh and at Munich and Coblenz, and the aggregation of a few Conferences already at work in Belgium. In the next year it crossed the Atlantic and took root at St. Louis, Missouri.

While these extensions were going on, the unity and cohesion of the nascent brotherhood was not forgotten. When first the Paris Conference resolved reluctantly to divide, the presiding officers agreed to meet occasionally as a Central Council, to

discuss affairs of common importance. A common ground was wanted in order that the essential spirit of personal brotherhood should not die out; and on February 21, 1836, the first General Meeting of the whole society was convened. There were then only four Conferences at Paris, and they had founded their first "Special Work" in the shape of a committee and fund for the care of orphans, left by their poor clients upon their hands. At that meeting, the first draft of a general rule was also discussed, the principle laid down being from the first that the rule should not be a rigid and theoretic ideal imposed from above, but rather a regularized and simplified statement of the actual practice which had grown up with the development of their work. The Rules were prefaced by an introduction setting out the spirit and intention of their institute, and derived almost verbally from the pregnant writings of their patron, St. Vincent de Paul.

The first ecclesiastical recognition of the society came through the first Pastoral which the wise and good Archbishop Affre addressed to his flock. He not only commended its work in warm words to the sympathy and help of the faithful, but he appointed one of his priests to represent him on the Council, in order, without hampering their liberty of action, to ensure a constant communication and harmony between the Conference and the ecclesiastical authority.

But a more regular approbation was required, and it came quickly. The Council of Paris found it necessary again to divide its functions; for as the society extended over France and beyond it, there was much that called for the existence of a Council General. The Paris Council therefore resolved to create one from its own body, with added members, while the officers of Parisian Conferences continued still to meet as the "Particular Council" of the town. Once established, the Council General approached the Holy See, and in 1845 His Holiness Pope Gregory the Sixteenth granted his approbation in the fullest measure, together with an extensive series of Indulgences to the *Societas sub auspiciis et nomine S. Vincenti a Paulo instituta Christiana charitatis operibus exercendis intenta*. These Briefs were confirmed and extended amply on many occasions by the favour of Pius the Ninth, who was himself deeply interested in the welfare of the brotherhood. The crowning proof of this was given by him when, on January 5, 1855, he presided by his own express desire at a General Meeting of the society, held in

Rome. The President General was accompanied on that occasion by over four hundred members, representing Conferences as widely scattered as Canada and Turkey—for the society had by that date extended round the world. After the reading of the Report, the Pope addressed them at length, and bestowed upon them his benediction as men who had undertaken to fulfil "that commandment which our Saviour called a new commandment—the commandment to love each other, and to love the brethren—not for the personal qualities or the natural gifts with which God has endowed some of them, but solely because every one, even if he were the last among the last of men, is still the image of God."

No society of the Church, however, can be said to be securely established, or to have made good its Catholic title, until it has undergone its baptism of persecution. And in this also St. Vincent de Paul can show its credentials. In 1859, a Parisian Brother went for a holiday tour in Spain. On his way he bethought him that the society had not yet been introduced into that country. He gathered a few friends, and a Conference began. By 1868 this seed sown by the wayside had multiplied a hundred and a hundred fold, for there were in that summer 626 Conferences at work in Spain, with more than 10,000 active members, besides 2,400 honorary, and an income for charitable uses of nearly £30,000 a year. In October, 1868, without reason or warning, a decree suppressed the society throughout the kingdom at a blow. The decree was repealed in 1875, but the work has never recovered its former prosperity. So too in France, the jealousy of the Imperial authorities in 1861 dictated a decree which crippled for years the action of the society in that country: but though many Conferences were suspended or suppressed in consequence, the work went on, and after a few years freedom was again restored. It is hard, for us in England, to understand the anti-clerical mania, which leads Continental Governments to deny the most elementary of a citizen's social rights, the right to associate with his fellow-citizens for counsel and united action towards the common good, and to think it well to destroy at a revolutionary whim religious and charitable works like this, from which, by its most fundamental rules, everything that savours of politics is utterly shut out. Well may we in England pride ourselves on our ancient traditions of civil liberty. Perhaps even we have not wholly learned its meaning; but no

European nation has even conceived its first and simplest principles.

Such then is in brief the history of this modest yet remarkable association. The full extension which its works have already attained throughout the world will be best ascertained after the Reports which will be read at the forthcoming celebration at Paris of the fiftieth anniversary have been compared and digested. But the organization is of immense extent, and its works, unobtrusive though they be, are of an aggregate importance hard to exaggerate. It may serve as some indication of the vitality of the society if we remember that besides its thousands of ordinary European Committees, there are branches of it at Bethlehem and at Jerusalem—at Bombay and Calcutta, where Lord Ripon is himself not only an active, but a zealous Brother—at Shanghai and Hong Kong, where some Conferences are wholly manned by natives—at the Cape of Good Hope, at Sydney, and in the islands of the Indian Ocean. In Holland the society wields enormous revenues, and bears on its shoulders, with perfect success, the whole burden of Catholic education. The Report of 1881 of the Superior Council of New York includes seven Councils and 250 Conferences, over 5,000 active members, and a revenue of \$127,000. But in the United States there are besides three other independent Superior Councils; and then the flourishing provinces of Mexico and Canada have to be added on. In England itself, without taking account of the relatively more prosperous societies in Scotland and Ireland, there are now, by this year's Report, 1,867 members, with an income of £6,000 a year.<sup>1</sup>

But what, the reader will naturally ask, does this small army do? The answer is simple, yet it is complex. They try to visit, to know, and to help the poor. "No work of charity," say the Manuals, over and over again, "is foreign to our rule." But the basis of the whole work is the personal visitation in their own home of all in need of help. The work is complex because the needs of the poor are many. Hence, as the society went on, it found new works opening upon it on every hand. A mere list of these as they appear in the French Manual is appalling: *Crèches* for infants, orphans, patronage of schoolboys, training children for First Com-

<sup>1</sup> *The Report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul* is published by the Provincial Council, and may be had by application to the Secretary, 31, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.



munion, the work of the apprentices, care of factory hands, clubs and night-schools for young men, prisoners' aid, clothing depots, supply of lodging and bedding, finding situations, savings banks, medical help, cooking ovens for the poor, the work of St. Francis Regis, legal advice, libraries, Sunday Schools, the Holy Family, visitation of workhouses, hospitals, prisons, &c., asylums for old age, the attendance of the death-bed, the funerals of the poor; and even these are not all.

It will not be supposed, of course, that all these works are carried on by the same Conference at once. One place develops one work, another takes a different one, each according to its circumstances and its means. The great advantage of the society is its adaptability. In nothing has it more cause to thank the wisdom of its modest founders than in the wide and wise simplicity of the lines of organization they laid down. And this, above all things, ought surely to commend it to the English mind. The machinery is of the slightest. There are no elaborate obligations or technicalities to be observed. Whatever the needs of a parish may demand, saving only a few obviously unsuitable tasks, it will be always open for a few well-meaning men to band themselves together, and to apply for aggregation as a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul.

So far the account here given has been in the main a history of the fifty years of quiet service which will be crowned by the celebration at Notre Dame on the 6th of May. But the object of this short sketch is more than historical. Hitherto, though the society has extended widely, and has, under God's mercy, done much, it has not, we must confess, been able to fulfil the ideal which Frederic Ozanam indicated in his letters to his friends. In many a quiet street or cottage, in many a squalid court, in wards of hospitals, and in factory-sheds, its members have gone about contributing their mites of material help, and doing what they could in more important and more necessary moral aid. By well-directed special works of the kind called in France "*Patronage*," they have helped to keep many thousands of boys and young men in some contact with the traditions of their childish faith and goodness throughout the dangerous years of their first comparative freedom. They have rescued many who were sadly gone astray, and they have consoled with human friendliness many a home where evil and pain had run beyond redress. And all this is great good, for which on an anniversary like this the society may thank God. But might we not, *must* we not, do more?

Who can walk the streets of the most highly civilized cities of this century, and know the misery, the sin, the hopeless hatred of man and God which lies banked up along their narrow rivers of magnificence, and not feel that our Christianity is terribly idle and easy-going in the midst of it all? It is difficult to contend seriously that we might not be doing immeasurably more. People say they cannot afford it; but a small percentage on the aggregate of the money we spend on needless or baneful luxury, would be a fortune for charity. Others assure you with absolute satisfaction that they have no time. As a rule, they are the people who are doing very little. The work that is done now is usually done by those who were busiest already. And besides, any active organizer will tell you that if even the existing Brothers throughout England would give a quarter of an hour a day to well-directed systematic work for any useful end, there is no limit to the work that might be done. The wasted money is bad enough: but who shall count up the lost good that is signified by our wasted time?

Perhaps these truisms are too obvious to affect us much; and in any case this is not the place for sermonizing. But in conclusion, it may not be amiss to remind the Catholic public, and especially such of its young men as are not employed more than thirteen hours a day, that there is amongst them a society, not only recognized, but favoured highly by the Church and the Holy See, organized throughout the world, supported by resources of men and means which in the total are a great power, and hampered by no regulations which need interfere with the most scrupulous conscience. The society wants, above all things, young men. It wants them to strengthen the Conferences and special works already established, and to found and carry on new works where as yet nothing has been done. It is now opening up not a few new lines of work connected with the care of boys, the establishment of clubs for young and old, the questions concerning emigration, libraries, and many more. For all these it appeals to all men of good will. If every one would help a little, even Ozanam's ambitious ideal would not be out of reach. Money is sometimes useful, but personal time is worth to us far more. And it is a far more blessed gift. For the man who will go, in the spirit, not to say of Christian or Catholic charity, but even of human help and friendliness, into the homes and haunts of the less

fortunate of his brethren, will find in it his own reward. He will find not only grateful clients, but friends worth visiting. He will find examples not only of patience, but of many less-expected virtues, and above all of that charity of the poor for one another without which they would be miserable indeed. He will see much wretchedness, self-inflicted, incurable, peevish, thankless to the last, but he will also see, as the writer of these lines has seen, unknown and unconscious examples of qualities for which men and women of better rank would be called heroic—bright redeeming miracles of the grace of God which will make him for all his life more tolerant, more hopeful, and more glad—facts and lives which he will find it hard to forget, and which will make him think better, for ever after, of the human race.

• *King Henry the Eighth.*

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CHAPTER IX.

ANNE BOLEYN QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

THE Christian world had for long been watching with deep interest the struggle which was carried on between Henry and the Pope upon the great question of the divorce of Queen Katherine, and nearly all of the spectators had come to the conclusion that the chances of ultimate success inclined to the side of Henry. From the beginning of the dispute Clement had been too gentle, and Henry always misunderstood gentleness and abused it. The Holy Father would not believe in the possibility of any one continuing in such a long, steady, resolute perseverance in evil as that which now gradually manifested itself in the heart of the former "Defender of the Faith." He looked upon Henry's connection with Anne Boleyn as a passing temptation, grave and terrible certainly, but temporary, and imagined that it would soon work its own cure. In his simplicity the Pope thought that Henry would yield to the voice of conscience, to the dictates of reason, to the promptings of his own better nature. He knew that in his youth the King had not been a pattern of domestic purity, but he did not know how deeply he had now fallen in his matured years, into the condition of the man given up to a reprobate mind. His acquaintance with the former history of this unclean voluptuary, who had made himself notorious to all Europe, led him to believe that Anne's reign would be of no longer duration than that of many of her predecessors of the same character—women whom this chartered libertine had flattered, ruined, and abandoned. Clement did not know the man with whom he was dealing, and imagined that the English Sovereign was an average specimen of our fallen humanity. But time taught Clement a severe lesson in his intercourse with Henry and his mistress. Each succeeding year as it passed revealed some hideous feature in

the King's character, the existence of which had hitherto been unsuspected by the Holy Father. Did he think that Henry would listen to the voice of conscience? Henry had silenced it. To the dictates of reason? Reason was no longer Henry's guide. Passion reigned supreme. To the promptings of religion? He had driven them from his heart when he drove Katherine from his fireside, and in her place had welcomed pride and lust and cruelty in the person of Anne Boleyn.

Henry then, I repeat, had gained what seemed to be a victory over the Holy Father, and declared that he was determined to keep it. Recent events had contributed largely to his success, and promised results yet more important. Francis the First had cast his lot with him in this strife with Rome, and the French and English Ambassadors at the Papal Court had joined in the insulting language which they addressed to its august Head.<sup>1</sup> The clergy of the provinces of Canterbury and York had knelt in the dust and worshipped Dagon. In Cranmer, Henry had discovered a tool admirably adapted for the carrying out of his purposes to a certain extent, and the acknowledged weakness of his character was fully supplied by the unscrupulous craft and ready ingenuity of Cromwell. Henry had thrown off his allegiance to the Pope, Wolsey was dead, Fisher was at a distance from the Court, the Queen was a banished woman. The machinery seemed perfect, and its action was undisturbed by the presence of any opposing influence. Cranmer was led by Cromwell, Cromwell was directed by Henry, and Henry was ruled by Anne Boleyn. Nothing could be more unsatisfactory to Clement, and no greater triumph could have been imagined by Henry and the Reformers than the present condition of affairs in England. The most sanguine aspirations of the anti-Papal spirit of the age were here realized, and nothing remained but to put them into practice.

In the present article I propose to examine some of the earlier aspects of this new form of Ecclesiastical Polity to which England had submitted herself by accepting the Royal Supremacy. It may be instructive to observe how it worked at the beginning of its chequered career, and how it exhibited itself in the daily life of its founders. In this investigation I pass over their official proceedings as they are embodied in despatches,

<sup>1</sup> The conduct of Francis was nearly as objectionable as that of Henry himself, as may be seen by a despatch from Bryan to the King written about the same time (See Brewer, 151).

proclamations, and Acts of Parliament. Rather would I endeavour to penetrate—I dare not say into the sanctity of Henry's private life, for the term would be inappropriate—but into the obscurity in which it has hitherto been shrouded so successfully as to escape observation. Thanks to the intelligent and observant revelations of the Spanish Ambassador, we can now see Henry and his "friend," as the future Queen of England was discreetly termed by those who could not call her "wife" and yet refrained from using a truer designation.

Early in the year 1531 the clergy of the province of Canterbury in their Convocation acknowledged Henry to be the Supreme Head on earth of the Church of England. In the month of June, 1533, the English crown was placed upon the head of Anne Boleyn. The historical inquiry in which we are at present occupied limits itself to the period embraced within these dates, and the events here recorded for its illustration may be accepted as credible from the fact that they are derived from contemporary authority.

When Henry proclaimed himself to be the Supreme Head of the English Church he lost no time in amusing himself with the new toy with which Convocation had provided him. A preacher of considerable eminence, but whose name is unknown, had given utterance to certain assertions which were deemed by his Bishop to be heretical, had been arrested, and was in danger of being burned. When examined by the Archbishop of Canterbury he refused to answer any interrogatory, and demanded in the first place that secular persons should be among his judges. The request was granted, and the Duke of Norfolk with three earls were added to the Commission by which he was tried. Not satisfied with this Commission, the accused next appealed to the sovereign, who then heard the charge brought against him by the bishops. The King, taking in his hands a roll containing the articles of heresy objected against the preacher, noticed one in which he had said that the Pope was not Head of the Christian Church, whereupon he remarked that this was no heresy, but an undoubted truth. The accused was thereupon dismissed from custody. The general opinion, according to Chapuys, was that he had been freed by desire of "the lady and her father, who are more Lutheran than Luther himself."<sup>2</sup>

A few days after this occurrence another opportunity occurred for the exercise of the newly acquired authority, of which his

<sup>2</sup> Brewer, 148.

Majesty was not slow to avail himself. One of the chaplains in his sermon before Henry referred to the story that Constantine refused to judge a dispute between two bishops, as it did not belong to a secular prince to do so. Hereupon Henry losing patience, opened the window of his oratory, and with a loud voice directed the preacher to get on with his sermon and not to tell such a falsehood. The chaplain with all reverence replied that he did not think he was telling falsehoods in relating what he could show in various histories; whereupon the King turned his back and went away displeased.<sup>3</sup>

Such proceedings had their natural result in arousing the contempt and indignation of the people, who could not but contrast the King's pretensions to ecclesiastical authority with the notorious immorality of his private life. He strove to remove the impression, by pleading that the divorce arose only from the tenderness of his own conscience. He was mistaken, however, if he thought that he had justified his conduct in reference to his wife, for his subjects were less edified than ever.<sup>4</sup>

However much Henry might endeavour to disguise his motives in public, his language and behaviour in private were such as to leave no doubt as to his real feelings. He betrayed them very unmistakably in a conversation which he had with the Papal Nuncio early in the month of June next following. Introducing, as usual, the subject of the divorce, he enlarged upon his own grievances and remarked that he would never consent to the arrangement proposed by Clement, namely, that the cause should be tried at Rome. "Let the Pope do his worst," said he, "it would only be excommunication, for which I do not care three straws. If he does me any injustice I will be avenged, and with the aid of France will proceed in arms to Rome."<sup>5</sup>

Much about the same time it was resolved by Henry's supporters that another attempt should be made to induce Katherine to withdraw her hostility to the divorce, and to accept the position to which her husband had attempted to reduce her. He was anxious that she should consent to have the suit heard and decided in England, where he knew that his authority would overpower the clearest evidence which Katherine's party could produce. Failing in that, he next wished her to admit

<sup>3</sup> *Id.* 216. Apparently the preacher was William Cursun, Vicar of the Friars Observants of Greenwich. See Brewer, 266. Henry was anxious that this obnoxious friar should be deprived of every office which he held in his convent. *Id.* 1358.

<sup>4</sup> *Id.* 171.

<sup>5</sup> *Id.* 287.

that she was not his wife, and never had been. We have already seen that from the beginning of the suit, with the true instincts of an honest woman, she had steadily rejected any such proposal, as being disgraceful at once to her own good name and to the dignity of her daughter the Princess Mary. She was privately told, however, by some unknown friend late one evening that she ought to prepare for another attack, which ere long would be made upon her decision on these points. On the following morning she caused several Masses of the Holy Ghost to be celebrated for her, in order that her path might be enlightened, and that her answers might conduce to the salvation of her own soul and the repose of all Christendom. As she was retiring to rest that same night, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Bishops of Lincoln and London, with more than thirty others of the nobility and clergy, were ushered into the presence of the Queen. Let it be remembered that she stood alone, unsupported by a single friend who could render her any assistance or advice in this trying moment. The Duke of Norfolk was spokesman. He told her that this present deputation had waited upon her by command of the King, who was very much displeased and grieved with her conduct. Owing to her, he said, there had been much scandal respecting him at Rome, where he had been cited to appear personally; that she and her advisers took the wrong course in dealing with him, and that the matter might be brought to a loving issue if it were conducted according to the plan he proposed. Let the suit be withdrawn from Rome, and heard here in England, and then it would end to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The Queen was at no loss for a reply. She could not think, she said, that her friends would have advised the course which she had adopted unless it were just and lawful. As to selecting any other judge but the Pope, it was vain to speak of it, for she would never consent to such a procedure.<sup>6</sup> The Pope had shown no undue favour to her, but rather the contrary. She had not forgotten that her husband had himself been the first to carry the suit into the Papal Court, and there she wished it to be ended by the sentence of the Pope, who was the minister of the eternal Truth, even of God Himself. The King was Sovereign in this realm, as far as regards temporal jurisdiction; but as

<sup>6</sup> Upon this point Katherine had never wavered. In a letter to Salviati, Campeggio quotes a letter from her in which she says that she would sooner die than that her cause should be determined anywhere but at Rome. *Id.* 366.



to the spiritual it was otherwise. Herein the Pope was the only true Sovereign and Vicar of God, and as such he alone had power to judge of spiritual matters, of which marriage was one.

Here Lee (afterwards appointed by Henry to the see of York) broke in with violence, and used arguments of a personal nature which it is unnecessary to repeat. Katherine replied, with dignity, that he ought to have addressed such a remark as that to others rather than to her. She was next attacked by Sampson, the Dean of the Chapel Royal, who urged her to accept the way of accommodation suggested by the Duke of Norfolk. She proposed that he and the last speaker should take their legal arguments and objections to her agents at Rome instead of applying to her for their solution. In answer to his charge that she had been precipitate in pressing on the decision of the suit, she said: "Dean, if you had experienced but a part of the bitter days and nights which I have endured since the commencement of this sad affair you would not have accused me of too great precipitancy in trying to bring it to a conclusion." The Bishop of Lincoln now took up his parable, and he did so in terms at once cruel and indecent. He said that she had never been Henry's wife, she was his mistress, and that God had punished her for her sin by smiting her with the curse of barrenness. Katherine retained her self-possession. She said that much as she loved her husband she would not wish to live with him contrary to her conscience, but that she knew well that she was his true and lawful wife. Next came Dr. Stephen Gardiner, the future Bishop of Winchester, with whose pointless remark the first scene of the conference ended.

The Queen then addressed her assailants. She could not but wonder that such an assemblage of grand personages should come as they had done to take her by surprise, alone as she was and unfurnished of counsel. The Duke reminded her that the King had provided her with the assistance of many learned doctors. The Queen replied that their advice had availed her little; that when, for instance, she asked counsel of the Archbishop of Canterbury, he said he would not meddle in such matters. The Bishop of Durham said he dared not, for he was the King's subject and vassal. Rochester told her to keep up her courage; and that was all the help she got from them. She was compelled to sue for advice from Flanders, for here no one was willing or had the

courage to draw up her appeal. After a few remarks of no importance, to which the Queen replied, the deputation withdrew in silence, although the Bishop of London was very much urged to speak, but did not venture to do so. The King was anxiously awaiting the return of his emissaries, and when they told him how they had sped, he said he was afraid it would be so, considering the courage and fantasy of the Queen. The Duke of Norfolk framed the report of what had passed so as best to suit his own inclinations; but Suffolk told Henry that the Queen was ready to obey him in all things, but that there were two whom she must first obey. The King thought she meant the Pope and the Emperor, whereas she meant that God was the first and her conscience was the second, and these she would not disregard for him or for any one. The King made no answer.<sup>7</sup>

This strange scene was enacted about Whitsuntide. Shortly afterwards the King went upon one of those hunting expeditions in which he took so much pleasure, but before leaving Greenwich he ordered his wife to dislodge from the apartments which she occupied in the palace there and to retire to More, one of the worst of his houses in England.<sup>8</sup> Her daughter, the Princess Mary, was not permitted to accompany her. Even here she was not allowed to remain unmolested. About the middle of October she received another visit from Dr. Lee (now the Archbishop-elect of York), the Earl of Sussex, and others, who repeated the same solicitations and the same arguments which they had employed upon a previous occasion. The Queen replied more fully than she had done when last the subject had been discussed between them, and the statement which she made is valuable as supplying us with a clear outline of the principles by which she was guided. At the beginning of this sad affair she had believed, she said, that the King was really moved by scruples of conscience; and she had begged him therefore to assemble the bishops and to lay the matter before them, promising at the same time to abide by their decision. Henry having refused this proposal she found herself compelled, for the assurance of her own conscience, and out of regard to the future estate of the princess, her daughter, to adopt a different course. Now that she knew that the King was not moved by a scruple of conscience, but by mere passion, she would not consent to the compromise which he suggested to her by them. She would not

<sup>7</sup> *Id.* 278.<sup>8</sup> *Id.* 416.

agree to have the cause settled in England, where every one, either through fear or by bribery, would say that black was white.

A remarkable scene then followed. Unable to make any reply Henry's four emissaries fell on their knees before her and begged her for the honour of the King, for the peace of the kingdom, for the good of the princess and her own repose, that she would allow the question of the divorce to be decided here, either by process of justice or by way of compromise. Then the Queen also threw herself on her knees and prayed them for the honour of God and by His Passion, and for the discharge of the King's conscience and her own, to remove such a scandal from Christendom and from England. She asked them to entreat the King to return to her, for he knew that she was his true and lawful wife; or if he would not do this, to permit the whole question of the divorce to be settled at Rome. She would abide by the issue, whatever it might be. Henry's courtiers did not know what to answer, for they were silenced as well from the power of her argument as by pity. Almost all the Queen's people were present at the interview and were deeply moved, and at the same time there were few of the opponents who did not shed tears. At their return to the King he summoned a council, apparently to deliberate as to future proceedings.<sup>9</sup>

It would seem that Henry was somewhat touched with his wife's conduct upon this occasion. It is certain that he did not carry out his threat of removing her to a further distance from the Court and assigning to her a residence even meaner than that which she now occupied. He ordered that she should have a more liberal provision than usual for the festivals of the Church; and it was even proposed in the Council that she should be invited to return to the royal household.<sup>10</sup> Encouraged apparently by these tokens of returning affection, for so she interpreted them, Katherine ventured to send for her husband's acceptance at the New Year the present of a cup of gold. Henry rejected it and it was carried back to her. At the same time he gave Anne, as a Christmas gift, a room hung with cloth of gold and silver, and crimson satin with rich embroideries. She was lodged in the apartments formerly

<sup>9</sup> *Id.* 478.

<sup>10</sup> *Id.* 563. A few months afterwards she was ordered to remove to a house at a greater distance from the Court, and of which the accommodation was still more unsatisfactory than that which she had occupied up to that time. See *Id.* 1,046.

occupied by Katherine, and was accompanied by almost as many ladies as if she were already Queen of England.<sup>11</sup>

In truth Anne was Queen of England as far as the will and the power of Henry could make her so. She was advancing to the highest step of the ascent which led to the throne, and it was clear that she soon would gain the position for which she had striven so assiduously. On September 1, 1532, she was created Marchioness of Pembroke, with an annuity of a thousand pounds, and it was generally understood that this act of the royal favour was preparatory to something yet more important which would speedily follow. For the settlement of some political questions which affected their mutual interests a meeting between Henry and Francis took place at Calais; and the French Monarch invited Anne to accompany his brother of England and to grace the interview by her presence. Anne gladly consented, for many reasons; one being that it would not have been safe for her to have remained in England during the absence of her royal protector. Not satisfied with the costly dresses and the finery which Henry bought her, she induced him to demand from Katherine the loan of her jewels. In reply to this application the Queen told the Duke of Norfolk, who brought the message to her, that it was against her conscience to give her jewels, or anything else, to adorn a person who was at once the scandal of Christendom and a disgrace to the man who should bring her to such an assembly.<sup>12</sup> If, however, she added, the King sends an express demand for them, he shall be obeyed. Henry took her at her word, and repeated his application. The royal jewels were sent to Anne, and apparently they were never returned.<sup>13</sup>

Accompanied by the new Marchioness of Pembroke, Henry reached Calais on the evening of Oct. 11, 1532, and ten days afterwards met Francis at Sandringfield. The festivities were magnificent, and conducted according to the barbaric splendour of the age, the details of which would speedily fatigue the reader. The kings parted on Tuesday, Oct. 29. During his absence from London the plague raged there, and the mortality was alarming,

<sup>11</sup> *Id.* 696.

<sup>12</sup> The ladies of the French Court were of Katherine's opinion, and were scandalised at the prospect of meeting one of Anne's character. Madame d'Alençon refused to come, and it was thought that her place would be supplied by Madame de Vendôme, "who will probably bring with her companions of bad reputation, who would be a disgrace and an insult to the English ladies." *Id.* 1377.

<sup>13</sup> *Id.* 1377. She certainly had them in her possession in February, 1533, and nothing was said about returning them. *Id.* 142.

especially so to one who dreaded infection so much as Henry did. The people, however, had not entirely lost their faith in the old religion, and they showed it in the old way. One of his correspondents told Cromwell (who accompanied Henry into France), that "general processions were made three days in the week, with a great number of innocents praying for the good estate and safe return of our sovereign lord." Yet, "the simple people would not give over their babbling tales," and Anne was as unpopular as ever with her countrywomen.<sup>14</sup>

Henry was at last all but convinced that Katherine would never be induced to abandon the position in which she had entrenched herself, and that arguments and bribes and threats would continue to be as unavailing to influence her as they hitherto had been. The Pope, too, was resolute, and showed no sign of a change of attitude. In this extremity Henry was urged on all sides to take the matter into his own hands, and to avail himself of the powers with which the Convocation and the Parliament of England had invested him. He had but to speak the word, and the supple Cranmer would obey his royal master and do the work for which he had been placed at Canterbury. According to the new system Cranmer could divorce Henry from Katherine and wed him to Anne. It was an extreme measure, a measure which would shock and scandalize a very large majority not only of his own subjects but of the more respectable men and women throughout Christendom. Yet the demand was forced upon Henry with an urgency which admitted of no delay and no concealment, for the condition in which Anne found herself made the world acquainted with the sin in which she had been living.

Anne did not wish to become a mother before she became Henry's wife, therefore, as was natural, she pressed the King to hasten on the marriage. If it be asked whether he would have escaped from this union if he could have done so without prejudice to his own interests, the answer is not easy. He must have had his doubts and misgivings. Anne was never remarkable for her personal beauty, even at her best, and now that the first freshness of her youth had passed away, much of the King's admiration must have passed away with it. Henry had lived with her too long, and seen too much of her in

<sup>14</sup> *Id.* 1458, 1469. In another place Chapuys speaks of the murmurs of the people against the King and laments the disgrace which had fallen upon him. A.D. 1533, n. 19.

private to be held in bondage by the gaiety of her manner or the sprightliness of her conversation, by which he had been attracted at the first. He must have discovered long ago the many unamiable points of her character, her pride, her arrogance, her levity, her jealousy, her greed. He could not but contrast her with the woman whom he had cast out for her sake, and whom he could not but respect and admire, though he had ceased to love her. He had found that there were times when Anne was by no means a pleasant companion. She was forward and unguarded in her behaviour, and her levity of conduct had already awakened his suspicions. She hated the Queen and the Princess Mary with a hatred which she did not attempt to conceal, and which even the presence of Henry himself could not prevent her from exhibiting. He cannot but have seen the estimate in which she was held by all honest women, and probably he had heard the comments which they made upon her conduct. It is far from incredible then that had this weak and cowardly profligate been able to free himself from the bondage in which he was held by his mistress, he would have done so, and have rejoiced to return to the comparative purity of life and peace of conscience from which she had seduced him. But for the time she held him fast by the hope that she was about to present him with a son who should transmit his name to future generations. The anticipation was not realized, and Henry never forgave Anne the mistake which she had committed in becoming the mother of a daughter.

The arrangements for the coronation, which had been in progress for some time, were now pushed forward with increased energy. It was a necessary preliminary to the event which was to give England an heir to the throne, and none could say how soon that event might occur. No expense was spared to lend it dignity, and if lavish splendour of dress and decoration could have secured the admiration and respect of the spectators, the success would have been complete. Ladies in crimson velvet, thirty gentlewomen, all in velvet and silk, the King's guard in their rich coats, took their parts in the procession, and were but the outriders in the glories of the spectacle of which Anne formed the centre of attraction.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>15</sup> Yet Anne has had her admirers and apologists even in our own days. One of the latest and most learned of them, Sharon Turner, in his *History of England* (ii. 339), thus expresses his feelings on the occasion: "At this moment Anne appears to have been highly popular; and with such attractions how could she be otherwise? The

Yet, gorgeous as it was, the ceremonial had its share of the ridiculous, which some of the narratives have not failed to chronicle for our amusement. The procession to the church at Westminster from the Tower, from which it set out, was a gloomy one. In days gone by, whenever the King or Queen appeared in public it had been the custom for the people to kneel, uncover, and cry, "God save the King, God save the Queen!" On the present occasion no one did so, not even women and children. One of the Queen's servants asked the Lord Mayor to command the people to raise the ordinary shouts, and the Mayor answered that he could not command the people's hearts, and that even the King could not make them do so. Anne's dress, according to one account, was covered with tongues pierced with nails, to show the mob what they might expect if they spoke against her Majesty ;—a statement founded apparently upon a misunderstanding of some of the allegorical decorations in which the age delighted. Anne's approaching maternity made it impossible for her to join the procession on

smiling beauty of a lovely face is the nearest representation we can have on earth of a celestial countenance. It is the most expressive picture that we can behold of what is heavenly, and is yet invisible. If its magic were not daily experienced the effect might be called supernatural. It partakes of this character. It acts at once upon the admiring reason, the taste and the sensibility, and all that is unearthly within us feels and obeys its eloquent, its irresistible appeal. The features and deportment of Anne Boleyn had this witchery, and no voice was heard to blame her unassuming exaltation." The taste and the truth of this passage are equal, and it is useful as showing how history was written and read a generation ago.

It would be easy to prove from contemporaneous evidence the charges which I have here brought collectively against Anne Boleyn. Some of them have been established by extracts already cited in previous chapters. To these I now add the following passages in confirmation of what is in the text, and I give them without comment.

Anne said to one of the Queen's ladies that she wished all the Spaniards in the world were in the sea. When the other replied that, for the honour of the Queen, she should not say so, she said that she did not care anything for the Queen, and would rather see her hanged than acknowledge her as her mistress. 1 Jan. 1531, n. 24.

Anne hates the Princess Mary even more than the Queen. Of late, when the King praised her in the lady's presence, the latter became very angry and began to vituperate her very strangely. She becomes more arrogant every day, using words and authority towards the King, of which he has several times complained to the Duke of Norfolk, saying that she was not like the Queen, who had never in her life used ill words to him. *Id.* 29 April, 1431, n. 216.

The Duchess of Norfolk was sent from the Court at Anne's desire, because she spoke too freely and declared herself more than they liked for the Queen. *Id.* 14 May, 1531. *Id.* n. 238.

The common people, the women especially, expressed their opinion as to Anne's character in terms too homely to permit me to quote them here. Such of my readers as choose to inquire further into the matter may consult vol. v. 907, 1202, vi. 733, 964.

horseback, and she was compelled, much against her inclination, to travel to Westminster in a litter. The lowness of the position which she thus occupied brought her figure into a line parallel with the ears of the mules by which her carriage was drawn, and the sight of these novel appendages, with which her head seemed to be furnished, was the source of no little amusement to the populace. The crown became her very ill, and a wart disfigured her yet more. She wore a mantle of violet-coloured velvet, which, with a high ruff of gold thread and pearls, were meant to conceal a swelling in her neck, which resembled a goitre. The Duchess of Norfolk, Anne's aunt, refused to appear at the ceremony, out of the love which she bore to Queen Katherine. When the new Queen was placed at table, after Mass, two ladies were seated at her feet to serve her secretly with what she had need, and two others, the Countesses of Oxford and Worcester, were near her, one on each side, "which divers times in the dinner-time did hold a fine cloth before the Queen's face when she list to spit or do otherwise at her pleasure." According to the report of Chapuys, the whole affair was "cold, meagre, and uncomfortable, to the great dissatisfaction not only of the common people, but of every one."<sup>16</sup>

The position of Queen Katherine now became more delicate, and the question arose among her friends as to the course which it would be best for her to adopt under the circumstances. It had been proposed at first that she should return to Spain, where she would live in honour and safety; but after due consideration it was decided that she should remain in England, in the hope that even yet her husband might be brought back to a sense of his duty. Katherine offered no opposition, and here she spent the last days of her sad and noble life, strong in the affections of the people, but never safe from the secret machinations of the woman who had robbed her of her husband, and even to the last was plotting how she might rob her of her life.

In a recent note I have quoted a passage from Turner's *History of England*, in which that writer has expressed himself in terms from which I cannot but dissent when he speaks as to the character and conduct of Henry's mistress. I conclude the present chapter with a second extract from the same writer, in which he thus writes of Henry's wife: "It is impossible, and

<sup>16</sup> See *Id.* 561, 583, 601, 602, 653, 701.



would be unjust, to withhold our sympathy from the hardly-used and unoffending Katherine. With a gentle magnanimity that never faltered, with a high sense of her personal and family honour, which no persuasions could induce her to forego, with a generous affection for Henry that his new attachment did not provoke her to diminish, and with an humility of spirit and feeling which gave her that true dignity of soul which every heart feels and bows to, she continued to assert mildly the validity of her marriage, and to await the decision of the only authority on earth that princes and subjects had, until that time, resorted to for the determination of such disputes."<sup>17</sup>

JOS. STEVENSON.

<sup>17</sup> *Id.* ii. 317.

## *Alexandria in Ruins.*

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THE readers of the MONTH have already been made acquainted with my adventures at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria, and now I have been asked to write something about the ruins of that famous city. I must take for my principal theme those which belong to our own day : as for those which belong to the past, everything connected with them is too much out of date, too obscure, and too difficult to decipher for one to hope to succeed in giving any satisfactory information concerning them. The ancient remains of Alexandria are besides, very few in number, and I think I may safely affirm that Pompey's Pillar is the sole vestige still standing of them. When one remembers that Alexandria was formerly the capital of the Empire of the Lagides, and later on the second city in the Roman world, it is natural to imagine that traces of its ancient splendour will be found at every turn. No idea, however, could possibly be more erroneous ; civil and religious strife, wars of races, and the Mohammedan conquest have destroyed everything. If I could avail myself of the labours of Egyptologists I might hope to interest the reader, but unfortunately they are not at hand, and I can therefore only ask him to accompany me in a stroll round the city whilst I try to amuse him as best I may.

We will, if you please, start from the Square of the Consulate, and direct our steps towards Pompey's Pillar. On our way we shall meet with both the ruins of the present and those of the past. If you had seen the Square of the Consulate seven or eight months ago, you would scarcely know it again, for it has undergone, and is still undergoing, a series of transformations which render it unrecognizable. Subsequently to the 11th of June it was almost deserted—noisy and thronged as it had been a few days before—the handsome shops near the Rue des Sœurs had been plundered, and their owners, obliged to yield to the pressure of a panic deliberately and shamelessly got up, had fled to Europe, there to wait for better days and find the

security Alexandria no longer offered them. From the 11th of June to the 11th of July nothing was to be seen but carts loaded with the household goods of these refugees; every one was sorry to watch them pass by, and even the most courageous spirits began to ask themselves whether it would not be prudent to follow the current and take the road leading to exile.

On the day of the bombardment the Square was entirely deserted, and when about four o'clock, surrounded by soldiers and escorted by a numerous crowd, we crossed it on our way to the Prison of the Zaptiehs, where we were to be confined, we only perceived these groups of Arabs, armed with wooden clubs. They were no doubt busy planning the schemes of incendiarism which were to be executed on the morrow. Some of them, catching sight of us as we passed by covered with blood, ran up to us, brandishing their clubs; and if on this occasion we escaped their blows, it was doubtless to the soldiers who were guarding us that we owed our security.

On escaping from prison the next day, we again crossed the same Square. What a sight it then presented! It was about four or five o'clock. The work of plunder was almost done; that of incendiarism was about to begin. What change had been brought about in the space of twenty-four hours! The ground was strewn with corpses and fragments of broken weapons, whilst every here and there one met with various remnants of merchandize which had failed to tempt the cupidity of the plunderers. Although we had to run for our lives in order to escape from the Arabs who sought to murder us, we still had time to note the work of devastation that had been carried on since the preceding evening. Having taken refuge on the terrace of a house now used as the Italian guard-house, we were able to watch from afar the conflagration of the warehouses surrounding the Square. Never shall I forget the scene this vast furnace presented; it was a grand spectacle, though a sorrowful one.

I was not led to revisit the Square of the Consulate until the 15th of July. Only three houses then remained standing; the streets forming the Square were in part buried under a mass of rubbish; the heat was stifling, and the suffocating effluvium arising from the ruins almost choked me. The dead bodies we had seen lying about had been collected and thrown headlong into a pit dug for the purpose of receiving them near the statue of Mehemet Ali. The names of those interred there will never

be known. The European soldiers who removed the bodies were unable to identify them, and besides, almost all were disfigured by the blows they had received, by decomposition, or by the action of fire.

The Square of the Consulate had been turned into a vast burying-ground. Towards the upper part, near the court of justice, other graves had been dug, in which were interred the Arabs who, after a summary trial, had been found guilty. A grave was dug for them, and they were shot on the brink of it. Nothing now remains to mark the spot where they lie, for the ground has been covered with wooden booths, and the Square of the Consulate no longer looks like a grave-yard, but like the scene of a vast fair. Thus is it here below, and with this fearful rapidity do all things pass away, leaving not a trace behind! If only one could learn some useful lesson from them!

And now, having glanced at the Square of the Consulate, we will take a southerly direction and follow the narrow Rue Achmed, which will lead us into the Rue de la Colonne. I shall be considered very bold for dignifying with the name of street what is in reality a narrow passage between two heaps of ruins; but this street has not always been what it now is. Only a few months back it was flanked on either side by very respectable-looking shops, which, on the 11th of June, were plundered by the Arabs, and the conflagration which took place a month later reduced them to their present condition. The houses we see on our right as we cross the small square before the Church of St. Catherine met with a less cruel fate. They were plundered, but the flames left them untouched, and they have now resumed their every-day aspect, although on the 11th of June they presented a pitiable appearance with their doors and windows broken. It was easy to see that the Arab had been there, scattering what he scatters everywhere—devastation and death!

We have now reached the Rue de la Colonne. Leaving the Rue Ste. Catherine, the European hospital, and the Boulevard Ismaïl on our left, we will proceed a little further, until we reach a deserted spot, associated in my mind with very painful recollections. It was here that an incident occurred which distressed me much at the time. The details of it will perhaps be familiar to my readers, as an account of it was given in my former narrative of our woes and sufferings when the war first broke out.<sup>1</sup> My pockets had been rifled, and everything I

<sup>1</sup> See the MONTH for November, 1882.

possessed taken from me, except a little wooden statuette of our Lady, said to be miraculous, which had been given to me by a friend the evening before. I made every effort to conceal this statuette from the soldiers, as I dreaded seeing it desecrated by them, but in vain; it was wrested from me, spat upon, and trampled under foot. What ultimately became of it I know not, but I do not despair of recovering it; perhaps some day or other it may be brought back to me by one of the Arabs in the hope of obtaining a reward.

The building adjoining the foundry is an Orphanage for boys, under the management of the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul. This house had its share in the common suffering, though it escaped being either pillaged or burnt. On the 11th of June, when the plunderers, driven off by the police, found themselves obliged to take to flight, they poured in crowds down the Rue de la Colonne, and I fancy I still see them and hear their yells. Not having been able to satisfy their thirst for plunder in the Square of the Consulate, they wished at least to indulge themselves in doing a little mischief. They paused a moment in front of the Orphanage, and in less time than it takes me to relate the fact, snatched up some stones and hurled them with fury against the windows. Then, delighted with their exploit, they went on their way, uttering shouts of joy. A few steps further and we reach our own College, where we were arrested on the day of the bombardment. The doorway you perceive in this street on the left is the entrance, and it was between this doorway and the place where we are now standing that I was the most roughly handled. Blows from wooden clubs were rained upon me, and the blood which flowed from the wounds, far from calming the fury of my assailants, served only to excite it still further. I can assure you that at that moment I seriously made the sacrifice of my life; God did not vouchsafe to hear my prayer, but I hope He will one day grant what He then saw fit to deny.

But it is time to proceed on our way. This sort of tomb which half blocks up the way in front of us is what is in this country called a *santon*. It is the sepulchre of the Sheik Sidi Abou-ed-Dardara. For the benefit of those who may wish to know what a *santon* is, I must explain that, although the Koran does not enjoin the *cultus* of saints, yet it is practised by the Mussulmans of Egypt. They have a considerable number of saints, whose claims to sanctity, however, rest on no better

authority than popular opinion, and we all know how grossly that is deceived. During their lifetime the santons are regarded with respect by the multitude, and after their death they become objects of public veneration.

Idiots and harmless lunatics are looked upon by the Mussulmans as peculiarly favoured by God, and are considered to have the undeniable stamp of sanctity impressed upon them. It matters not that through the deficiencies of their intelligence they are wanting in those very faculties which give man his superiority and rank; their spirit is said to be in Heaven, the grosser part of their being alone remaining subject to the miseries of suffering humanity. No restraint is placed upon them, some go about the streets stark naked, others continually transgress the rules of their religion, but no one takes scandal at it. "If they follow the instincts of brute beasts in what concerns their body, it is because the soul is too much absorbed in the contemplation of God to heed the petty details of earthly existence." The most remarkable feature of these saints is the filthiness of their person, and the eccentricity and absurdity of their conduct.

It has been said that reverence is paid to them after death. Sepulchral monuments are, in fact, often raised in their honour, and over the remains of some, splendid mosques have been erected. The oratories—for thus they may best be termed—so frequently met with both in the towns and in the country, are, like the one before us, dedicated to one or other of these santons: the people who live in the immediate neighbourhood resort to them for prayer, or to try and obtain a cure, or some similar favour. A well whereat the traveller may find welcome refreshment and rest is sometimes attached to these tombs; when there is no natural supply of water, it is customary for pious persons to keep large earthen jars constantly replenished, besides providing a supply of pieces of bread, and coins of trifling amount for the benefit of the needy. When the fellahs (peasants) have made a vow at one of these tombs, and they think their prayer has been granted, they offer some animal there in sacrifice, afterwards making a repast with the flesh, and inviting their poorer neighbours to partake of the meal. Monuments of this description are happily on the decrease; one day when I was asking the reason of this, I was told that some years before the accession of Mehemet Ali the mania for erecting such tombs had been carried to an unparalleled

excess, so that every day a fresh santon was seen to spring up somewhere or other, and the squares and streets were in great danger of becoming blocked up. It was whilst his body was being borne to the cemetery that the saint usually manifested his desire of being interred in some particular spot. The bearers came all at once to a standstill, and after various efforts to proceed generally ended by declaring that the departed wished to be buried where they were standing, and that posthumous honours should then be paid him. It mattered not if the spot selected were a public square, a street, or even private property; the deceased must at any cost have his tomb there. It is unnecessary to add that innumerable protests were made on all sides, but what could be done in a case where the elect of Heaven manifested their will in so indisputable a manner?

At length Mehemet Ali came upon the scene; he was no fanatic, and only saw one side of the question, namely, that the city ran no small risk of being sadly disfigured through the too frequent repetition of these miracles. Knowing that the kurbash (a sort of riding-whip) often serves as an *ultima ratio* with the Arabs, he determined by its means to bring even the saints and their miracles to reason. When intelligence arrived that some saint was about to be buried, soldiers were at once despatched, armed with the magic weapon. They mingled with the crowd, and as soon as the bearers came to a halt, they stepped forward and solemnly commanded the corpse to proceed further. Of course the departed remained deaf to their injunctions, since there alone he desired to be buried; whereupon the soldiers turned to the bearers and applied to their shoulders a forcible, moving, and impressive argument in the shape of the terrible kurbash. It is said that the corpse rarely persisted in refusing to proceed, but upon receiving the second hint, pursued the road to the cemetery with extraordinary alacrity.

We are now close to the gate called *Porte de la Colonne*; the English have a guard-house there, but I do not know whether they occupy the entire block of buildings, or whether some portion is not still used as a prison. It was there that the wretches who plundered the city on the 11th of June were confined, to the number I have been assured of four or five hundred. We were to have been ourselves taken there, in order to have our heads struck off, but Providence, who was watching over us, made use of a brave and noble-minded

Mohammedan in order to deliver us from this danger. Let us hope that our lives have been preserved for the greater glory of God, and for the reward of our generous benefactor, whose gallant conduct I trust I may be permitted to relate here at length, as a just tribute of gratitude. I have already alluded to it in a cursory manner in my former narrative, as the reader may perhaps remember.

Let us revert to the 11th of July, when the bombardment was at its height, and we had just been arrested and brought to the caracol of Atterina, there to undergo a pretence of examination. It was the Sheik of the Mosque which is close to our garden who had been the means of our arrest. We were required to answer to the accusation of having made signals to the English, and I need hardly add that we could have cleared ourselves with the utmost facility if we had had to do with men really desirous of finding out the truth. But such was far from being the wish of our judges; the Sheik had moreover aroused their fanaticism, and with one unanimous voice they demanded our death. The official whose business it was to interrogate us had so completely lost his self-control that he interrupted himself every moment to threaten and to insult us. At last our sentence was pronounced, and we were condemned to be incarcerated with those who had committed so many murders on the 11th of June. As we were on the point of setting out, the Mussulman who acted as interpreter arose and protested against such an act of injustice, saying that we ought not to be imprisoned since we were innocent, and if it was not possible to set us at liberty, we ought at all events to be taken to the barracks of the Zaptiehs, where it would soon be seen whether we were guilty or no. We had already noticed several signs of kindly feeling on the part of this dragoman whilst we were undergoing our examination, but we never imagined that he could have expressed his opinion in so energetic a manner without incurring serious risk. The officer gave way, although with some reluctance, and we were led away in the direction of the barracks; having only time, as we passed out of the court, to bestow one grateful glance on the individual who had so courageously spoken out in our defence.

Since July I had never seen this worthy Mussulman, though I had sought for him in various directions, but always in vain. About a month ago, however, I was hard at work in my room



when I was summoned to the divan, and told that an Arab, who said he had made my acquaintance on the day of the bombardment, was wishing to see me. I accordingly went downstairs and recognized in my visitor Ahmed Tehemar, the courageous and energetic dragoman who had so opportunely defended us at the caracol. "Praised and blessed be God!" he exclaimed as soon as he caught sight of me, "so you were saved after all!" Then he stepped close up to me and, with tears in his eyes, begged to be permitted to embrace me, saying he wished to kiss the wounds his brethren had made. He clasped me in his strong arms and covered my face with kisses; I was deeply moved, and expressed the delight I felt at seeing him again, especially as I had so long sought for him in vain. "It is not wonderful that you could not find me," he rejoined, "I only returned from Cairo yesterday, and my first visit is to you. I was so anxious to know if you had escaped. I am afraid you must have suffered a great deal," he went on, "you were certainly in a sorry plight at the caracol! I too have suffered; indeed it is only in the last few days that I have been released from prison." I begged him to tell me his adventures. "It is impossible to do so to-day," he replied, "the story is a long one, and I have but a few minutes to spare. You shall hear it all next time I come, and bring my three little children to be introduced to you. I can only tell you now that I spent sixty-eight days in confinement, for you had hardly left the caracol when I was accused of having saved the lives of some Christians. The next day the soldiers of Arabi loaded me with chains and took me to Cafr Dawar, where during a whole week I had to undergo the most cruel treatment, and the bastinado to boot. At the expiration of the week I was removed to Cairo, where I was confined in a dungeon, and words would fail me were I to attempt to tell you all that I endured while there. But I hope God will remember the good I did, and reward me for the services I rendered, since I was fortunate enough to aid two Frenchmen and two Italians in effecting their escape. At least," he added, "I hope you are not annoyed with me for having caused you to be taken to the barracks of the Zaptiehs, when you seemed to prefer remaining in your own house. In acting thus I was influenced, believe me, by no other motive than a wish for your good. The barracks were the sole place which could offer you any chance of safety, since the superintendent of police was there, and the soldiers were less exasperated against you. If you had been taken to the

prison which is close to the Porte de la Colonne, as was arranged in the first instance, it would have been all up with you, for I happen to know that it had been decided to cut off your heads there; and if you had been taken home, you would have incurred the same danger, since those who were thirsting for your blood would have repaired thither in search of you. Do not be vexed with me," he repeated, "I did the best I could to save you, and I rejoice to find that God has blessed my endeavours." At the conclusion of the interview we separated, in the hope of soon meeting again, and of seeing one another frequently. However I have never seen Ahmed Tehemar again; he is still at Cairo, but I trust he will return here before long. At our next meeting, I mean to ask for a detailed account of the sad story, and I shall try and persuade him to let me take a photograph of him.

I have detained the reader a long time, but I trust I may be pardoned for so doing; living as we do in an age when noble actions are unfortunately rare, it is surely not permissible to pass one of them over in silence.

Bear with me a little longer, our excursion will soon be ended; in order to shorten it we will go straight on, and beg the English sentries at the Porte de la Colonne to let us pass through as we used to do. The gallows erected on the left a few steps from the gate, are the same which were used for the greater part of the executions which took place at Alexandria. Only last week there hung suspended from one of them the corpse of an Arab, who, on the 11th of June, had murdered two English officers. The execution drew a numerous crowd together, which scarcely diminished during the whole of the twelve hours during which the corpse was left hanging. Never having been a witness of these executions I am totally unable to describe them.

Let us now bear to the right: another two hundred steps will bring us to the pillar, which is already in sight.

Pompey's Pillar is situated on a hillock to the south of the town, outside the Arab enclosure, and the Nile Gate. The tradition which attributes its erection to Pompey appears to be devoid of historical foundation. On the eastern portion of the base there is a Greek inscription which is partly legible, especially when the sun's rays fall on it in a slanting direction. It has been deciphered by various archæologists, amongst others, Salt and Wilkinson, but opinions differ as to the

correct reading of it. If this inscription refers to the pillar itself—a fact which I think may well be regarded as doubtful, considering its size, its situation, and the composition of the pedestal, partly formed out of the fragments of ancient monuments—it would follow that it was raised by Publius, Governor of Egypt, in honour of the Emperor Diocletian, and erected on occasion of the taking of Alexandria after the victory gained A.D. 296, over Achilleus, who, having openly revolted, for a period of five years usurped the title and insignia belonging to the imperial dignity in Egypt. Diocletian had moreover especial claims on the gratitude of the inhabitants of Alexandria, for during a period of famine he made them a grant of two million measures of wheat.

Pompey's Pillar consists of a capital, shaft, base, and pedestal, the latter resting upon a sub-basement of small blocks of stone, cemented together with mortar. These are no doubt fragments of more ancient monuments, for some are inscribed with hieroglyphics, amongst which Wilkinson succeeded in deciphering the name of Psammetichus the Second. Numerous travellers have inscribed their names upon the base, thereby grievously disfiguring it; and one of them, an individual altogether unknown to fame, has defaced the Greek inscription, covering it with huge letters. It is indeed pitiful to see how in all ages the most insignificant are always those who show themselves most eagerly desirous of leaving some trace behind wherever they may go.

The entire height of the pillar is ninety-eight feet nine inches, the shaft being seventy-three feet in height, and twenty-nine feet eight inches in circumference; the diameter of the summit is, according to Wilkinson, sixteen feet six inches. The shaft of the pillar is composed of a splendid monolith of polished red granite, known under the name of sienite. It is elegant, in good style, and tolerably well preserved, though on the east side there is a considerable portion which must certainly break away before many more years have elapsed. The capital and pedestal, more especially the latter, are much less elaborately sculptured than the other parts; indeed they seem never to have been completed, and to belong to a different epoch. Wilkinson, who by means of ladders, thoroughly examined the pillar, tells us that he discovered a circular depression on the summit, intended no doubt to receive the base of a statue. If we are to credit

the account of Makrizi and Abd-el-Latif, Pompey's Pillar, now standing alone, was originally placed in a portico surrounded by four hundred columns, on the spot where tradition asserts that the library of Alexandria which Omar burnt, formerly stood. This seems to indicate that it belonged to the famous serapeum, erected by Ptolemy, for that celebrated temple was certainly situated at no great distance from Diocletian's pillar; and although no visible traces of it are left it is probable that it stood upon the same hill.

The predominant feeling on reaching this spot can only be one of sadness. Everything contributes to produce this impression; the streets leading up to it might be cheerful and handsome, but their actual condition is filthy and disgusting; when the summit of the hill is attained, the ground is found to be strewn with fragments of magnificent statues half-buried amid heaps of dirt and refuse of every kind. If you avert your eyes from this unpleasant spectacle, it is only to gaze upon the vast Arab burying ground, which stretches out at the foot of the pillar. Desolation and death are everywhere, and the last touch is added to the melancholy picture by the presence of the ragged inhabitants of the country, who dog your footsteps, persecuting you everywhere with their wearisome and monotonous demand for baksheesh. It would be well if those who believe that the discoveries of science and the development of the human mind are able to give permanence to the life of any people, could visit this spot; the nation which erected the monuments now before us enjoyed, as others do, the light of science, and indeed itself served during a considerable period, to illuminate the whole world. Yet it has passed away, and in a few more years not a vestige of it will remain; for in order to impart durability to a race something more than science and intellect is needed, and this something is virtue. Alexandria has never understood this, and for this reason it has so frequently been the scene of terrible disasters. May its example serve as a warning to others!

And now before bidding the reader adieu, I have a parting request to make of him. My object in writing these lines has been to please and amuse him, and however imperfectly I may have succeeded in doing so, I beg him at least to remember that my intentions were good.

EDWARD MECHIN, S.J.

## *A Husband's Story.*

### CHAPTER X.

PERHAPS the most singular state of mind and most singular position in which a person finds himself during the course of his life, must be when the day of his marriage arrives. The day before is almost as strange—it is the last day of a life. In the strangest fashion he, or she, has to quit a home and household where he may have lived for twenty or thirty years. He has to say farewell to those he knows best in the world, and go to a person whom he knows scarcely at all. He is thrust out on the world to find a new house and home where he can. All this of a sudden. If all married persons were honestly to set down their feelings on these occasions, the records would be as varied as they were curious. There is no situation, indeed, more dramatic.

Bringing my own personal experience into the question, I must own that I felt but little discomposed, and on the morning went through all the preparatory offices in a sort of business-like fashion. I recall that by some mistake as to fixing the time, I had not signed the settlements the day before—generally an act of some little solemnity. It was curious to see how lightly this rather serious business, affecting a good many thousand pounds, was treated. About an hour or two before the ceremony, I walked down to the solicitor's office. He was out. I waited some time, when he entered, produced the "skins," bright, new, ponderous, and costly. A clerk being called in, we "signed, sealed, and delivered" in a second or two, and I went my way.

This easy tone I fancy was connected with a curious delusion on my part—not gravely entertained, of course—that the affair could not be so close at hand as I fancied. It was almost impossible to realize that it was now at hand.

Yet here was the general agitation in the household and flurry. There were the bridesmaids at their last preparations. Others in cruel agitation, "packing" and storing things—the

hours hurrying on fast to the appointed moment. The scene was at a sea-side hotel, about five miles from the town, and which was perched on a hill, and commanding a beautiful view of a spreading, outstretched bay. Here the rite was to take place. The day was a lovely summer's one.

At last the moment arrived, and I had to take leave of the old home and old servants. The departure by the law of these things has no actual air of departure. A brougham was at the door, into which I entered, as if going out for a drive. My portmanteau was put up, we drove away. Yet then I had actually set out on my new course—my adventures had begun. The fiction was adopted, going to visit another house. "We shall see you again."

The solitary drive by oneself in that cell, that was a curious feeling if you will. The stopping at the door of the hotel, which had a festive air—the waiters in their gala dress, such as it is—this gave the first sense of absolute nervousness. The company were assembling. There were the bridesmaids and their festive bonnets and flowers; the general air of smiling and congratulations, ordinary and conventional things enough—but when transferred to *you*, what a new significance they have! Now all seems dreamy and dream-like, the day moving on slowly and yet rapidly—a waiting for something. The long room filled with guests—the central figure at the door conversing on general topics with some one, indistinct now—the impending event forgotten almost, overwhelmed in talk. It seemed far off—"would come later"—when of a sudden came the wakening. For there entered, and went by me, Doreen on her brother's arm, arrayed in white, and pale herself. Then for the first time the reality of the whole came home to me. Half mechanically I walked up after her, and took my place before the clergyman, the others closed in all round, and the rite began—the ring, the money: and in an inconceivably short time I and Doreen were married! I fancy without either scarcely realizing it. So happily closed the long series of difficulties, doubts, and obstacles.

The rest of the day floated by swiftly and dreamily. There was the table—the banquet, with its flowers and cake, laid in the long coffee-room—the bow window looking out far on the sea—the speeches, the hum, the talk. There was the flutter, the air of an eternal crowd. Somehow, long as the day was, and with nothing to do, the hours glided on with strange swiftness, till evening succeeded to noon, and it came to seven

o'clock. That eve and afternoon comes back often : the curious calm, the lazy coolness after the hot summer's day, the sea spread out so blue and tranquil—the packet fuming dreamily at its berth, and visible from the window. The calm indeed seemed calmer from the thought that one was leaving what was certain for what was uncertain, and putting out on a sea of difficulties and danger. The whole seemed to steal on slowly and quietly. There was a delicious air of quiet and rest, after the feverish excitement of the very long day.

The cool, *dripping* look of the sea, so calm and tranquil, as it faded from blue into faintest grey, the sun doing down, often now comes back on me.

But the moment of departure has come. The carriage waits. They all stand on the steps. Doreen comes down arrayed in a pretty travelling dress—how well I recall it—of a corn colour, trimmed with a vivid blue. We drive off to gain the packet. What a strange feeling to be sitting next her—now Mr. and Mrs. —. Still as in a dream or dreamish.

Here is the packet, with a number of persons crossing, quite unconcerned, some on business, not heeding us who have had such prodigious business on hand. Still the calm, deliciously tranquil summer's evening! We go on board, and set forth. The land recedes. At that hour I was in truth embarking on the hackneyed ocean of life, and that vessel was bearing me away, on what proved to be a voyage of seven years in new latitudes.

I went into the cabin, and, exhausted with the long and excited day, lay down and slept as wearily. Awaking as we were coming, I had to return again from the old state of life and realize what I was now. Here, as I came up on deck, was midnight—the stars above—the harbour on the other coast, the twinkling lamps in rows. Here were two vast boxes—I owned several—and the maid in charge, and I in charge of her and them, and responsible for all in future! Here was sweet little Doreen and her cheery voice, thinking it all “great fun.”

Now we touch the shore. It is midnight. The lighted carriages are waiting, drawn up to take on the other passengers. By some mistake the omnibus to the hotel had not come, and after waiting long, we left the great boxes on the quay, and set off to walk up—a curious nightlight stroll of half a mile, past the posts and the ropes, and over the open planks of the jetty, with the black waves below. And here at last was the sheltering entrance of the snug and old-fashioned hotel.

I next see myself and Doreen promenading Paris under a tropical sun, at the beginning of August, she arrayed in her fresh muslin, and surveying the Parisians with an air of pleased enjoyment, and I need not say being surveyed by them. Thus we patrolled the Boulevards. Next we shift the scene to the umbrageous little valley of Spa, so leafy and sylvan, with its quaint air of old fashion. In this pastoral spot we lingered for some weeks, leading a lazy life, wandering up the hill by zig-zag walks to "Annette and Lubin," listening to the music that played under the trees, now in the "four o'clock promenade," now in the "seven o'clock walk." I recall the pleasure we found in making our first purchase, a cuckoo-clock, of rather an ambitious kind, in which the cuckoo was supplemented by a quail, who aided him efficiently. This was sent home, and hung up in the drawing-room, where the surprise of the sudden issue of the noisy bird never palled on us or failed to delight visitors. That little bird seems ever associated mysteriously with our life, as it started with us, much like some faithful friend. It had a sort of life of its own. For seven years it worked diligently during our joint course, never flagging in its duty, save the unavoidable and ludicrous hitches and wheezes to which even the best "cuckoos" are liable: sometimes the door closing on the neck of the little bird, and holding him fast to the suspension of all exertion. Thence for six years, during my own solitary tenancy, it has still pursued its work with the same unabated cheerfulness and energy, carolling morning, noon, and night. Hence I have regarded it, I might say, as an old, well tried, and faithful dog.

Pleasant are the memories of that umbrageous vale, with its old "Wauxhall," and redoute and pump-room or colonnade. No prettier background could be conceived, or more inviting. It was out of the world, and yet well crowded, and the bright costumes "glinted" against the dark green foliage.

At last we had to quit it and return to London, actually to begin the real, practical business and work of life. Now to see Doreen under new and changed conditions. There was a raw, dark, chilly, drizzling morning at Ostend—the packet lying out at sea, from the tide—we having to descend into boats with luggage, and be rowed out. This, I will own frankly, seemed a strange and disagreeable contrast to the fair holiday season of scarcely a year before, when all was sunny and lightsome. I had gone forth without a care or a thought but that of pleasure.



The town seemed like a gilded palace on the stage; it lay glittering in a soft, inviting light. Of the morrow there was no need to think—only of to-day. Now on this shivering, slaty-grey morning we were afoot in the cold blue light betimes. Everything looked gloomy and “business-like,” and there were all the general troubles and the little worries and disagreeables of travel.

We came into the great world of London on a bright, sunshiny day, the —th of September, and fairly entered on the world. We were both strangers to that great wilderness, so far as having generally lived in the country. It had now an air of sheer, hard, cruel business. We had to *pay* for ourselves, to be no longer *paid* for! Who does not feel a little shade of uneasiness at the thought? Three persons instead of one to be looked to. House rent, rates, liability, had already begun to run—had been running for more than half a quarter. One felt a sort of nervousness at the thought of these things. What shape they might take by-and-bye, as they grew, huge and snowball-like, with no hope of checking them!

Our abode was in a comparatively new district, with a vast number of new streets that crossed each other with a regularity somewhat on the American system, and I recall the very sense this left on the mind, from the recurring white houses. Everything was strange and blank. Here was the great world of London, in which to begin life, and if the “oak is too old to be transplanted at fifty,” so much so are trees of humbler wood when past thirty. There were new faces all round us. We were like emigrants set down in a new country. I owned to myself what a difference it was from the time when “going to London,” and staying in London, seemed the height of human felicity. Now it seemed sheer prose. The people were hard, or seemed so. We both hitherto had enjoyed the privilege of having other persons to do work. There was some cheating and over-reaching—a crowd of harpies swarming about—tradesmen with carts swarmed about us, “calling for orders,” as they styled it, in league with our servants. All this may have been my own jaundiced view, for any new state of things depresses, as it does many another. Doreen, however, took it lightly and chirrupped through her new life. She liked the new solemnity of her station, the calling on and being called upon, hunting up her old contemporaries for a little secret pleasure of exhibiting her new state to them. She had not a thought of responsibility.

For her the furnishing was delightful—ordering chairs and tables—though we brought a vast deal of property, witness the huge vans of the North-Western, which arrived piled up with chests. It was astonishing, too, in what a different light the incidents of work and life now appeared. Writing was before a pleasant and profitable pastime: every agreeable incident came welcome, and any disappointment was really immaterial. Now pleasure had become business, “articles” were like what briefs were to a barrister, and it was quite a new sensation when of a morning, or late at night, I found myself elaborating facetious stories—“*for one's bread*,” as the phrase goes. Oh, the utter depressing and odious monotony of these white and yellow streets! They had all the chilling stiffness of some distant stranger who has no sympathy with us. It gave a grand idea of that terrible “London loneliness” which John Forster sang of and protested that it offered more bitter trials than “cruel islands 'mid the far off sea.” It takes long to get familiar with the great city. There was the idea, too, of the ruthless Juggernaut which travelled on without stay or pity, and is every hour crushing under its wheels the bones of those rash foolish creatures who “go up to London,” miscalculating the strength of their wings and muscles. I had ever this unearthly feeling, and fancied I could hear the grinding of the wheels, as it drew near.

The first Christmas away from “home,” as I might call it after some thirty years—that, too, was a curious sensation. It was a season I used, as it were, to pet and fondle, and live in fanciful dreams of wassail bowls, and banquetings in old baronial halls. The very flavour of the time would inspire or quicken these images; even in my own room, with nothing but prosaic business around me, I would call up all the most pleasant dreams of this kind, sit till long past midnight enjoying what had thus been created. But in the realms in which I now found myself, there was no room for such thoughts. Life's hard realities chilled out these old subjects. Coming home on Christmas Eve, a bleak December night, with a keen, frosty wind blowing shrewdly up the river, I found myself on board one of the river steamers, making for the Westminster Pier. There is almost something picturesque in the view of the river of a pitch dark night, the lights twinkling afar and near, the illuminated clock dial hung in the air as it were, the black waters splashing round. We had only two or three passengers,

for it was the last boat and the eve of the great festival, and the rough river dog who did duty as captain, as we stepped ashore, cheerily sang out, "Good night," and "A Happy Christmas to you, gents!"—with which valediction his paddle-wheels went splashing away into the darkness, and I returned home.

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## CHAPTER XI.

BUT there was one department in which our troubles began almost at once. This was in reference to the PLAGUE OF SERVANTS! Of all the trials that beset married folk setting out on their travels, and of which, as Sterne says, there are asses' loads, nothing, I believe, maketh the heart so sick as this. It turns all to ashes and Dead Sea fruit. But the discipline is a wholesome one. Nothing, too, tried Doreen so much, and her delicate cheek turned yet paler when she learned that some large and aggressive female was in the hall, desiring an interview. A weary, jaded look came into her eyes, and to her mute appeal I would say,

"You know this is the department of the mistress of the house. It would not do for *me* exactly to engage the housemaids and cooks."

Otherwise I should have been glad to take the disagreeable duty off her hands, for I noticed the weary, sinking look that came into her eyes. But she would re-appear in a few moments, full of delighted playfulness, and rubbing her hands.

"Well! A find! A treasure?"

"Oh, she'd never never do, dear. Only think what she said, &c. I soon found out what she was. Such a dress as she had on, too. Oh, it was the luckiest thing in the world—such an escape!"

This idea she so embellished that we would gradually agree that in *not* engaging servants we were actually better off than those who succeeded in engaging them. But as this recurred very often, it seemed that we were not getting nearer the point in view at all. We had no servants, and merely having a series of "lucky escapes" would not help to organize the establishment.

As I was passing through the hall one morning, a very large

and corpulent specimen of the servant race stood up to introduce herself. Her face was round and much heated. Being draped in an old-fashioned cloak, various portions of her figure seemed to move upward, in sympathy with every word she uttered, with a sort of peristaltic motion. These symptoms rather scared me.

"Mr. Wheeler, I believe, sent you?" I said, hoping faintly, and yet convinced.

"As good and charitable a gent as ever drew breath. He has the good word of the poor man, sir, which is thought little of down here, may be. Yes, sir, he could do no less than speak well of me, Anne Brennan, and it's what I'd only expect from a gentleman so well knowed and 'steemed."

"Mr. Wheeler certainly recommended you strongly; but really, I fear, you may be"—it was a delicate matter to convey any objection to her physique—"you may be *hardly* active enough?"

She shook her head with a mournful pity.

"I know, sir; don't be afraid. They all begin with that, because I look large. But what I say, sir, is, we'll all have our reward one day, whether the poor man or the rich!"

Here appears Doreen, who shrinks away from this columnar object.

"Your lady, sir—Anne Brennan, as the Rev. Mr. Wheeler sent. A real good man, that thinks of the poor! Ask him about *me*, and before back or behind back, he can't have a word to say again me."

I own to thinking there was a rude bluntness about this creature which might be associated with worth. Doreen, I could see, associated her very obesity with honesty.

"Just put me to something; work is what I want. Ah, ma'am, a true servant won't be asking what is her duty and what is not; but she'll see the work is to be done, and—do it."

After all, there was something almost heroic in a daughter of toil, thus in protest against such a serious disability; and there was a gallantry in her boldly facing the charge—though, in truth, she could hardly have shirked it.

She was engaged on experiment. She was willing to do anything, accept any terms, "save that we would not ask her to bemean herself"—which seemed to rob the concession of any practical value. In succeeding interviews with the lady and females of the house, she invariably dissolved in tears, and

begged to be excused, as she had "never thought she would come as low as this." At dinner I heard many remarks pointed with a "Mrs. Brennan thinks," and "now that Mrs. Brennan is here," and in an hour or so she had called down the mistress of the house, to exhibit some new arrangement of her kitchen apparatus. "Ah, yes, madam! That's what I love and like—to have everything in its own place. Excuse me, m'm; but you're beginning housekeeping, and don't know the ways of this great place—pardon me the liberty of telling you so. But there *are* people going about, and in respectable houses, who have every trick to shirk their work, and it *is* a shame, indeed. I'm not one of those, ma'am."

Mrs. Brennan could not, unhappily, reside with us, as she had to go back every night to her "Phil," a gentleman connected with the tailoring profession: her "darling boy," as she called him. Her way of putting it was characteristic. "It's a long way and a sore one to Whitechapel; but poor people must walk. Ah, yes, m'm. The poor may love their husbands as well as the rich, and I wouldn't give up my darling boy, no, not for all the wealth of the universe! I couldn't do that, low as I'm come to. Ah, no!"

All day long we could hear from below a ceaseless hum and clatter, which resolved itself into Mrs. Brennan delivering shrill and sustained commentaries on the most various subjects. She had made her mark in the house, and at once took a position of command. I had misgivings, but was overborne by the united female voices, who seemed to rejoice in what I saw would be their enslavement, and hugged their chains.

In a few days I noted some other symptoms that disquieted me; one of which was, the little mouse of work which resulted from a vast mountain of words. Like some other clever persons in the world, she had the art of overlaying the most meagre sliver of work with such an incrustation of verbiage, that you were persuaded in spite of yourself.

"These seem a little dusty, Mrs. Brennan," I say doubtfully. They were thick with dust.

"Dusty! dusty, sir?" as if she could not have heard. Where, sir? How?"

"Well, everywhere, anyhow, Mrs. Brennan."

"Well, sir, I tell you this, and you will excuse me if I speak plain, but you are only beginning 'ousekeeping, sir, and you will pardon me, but I've been in the City sixteen year on end. And

I can assure you I have not always been in this way, or come down to this.

I was getting rather tired of this formula and the implied slight to our mansion; and I cut short her reminiscences by firmly requesting her immediate attention to the work in hand. She obeyed smiling.

On these occasions (of which there were but too many), when it was found that "things could not go on" as they were, and Mrs. Brennan and her lord had been holding higher and noisier revel than usual, or a more than ordinary black, under-done, and cindered beefsteak had presented itself, Doreen and I found ourselves surveying each other with a blank and uncomfortable air, kept specially for the occasion.

"This can't go on longer."

"Oh, it's dreadful, isn't, dear," Doreen would answer, looking wistfully at me.

"But if the woman isn't spoken to, and 'blown up,' what can you expect?"

"I really *must*," said Doreen, "to-morrow morning. I was *thinking* of sending for her——"

"Thinking of it! Have her up at once!"

"Oh, not now," said she, in serious distress. And such an expression of pain and dread came into her face, that I could not help saying,

"Well, perhaps it might be better if I saw her myself."

Doreen clapped her hands in delight. "Ah, yes. She will mind *you*. The very thing!"

Then, feeling that she had sacrificed something of her position by this confession, she added gravely:

"Mamma always says that the master should be always kept in reserve for serious matters, and this is very serious. I can, you know, speak to her at any time."

Accordingly, Mrs. Brennan was summoned to the study on the instant, and harangued with all severity, but without much profit. Like some fluttering bird, Doreen was waiting anxiously and came bounding in, delighted it was all over. And in her exuberance and gratitude confessed "that she was really afraid of Mrs. Brennan, and somehow she felt she hadn't *that way* of impressing dependents or assuming a severe air: but she was so glad I had spoken to her."

The period of probation was sliding by. She was sorry to leave, she announced, but she could not be longer separated

from her darling boy. The poor had their feelings as well as the rich, &c. Go she must. My Doreen came later with a wistful face. Was it not a pity to lose such a treasure—to have to begin all over again; such a good cook. Really it was a very good sign to see such affection among the lower classes. Mr. Philip Brennan had already appeared below; had come to partake of tea, and escort his lady home. I could not account for the interest this gentleman inspired, until I myself was favoured with a private view, and found him to be a man with rich glossy black moustaches, a sad and dignified bearing, a grandeur of speech and manner which he brought from his native Sister Isle. He at once commanded all suffrages; a most gentlemanly man, about twenty years younger than his lady.

"Ah, indeed! my poor boy! You wouldn't know him in the house any more than that fly. You'd never hear, or see, or know of him. Come in here, Phil, sir, and speak to the lady—a real lady, mind you!"

Phil, introduced, bows awkwardly.

"You must make allowance for him; he is not accustomed to ladies and gentlemen. Can't you speak up, you big, stupid lumbering fellow, you!"

Notwithstanding these defects, Mr. Brennan made an impression.

I made protest. I represented that it was dangerous encouraging outsiders. But we were only starting in our little boat; life seemed a yachting excursion, when it is not worth while bringing a cargo of wisdom aboard. So we all agreed that Mr. Phil Brennan was to be taken in.

Things went on smoothly for some time afterwards, though the unpleasant truth began to force itself on us both, that Mrs. Brennan's measure of work was dwindling away every day. She excited a deep feeling of sympathy through the house by fits of "weakness," which she called the "miggerums," and which affected her with the "lows," and caused her to rise so late as nine and ten. These things I did not like; but I was inclined to wait and see what came of it. The woman's character was really as inexhaustible as a conjuror's bottle; now grand, now mean, now in spirits, now sulky, now full of magnificence as to her previous condition now bewailing with tears the fatal moment when "*she bemeaned herself by marrying a tailor.*" This she would actually do in the presence of the gentleman himself. Under this dry crust, fires were smouldering.

I had my own opinions about Mr. Brennan, who paid great attention to his dress, and always wore scrupulous black.

By-and-bye strange stories came floating upward from the kitchen, of domestic differences, arising, it was darkly hinted, out of Mr. Brennan's habits. Yet it was impossible not to note the absorbing interest with which he was regarded by the female household. Painful altercations were reported as taking place within the happy and innocent influence of the close range and unhappy hot hearth. A week's earnings with Messrs. Moses, known to reach thirty shillings, and not produced, were assumed to have been spent in pleasures incompatible with real conjugal happiness.

But at last matters came to a crisis.

One evening, returning home from an early dinner-party, we were met at the door by a faithful, no "officer of mine," but Doreen's "own maid," who, with her hand pressed to her side and with a panting voice, faltered :

"Oh, it was shocking! and that we were just in time, and that *Mr. and Mrs. Brennan were killing each other below!*"

This news, of course, I knew to be a flourish of such rhetoric as Jane had; but to our ears was borne a sort of sustained shriek, which seemed like a torrent of expostulation. Anon came subdued remonstrance, as of a mediator, and a more feminine appeal belonging to one Mrs. Cranley, tea-drinker, trying to sooth her friend. Some flagrant short-coming on the part of the fascinating tailor had come to light, and the outraged wife could no longer restrain herself. As the storm seemed to die gradually away, it was judged best to adjourn trial and sentence until the morrow; the owner of the mansion (present writer) saying firmly as he strode to his room :

"This cannot go on!"—which always means that a thing can and does go on.

Tranquilly engaged in my little sanctum, I found the door suddenly opened, and two figures burst in.

"Oh, this will never do!" I begin, quite indignant at the degrading spectacle. "I can't have this——"

"No, no, no!" says Mrs. Brennan. "You hear that, you low, mean *ble-gard*, disgracing me and yourself! But I told ye I'd expose you——"

"Hush, Anna!" says Mr. Brennan, with great dignity. "Leave this!" As who should say, "Do not let us wash our conjugal clothing in public."



Again I repeat, "This cannot go on." I add that Mr. Brennan is on a special footing in the house, and that I must require him to remove in the morning. I wind up an impressive speech with my favourite remark: "You know, yourself, *this cannot go on.*"

Mr. Brennan acknowledges it with great dignity and a wave of his hand, and admits that he has been handsomely treated. He also tries to withdraw his lady, who has all this time been wailing, and vociferating, and vituperating. I catch sight of inquisitive faces resting on the bannisters above and below.

"The low, mean vagabone, *with his Mrs. O'Brien.*"

"Anna, for shame! Come away, Anna!" says Mr. Brennan, with dignity.

"I'm a poor broken creature; but the Lord wished to try me; and for him—— Yes, I will!" and the angry lady turned on the unhappy man with a stamp.

"This *can't* go on," I say, for the last time. "We have nothing to do with your private quarrels. I won't interfere. You must both leave the house in the morning. Go away, now."

Leave the house in the morning! Bless your heart! There was great radiance and animation through the household in the morning, a sort of diffused joy and exultation. Such good news! Mr. and Mrs. Brennan had been reconciled either during the night or in the morning. The past had been forgotten and forgiven. Mr. Brennan had handsomely owned *that he had been in the wrong*. Everything was to be as before. Mrs. Brennan had owned publicly that "he was her own dear boy, Phil, again." She characteristically turned on our Jane, who was sympathizing with her.

"Well, *and what if he does?* Much you know, indeed! What business is it of yours?" added Mrs. Brennan, bursting into fury, "how *dar* you to speak to me?"

To my astonishment, I found it was accepted universally that this reconciliation quite took away the necessity for their departure.

"Oh!" says my Doreen, "we could *not* turn them away *now*, after he behaving so well. If he should relapse, we should never, never forgive ourselves."

In short, as this was the yacht voyage, and Mrs. Brennan a very good cook—well, I gave way weakly, taking care, however, to utter some prophecies, whose certain fulfilment would, at least, add to my reputation as a domestic seer.

Again we rubbed on. About a fortnight passed away, and Christmas Day came round. It was to be a festival of innocent amusement—mistletoe, holly, &c. Mrs. Brennan had devoted herself to the delicacies that accompany the season—pudding, mince-pies, and so forth. To the last, my faith in her cookery never faltered a moment. "*There*," as Lamb says, "earth touched heaven." We allowed them a little light-hearted gaiety—with a few friends—Mrs. Cranley, Barney, an admirer of our Jane's. It was to be a little rustic sort of feast, tempered by the holy spirit of the time, on which Mrs. Brennan spoke with great feeling and unction.

"Surely the poor man, as well as the rich, should enjoy their little recreation that came only once a year—we wouldn't *begrudge them that*—an unnecessary protest, as it was we who had proposed the plan for the poor man's enjoyment.

On this occasion we held our little festival at a dear friend's, and were in a pleasantly attuned frame of mind: the brave old Christmas—joy-bells, forgiveness, peace, goodwill, roast beef, and the rest of it.

"Our attached domestics," I said, as we came to the door, "have *their* little night's pastime too. Well, well! They don't get it too often."

We were startled by loud shrieks and a crash from within, as of people falling together among chairs. Then arose the din of voices, and the hoarse yell of some one, who gave me the idea of being held down. I rushed in, on the door being opened, and in the hall ran against the flushed Jane: as usual, she was holding her side.

"Oh, there was murder going on. Mr. Brennan and Mr. Barney had quarrelled, and were killing each other!"

Louder rose the shrieks. At the foot of the stairs I encountered Mrs. Cranley, with hands clasped and hair "down," and uttering:

"O Lord, Lord! Oh, bring in the polis!"

From the kitchen-door, the scene that revealed itself was Mr. Brennan, in his shirt-sleeves, squaring at his friend Mr. Barney. The wretched wife was hanging on her "boy's" shoulder, and greatly interfering with any chance of success he might have in the conflict. Both grounded their arms on my appearance.

Mr. Brennan approached me at once, declaring that he had been "shlandered" by his friend. Barney was arrayed in a

massive emerald-green tie, and had that day been burying an eminent patriot who belonged to a society wherein he was a wearer of the Green, and who had been interred with all the honours of a procession and band. To Mr. Barney—who, with his friend Brennan, had attained to the honours of a captaincy in the brotherhood—I at once gave a summary command to depart. The ferocious leader yielded. He had the highest respect for me—he knew my name and lineage—all he wanted was—was—his hat. This was found for him (in the boiler, I believe), and he departed. Mr. Brennan was led halting to bed, and came down several times with a candle in his hand, to explain: to “prevent mishconstruction,” he said.

“You see,” I said to him, “after this, things *cannot* go on as they are.”

He owned it, and the curtain fell. The spell was shattered. No one had a word for the outcast Brennans. At an interview with Mrs. Brennan next morning, on sternly giving her until evening to remove, I was amazed to find her tone changed to this:

“Well, never mind. There is One over all, looking down on rich and poor. May be, those who are well off now, may be wanting favour themselves before a twelvemonth is out!”

Amazed at, yet almost admiring, this Protean versatility, I said:

“Surely, this is all your own doing. Had you behaved even decently, you and your husband might have remained. A disorderly character of that sort——”

“He! There wasn’t a better or more well-conducted creature in the city till he *set foot in this house*. Oh, it was an ill-day for us when we broke up our little home to come into such a place!”

This effrontery made me an oppressor on the spot.

“Not a word more, Mrs. Brennan. Out you go without an hour’s delay. Take your menial beak,” I might have added, “from out my heart, and your unwieldy bust from off my door.”

She retired that same night, accompanied by Brennan, who maintained his dignity to the last, and graciously owned that “he had no fault to find with the way he had been treated.”

## Reviews.

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### I.—LIFE OF ROSMINI.<sup>1</sup>

THE *Life of Rosmini*, of which the first volume has just been issued, bears unmistakeable witness to the affection and admiration felt for Rosmini by its author, who claims our sympathy and interest in his work, not only because he is one of Rosmini's spiritual sons, but also on account of the noble character and lofty intellectual and moral qualities of him whom he portrays. It is to the genuineness of his devoted admiration that we owe the transparent truthfulness of the portraiture. By means of copious extracts from Rosmini's voluminous correspondence the *man* himself is set before us, and is made to live in our imaginations much of the life which he did in fact live in the midst of his own circle of friends. But he is the *same* man with the same mind and heart from one end of the story to the other, perfectly himself in all that he writes, in all that he is related to have said or done. His standard, too, was a high one, perhaps we should say heroically high, in view of his sincere and unremitting efforts to realize it in practice. Here, for instance, is a declaration of policy for a young man of seventeen years :

Oh ! how grateful I feel for the excellent advice you give me, *never to forget the Christian Commonwealth*, for truly it is sweet and noble and just advice. Indeed there is no wisdom here below, if it come not from the Father of all light. You may therefore rest assured that the pursuit of letters has of itself no charms for me. I am resolved to become a priest, and to part with all that I have to purchase a treasure which neither moth nor rust can fret away, and where thieves cannot break in and steal. What little learning I possess I mean to make use of, with God's help, in the work of education. (And what more pleasing task than to be useful to our fellow-men?) Nor will I suffer my body to eat its bread in idleness—it must toil and labour ; my worldly substance I shall employ in advancing the sciences and relieving the poor. These sentiments are dictated, not by my intellect alone, but by my heart also.

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Antonio Rosmini*. By Gabriel Stuart Macwalter. Vol. i. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

We are accustomed to associate declarations of this kind with the fervour of retreat-time. Rosmini, seemingly, had the grace to maintain the spirit all through the colder seasons of his years. "Religion," we are told, "was the one theme he never set aside;" but as it never had to be "put on" for an occasion, he had the tact to make it "always opportune and never offensive;" and his letters amply testify to the truth of the assertion. In the lines of the excellent engraving that faces the title-page of the volume before us, it is easy to recognize traces of the good foundation of natural tenacity and perseverance that grace had to work upon; and in the holy influences of a thoroughly Catholic home there were to be found in abundance the ordinary means which the Holy Ghost loves to employ in the production of His perfect works; we are therefore not disposed to accuse Rosmini's earlier biographer of extravagance, when he put his master down as having been "a reflecting child at two years of age, an almsgiving boy at five, a most studious youth at seven, a practical ascetic at sixteen, and such a proficient in philosophy at eighteen that his Professor became his disciple." There can be no reasonable doubt as to the precocity of the boy, both in mind and serious earnestness; and through life he was destined to be "looked up to" by all that was pious and noble and cultivated within reach of his influence. It is the chief merit of his present biographer, that he has tried to bring his readers also within the reach of this influence. And hence the interest of the volume for all who can sympathize with the hopes and aspirations which brought Rosmini and his friends together.

Rosmini made up his mind very early in life as to the state in which he was to serve God. Still, though intending the priesthood at the time, he must be allowed to have been, while at the University of Padua, a noble model for imitation by young laymen such as we *ought* to be turning out in our Catholic Colleges now in England. Some of these, it may be presumed, are not wholly indifferent to the well-being of the "Christian Commonwealth." If they have any generous ambition about them, they will do well to compare the life they may have allowed themselves to settle down into with that which young Rosmini had mapped out for himself, and was sticking to, at the age of twenty-two years.

As for my method of life, I rise about six o'clock, then study till eight, with only one interruption for prayer and breakfast. From eight

until twelve I attend such lectures as concern me ; and then, after hearing Mass in the church of our Saint (St. Antonio) return home, and continue my studies until half-past one. Afterwards I either take a stroll, or discuss some point with my companions till two o'clock, when I sit down to dinner. Dinner over, I amuse myself for some minutes at a simple game with a friend, or pass the time in conversation ; after which I repose for about half an hour, and then take exercise until half-past four or thereabouts. At that hour I resume the thread of my studies until seven ; spending the time from seven until nine o'clock in recreation with some excellent friends, who are either professors of the University or young men of talent. At nine o'clock all my household, that is to say, five individuals, including the two estimable young men who live with me, retire to a small room, where we quietly make our spiritual reading, recite our Rosary, and then sit down to a light supper ; after which we await, in pleasant chat, the hour when each one withdraws to his own apartment. Then, after having concluded night prayers, I retire to rest and sleep the soundest sleep in the world (pp. 136, 137).

A few such young men, with the piety, sense, and determination implied in this horary, would do the Catholic cause in England more good than most people would think possible.

Yet another lesson which our Catholic young men, if we are to believe their elders, sadly want. Rosmini, even in the days of his youth, took evident pains to comply with the smaller obligations of propriety and etiquette. Thus, for example, he was always careful about "letters of thanks." On his return home from the University, one of the first duties which he discharged was to write to Don Leonardi Carpentari, the priest under whose immediate care his University days had been spent. And his first letter written from home after his ordination, written too "soon after breakfast," on the day of his first Mass, was to the bishop who had ordained him.

One paragraph touches others more nearly than laymen.

While a layman Rosmini had ever been attentive to the social duties of his state, full of courtesy to all, be their rank what it might ; but as a priest he seemed to be still more attentive and courteous. He had always maintained that the gentleness and refinement of manner, which ought to characterize every well-bred Christian, should find its fullest development in the priest. His own life illustrated what he had thus maintained. The politeness known as personal may, and often does, exist without any politeness of the heart. But in him they were admirably blent together ; for with the elegance of manners and the due

observance of the forms of polished society, he combined habitual benevolence and a complete absence of selfishness in his intercourse with all classes. Humility and simplicity regulated all his conversations.

We have no space to show more at length how full and active for good was Rosmini's life up to the close of the year 1827, the period covered by the present volume. We must pass on to the principle which, according to our author, is the keynote to Rosmini's consistency of character, and blends the active and passive so harmoniously in his whole course. We had better give it in Rosmini's own words; for it has sometimes been the subject of misconception, and has a quite exceptional importance, as on it depends the special form of the rule of the Rosminian Order. In his Diary, then, we read:

I who am a most unworthy priest, have determined to base my whole life on the two following principles: (1) To apply myself to the amendment of my enormous defects, and to the purifying of my soul from the iniquity into which it has been sunk even from birth, and to do this without going in quest of other occupation, or attempting things on behalf of my neighbour, seeing that of my own self I am absolutely powerless to do anything really good for any one. (2) I purpose not to refuse such offices of charity to my neighbour, as Divine Providence may think fit to offer me, because the Almighty can make use of anything for His works, and therefore even of me; and in case He does make use of me, I purpose to preserve a spirit of perfect indifference as regards any special work of charity, resolved to perform (in so far as my feeble will is concerned) that work which may be offered to me, as zealously as I would any other.

And a further entry later on adds:

On this day I have begun to think, that as I wish to act in conformity with the second of my principles, I ought not to refuse to cooperate with the undertaking to which I am invited [founding his Order], in case God should offer me the means for it; but neither ought I to go in search of these means, because I should then be at variance with the first of the two principles I have chosen for the guidance of my life. . . . I have concluded therefore that if God require me to found a society, these two principles must form its whole rule.

It is, of course, in the application that the true significance of a principle comes out. And it cannot be denied that, at first sight, the "neither ought I to go in search of those means" might be taken as opposed to the famous principle of St. Ignatius, which bids us "act for the best as if everything depended on ourselves, and yet rely upon God as if nothing that we do

can be of any use." For this latter principle, practically applied, would mean that one *must* go in search of means. But the opposition is merely apparent. St. Ignatius had in his mind's eye cases where the will of God is known; while Rosmini's principle is only intended to apply as long as one is "waiting to know God's will." Of course, every good principle may be wrenched from its purpose, every good thing abused. The particular evil to be guarded against in the use of the "principle of passivity" is the neglect of opportunities of doing good from a foolish expectation that, if God wants our cooperation, He will choose some *extraordinary* way of making the fact known to us. But could such an evil, should it be incurred, be fairly traced to any inherent want of wisdom in the practical principle itself? Virtue would not be the "golden mean," if it were not possible, nay necessary, to vary the expression of its guiding principles so as to suit the varying wants of individual dispositions. How otherwise can we account for the beautiful varieties of one common spirit in God's saints? How, more especially, account for the sanction given by the Church to religious orders, characterized as they are by rules and constitutions, all, indeed, good and holy and leading to God, but as different in respect of their points of departure, *i.e.*, of their practical principles, as are the lines that pass inwards from the circumference of a circle to its centre? It is only the narrow mind that spends itself upon the discrepancies which spring from imperfection, and misses the deeper unities which alone can give meaning to discrepancy and from imperfection draw forth more perfect, because more complex, beauty; thus adding to our knowledge of the goodness and beauty of our God. The "principle of passivity" was the sanctification of Rosmini; and it will be the sanctification of his children. The Fathers of Charity need not be under any fear that their brethren of other Orders will fail to recognize its worth.

We have purposely left ourselves no space to discuss the Rosminian system of philosophy. That will require, and shall perhaps hereafter receive, more extended treatment than is compatible with the limits of a short notice. The biographer himself has, so far, said comparatively little on this part of his subject. It is a question which, to be handled properly, must be entirely separated from such irrelevant matters as are the degree of holiness, or even of learning and talent, possessed by Rosmini. A distinction *must* be made between "the great Catholic priest



and the great Catholic philosopher, the founder of an Order devoted to the practice of Christian charity, and the restorer, if not the founder, of a scientific system devoted to the vindication of Christian truth." For this reason we regret some expressions in the preface to this volume. The writer seems to regard those who differ from the Rosminian philosophy as personal assailants of Rosmini himself.

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## 2.—POEMS BY MAY PROBYN.<sup>1</sup>

Two years since, Miss Probyn won much praise for her bright verses. It is a pleasure to find that she has achieved a still greater success in her new volume. The Ballads of this year are a decided advance upon the earlier songs; and the numerous metrical studies headed by such words as Villanelle, Rondeau, Triolet, are so many evidences that the progress is the result of honest labour. Steady practice of this sort is to the poet what elocution is the actor, and the painstaking exercise of the voice to the great singer.

The second volume is dedicated by Miss Probyn to her master. From Tennyson she has learnt to work at her verses, until every appearance of effort has been cleansed away; and from him she may also have learnt, that nothing can give more delight than a well-told tale, especially if it be a sad one. In "Mary Trent" there is more than a faint echo of "Enoch Arden," even though the woman who causes the sorrow in the one is not as the man who breaks his promise in the other. We can pity her who listened to Philip Ray; but Richard Vane is inexcusably wicked, and it is a painful thing to "grasp the breadth and depth of all his treachery."

The title-piece of the new volume is all mirth and movement; and the reader enjoys the fun to the full, as soon as other poems have thrown light on the mysterious preparations for Daffydowdilly's coming to town. The connivance of the officials at the rescue of the knight of the road is admirably given. It was not only the soldiers who were willing to cheat the law, for

They waited to hear what the sergeant would say;  
But the sergeant was staring the opposite way.  
They waited to see what the sheriff would do;  
But the sheriff was stooping to buckle his shoe.

<sup>1</sup> *Poems.* By May Probyn. 1881.

*A Ballad of the Road, and other Poems.* By May Probyn. 1883.

The story of Jane Shore is an exquisite piece of workmanship ; yet it may perhaps be asked, whether so worthless a life has been well chosen as the subject for a ballad. The parents hand over the girl in haste and heat to a stony-hearted greybeard (known to Dr. Lingard as "a young and opulent citizen").

Home he took her to Lombard Street,  
Bolted and barred the door ;  
And we heard no more of her dancing feet,  
We saw her smile no more.

She submits to her slavery much in the same helpless and hesitating way that she consents to her wedding ; and after a while, having been roughly turned out of doors by the jealous goldsmith, she becomes the easy and willing prey of her royal admirer. On the king's death, she is hunted down as a witch and condemned to the stake. In the closing lines, Miss Probyn herself appears to show some dislike to her self-imposed task ; for she hurries it to an end, and the account of the execution falls somewhat below the general standard.

No one can read modern poetry without feeling inclined to protest against its excessive multiplication of metaphorical kisses. The shadows kiss the landscape, the curl of hair kisses the forehead, the bees and butterflies spend their days in kissing the flowers, and even the colours leap from the painter's brush to kiss the canvas. The word is introduced by Miss Probyn in the opening stanza of a triplet.

Her swaying corn-sheaf on her head,  
Girt up with poppies drooping red,  
She came across the stubble,  
With naked feet, whose shadows fled,  
Till knee-deep through the brook they sped,  
Where each step kissed its double.

The use of the metaphor here is at least uncalled for ; but in "Adrift," which is an allegory of great merit, it seems to obscure what it is designed to illustrate. A water-lily, conscious of its beauty and eager for notice, has already grown covetous of freedom, when on a sudden

The banks slid backward on either hand,  
For the rat had gnawed through her anchor strand,  
And the wind had kissed her away from land,  
And was kissing her out to sea.

The wind might be represented as meeting or checking, following up or even accompanying the unfortunate flower : but here

it helps the stream to carry it swiftly along to the river's mouth, where it is to be torn and tumbled by the breakers. Even if we allow the breeze to toy with the thing it drives, drive it must ; and in this place, therefore, each one of these very many wind-kisses has somehow or other to convey the complex idea of a tender puff, a soft heave, or an affectionate shove.

To single out so trivial a defect for such harsh treatment is perhaps the best way of indicating that Miss Probyn's work is throughout of rare quality and finish.

### 3.—SERMONS BY THE LATE DR. MEYNELL.<sup>1</sup>

Father Ryder, of the Birmingham Oratory, has performed a labour of love and rendered his fellow-priests and the Catholic laity of England a very substantial service, by the publication of another volume of sermons by the late Dr. Meynell. Those who read the volume will readily coincide in the opinion expressed in the Editor's Preface as to the leading characteristics of the author's style of preaching. "The characteristic of the sermons, I venture to think," the Rev. Editor writes, "is the union of very careful elaboration, sometimes resulting in ornament, with great simplicity and directness of scope. From the choice of subject and manner of presenting, his sermon was always to his audience an instruction in the art of religious thinking, and yet it appealed, though for the most part very quietly, to the affections. I doubt if his sermons, though always scholarly, ever went over the heads of his audience, although this was often made up of boys and illiterate persons. His preaching was always interesting to every one who heard him, gentle and simple, for this amongst other reasons, that he was himself interested : he had ever something to show you that you must see ; ever some tale to tell to which you must perforce listen."

This is very high praise indeed, but not more than is fully justified by the contents of the little volume to which we are inviting the attention of our readers. The sermons it contains have no pretension at all to what is commonly called eloquence, nor does Father Ryder claim for them any such distinction. He has, it seems to us, given a most faithful and accurate description by saying of them, that they are always

<sup>1</sup> *Sermons for the Spring Quarter.* By the late Very Rev. Charles Meynell, D.D. Edited by H. I. D. Ryder, of the Oratory. London : Burns and Oates, 1883.

interesting. This is perhaps a higher, rarer merit than mere eloquence, as it appears to be understood nowadays. In our times, if we are to believe newspaper reports of ecclesiastical ceremonies in which the sermon has a prominent place, the gift of eloquence, the *afflatus* of the orator, is a very ordinary everyday gift. Not a Sunday or holiday but some preacher somewhere is delivering "a most eloquent" discourse. But whilst all are eloquent, how many are really interesting in the pulpit? And yet, whereas eloquence, properly so-called, is rather a gift of the gods, which no doubt may be greatly enhanced by study as surely as it will be comparatively valueless unless helped out by much industry, and therefore will be the possession of but comparatively few men, to be interesting lies, one would think, within the easy reach of all. There is not a sermon in this little collection which is not full of interest both from the choice of subject and the manner in which the subject is handled. Dr. Meynell was a theologian and a metaphysician, but he is never obscure, always intelligible to the meanest capacity; he was a man of no inconsiderable literary attainments, and therefore, though his style is plain and unassuming, it is never deficient in correctness, good taste, and a certain easy grace. As a conclusion to these few remarks, we cannot forbear from giving one short sample of the good things to be found in this excellent volume, and we select a few lines almost at haphazard from a sermon on the Penitent Thief, which Dr. Meynell concludes as follows:

Wonderful conversion truly! but, after all, it only goes to show that a man may be converted at any moment, *if only he will*. He may repent in earnest, even on his death-bed, like the Good Thief, and like him be accepted. I only say there is no hope or likelihood that he will do so, if he is never in earnest now, when the opportunity is offered.

For, my brethren, I come back to the thought with which I started: I can never believe that a man whom nothing can induce to repentance now, will repent at the last, merely because he happens to be dying. And if the Thief on the cross, by a singular grace of God, turned to his Redeemer and was saved, I am only led to think that such a grace, had it found him living, instead of dying, would equally have effected his conversion. . . . They who trifle with the matter of salvation, can find, at any rate, no encouragement from the example of the Penitent Thief. If we had read of him that he was of the number of those who propose to themselves to lead a wicked life, and to avoid its consequences by a repentant death, then indeed the Gospel might have spared his history. But it is only said of him that he had sinned, and

that he repented, though at the very last moment of the eleventh hour; and that he was saved, yet so as by the fire of the torments of Calvary. His example bids the most wretched hope; but, as I have said, it warrants none in presumption.

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#### 4.—THE GORDON RIOTS.<sup>1</sup>

A very excellent account of the Gordon riots in 1780 appeared in the *Dublin Review* about ten years ago. The two articles are now reprinted by the author in a separate form, and it is certainly a gain that they should be brought within the reach of readers who have not the back numbers of the *Dublin* at hand. The subject is one which cannot fail to interest Catholics. For these riots were the most violent, though unhappily not the last, outburst of that violent bigotry, which looks upon a Roman Catholic as more odious than Mahometan or infidel. Moreover, the history of these events is instructive as instancing once again the woful results of the culpable weakness and cowardice of the authorities in critical junctures.

To most English readers the Gordon riots are probably best known by the vivid, though of course partial and inaccurate account of them in *Barnaby Rudge*. Probably no history will succeed in giving such a striking picture of the state of London during the days of anarchy as the romance conveys to us, though the plain facts of the case do not fall at all behind the horrors there painted. No one can read of that reign of terror without wishing to learn more of the causes and steps of such an unexpected reversal of the quiet business life of the metropolis. These historical facts are clearly put before us in the little volume under review.

Some of our members of Parliament who may have been somewhat scared by the reports lately circulated of possible attempts to blow up the Houses of Parliament, will perhaps think less of their danger if they call to mind the much greater peril of their fellow-legislators of a hundred years ago. On June 2, 1780, forty-five thousand half-drunken ruffians beset the Houses at Westminster:

Each member as he was met, was stopped and compelled to assume the blue cockade, and in many instances required to take an oath to vote for the immediate repeal of the Catholic Relief Bill. But

<sup>1</sup> *The History of Riots in London in the year 1780.* By the Rev. Alexius J. F. Mills. London: Lane and Son, 310, Strand.

it was against the Lords that the leaders of the mob directed the especial vengeance of their followers. The Archbishop of York, and Bathurst, President of the Council, were dragged from their carriages and severely hustled ; Lord Mansfield's carriage was smashed, and he himself narrowly escaped with his life . . . Lords Townshend and Hillsborough made their appearance in the House covered with mud, their garments in rags, and without their wigs.

Later on, upon a report that Lord Boston was being murdered :

The members rose manfully in a body and carried by acclamation on proposal of Lord Radnor that they should at once proceed with drawn swords to his rescue. At the moment they were about to make the gallant and desperate attempt, the unfortunate peer made his entrance covered with blood, and his clothes torn from his back (pp. 40, seq.).

That courage was not wanting in the Commons too, is proved by the conduct of General Conway, who thrust aside Lord George Gordon as he was addressing the mob, and turned to them with the following words :

I am General Conway, of whom you have heard ; a military man who deems it his duty to protect this House with his sword. We are all armed, and not to be intimidated or overpowered by a rabble. There is only one entry and that is narrow ; men of honour defend this pass, and many lives will be lost in the attempt to force it (p. 49).

He then pushed Lord George back into the House, and gave him no further opportunity of addressing his followers, who dispersed on the appearance of a body of troops.

The dispersion was but momentary. By ten o'clock the rioters were again mustered, and the Catholic chapels of the embassies and the residences of many Catholics were soon in ruins. On the Saturday the mob took holiday, and people hoped the disturbances were over ; but on the Sunday they assembled in force, and for four days the great city was in their power. The Catholic chapel in Moorfields was given to the flames ; other chapels and schools soon shared the same fate. Houses of Catholics were plundered and destroyed ; those who had in any way supported them were equally exposed to the fury of the mob, and neither his great name, nor the foreknowledge of his danger, nor even the presence of a guard of soldiers could save Lord Mansfield's house and all its precious artistic and literary treasures from destruction. Success and impunity nerved the rioters to greater achievements. Perhaps their own

experience of its sombre precincts, or the presence of some of their comrades within its walls made the mob think of Newgate, and before long the prison was in flames, and its five hundred inmates had been rescued in the way so vividly described by Charles Dickens. The King's Bench Prison, the New Gaol, the Borough Clink, the Surrey Bridewell, and the Fleet were all burnt the same day. Such scenes multiplied themselves throughout London; yet the authorities still remained inactive. But attempts on the Bank, the British Museum, the Royal Exchange, the Tower, and other public buildings, at last forced them to move; and the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces received simple instructions: "Do what you please, but save the city and the kingdom." He did his work bravely, and soon the riot was all over.

Turn where it would the mob found itself confronted by the incessant, raking fire of musketry, that tore open its ranks, inflicting ghastly wounds, and dealing death with terrible rapidity. It was soon nothing but one dreadful scene of confusion, flight, and unresisting slaughter. Some still living remember to have heard old men say that the recollection of that Wednesday night of the "No Popery" riots had never been obliterated from their memory. Thirty-six great fires blazing at one time under the midnight sky; families flying distracted, the shrieking of women, the shouts of the firemen, the howling and groans of the infuriated, defeated rioters, made up a spectacle and a dream of horror that might well cling to the mind for life. No one in the City or in Westminster slept that night, and even in the villages for miles round, the glare of so many fires brought out the inhabitants into the highroads and lanes, where they lingered anxiously through the long hours till the dawn, and spoke together of their fears of what the rioters would do next, after London should be destroyed (p. 79).

It is unnecessary to say that when the long dormant power of the law finally asserted itself, the gross inactivity of the Government and local authorities was succeeded by the severest measures; the deluded victims of bigotry were sacrificed in great numbers; but what was done to the guilty leaders, Lord George Gordon and John Wesley? These men knew what they were about, they acted with their eyes open, they meant the injuries that were inflicted on the innocent Catholics, yet they both escaped unpunished. Lord George got into trouble later on for a libel on the French Queen, and died in prison; and it may be worth noting that this great leader of Protestantism embraced Judaism before his death. The question of his sanity has often been

debated, but it seems clear enough that he was in his right mind and answerable for his actions. In the earlier part of his Parliamentary career he made himself notorious by the violence of his partizanship, so that it used to be said there were three parties in the Commons, the Government, the Opposition, and Lord George Gordon. After being made leader of the anti-Catholic movement in Scotland, and later on in England, he devoted himself entirely to unmeasured denunciations of the Catholics. He assured the House that every man in Scotland except the Papists was ripe for insurrection, and would die rather than submit to the repeal of any of the persecuting laws: that if the King did not keep his coronation oath, they would do more than abridge his revenue, and would cut off his head! He threatened to present a petition long enough to reach from the Speaker's Chair to the central window at Whitehall, out of which Charles the First had walked to his execution! It is noteworthy that the notorious Wilkes was one of the few who acted boldly throughout in opposing the rioters, and was most earnest in his denunciation of the inactivity of the authorities. The sequel of the riots like the events themselves confirm the truth of Gibbon's words written in a letter at the time: "Our danger is over, but our disgrace will be lasting, and the month of June, 1780, will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticism, which I had supposed to be extinct, but which actually subsists in Great Britain perhaps beyond any other country in Europe."

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#### 5.—THE MYSTERY OF MIRACLES.<sup>1</sup>

The author of this book is evidently possessed by a strong conviction as to certain great truths, and is sincerely anxious, for the good of religion, to impart his convictions to others. The chief points on which he insists are the manifest inadequacy of an explanation of the universe by blind mechanism; the facts of creation, conservation, and concurrence, whereby God made, preserves, and cooperates with all that is and happens; and consequently the reality of an all-ruling Providence. But we think that the effect of his teaching is marred by certain blemishes which we proceed to point out. Of course in what we have to say there is no spirit of hostility to a writer who shows

<sup>1</sup> *The Mystery of Miracles.* By J. W. Reynolds, M.A.. Third edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1, Paternoster Square. 1883.



so many tokens of candour in his work, and who is careful not needlessly to give offence to those who may disagree with him.

What we miss, then, is a sufficiency of scientific rigour. The book is fervid enough, and will gain the hearts of some readers, who are chiefly to be gained by enthusiasm. But those minds, whose training in strict thought has been more accurate, will demand a greater precision in the use of words, more sequence in the course of thought, and greater completeness in the way of argument. They will be unsatisfied with a certain redundancy of style, and with a perpetual re-entering into the same circle of thought when they feel a right to demand something more like a progress from goal to goal. We will give a few instances of our meaning.

The word miracle has and must have different senses ; now it is used more strictly, now with greater latitude. But, in a work like the present, it is all-important that the author should take up some definite idea of a miracle, and keep to that throughout the bulk of his volume, letting the reader know if occasionally a departure is made from the generally-adopted signification. But unfortunately our author is all in the vague on this point. Stating the purport of his book, he says :

I have been urged to give, in a new form, separate from any special reference to Holy Scripture, a concise proof of miraculous operation in the world ; operation sometimes effected by the use of natural means, sometimes without any apparent means whatever. . . . I endeavour to show that miracles are the source and foundation of nature, underlie all nature, are everywhere and interpenetrate all things ; that the abnormal and eccentric are not only possible, but actual ; that the mystery of miracles is only another more secret form of the many mysteries with which men of science are already familiar : mysteries in marvels of human consciousness, in natural symbols, in the interactions, cooperations, counteractions of cosmic agencies.

This is a wide use of the word miracle, to begin with, and subsequent limitations are made practically of no effect. Thus the author says :

Miracles are created acts of God, supernatural operations in nature's domain, new things of which unaided nature is incapable. . . . The beginning of nature was miraculous, and so is the continuance. Nature is that expression of definite, ever-progressing order, in which no time and no place are without interference, and in which everything exists for the sake of something else. Nature is that sphere wherein all the

visible came from the invisible, unto which it is returning; the invisible ever interfering with the visible, the visible ever re-entering the invisible. Nature continues to be nature because of this everlasting interference.

If the beginning of everything is a miracle, if its continuation is a miracle, if each step forward in the world's progress is a miracle, and if, as we are expressly told, "the whole is a splendid aggregate of miracles," what exactly is meant by "unaided nature?" So once more we grasp at a sentence that shall tell us how the miraculous is marked off from the non-miraculous. Here is what we have got this time:

A miracle is unusual Divine action; natural law is habitual Divine action.

Is this a real difference? No, for we are told immediately afterwards, that the supposed difference is due to an act of oblivion on our part.

The natural is indeed a continual miracle, but, being prolonged, its supernaturalism is not noted.

And again:

The difference between a miracle, which differs from the ordinary course of nature, and an event in accordance with that course, is, that the miracle quickly brings us face to face with the unknown, and the common event passes through various observed antecedents. Whatever exists, whether by many, few, or no media—is a result of action from the great centre—is a miracle.

If such really be the case, it is rather meaningless to go on and say:

It seems reasonable to think that, were our powers so enlarged that we looked into the essence of things and discerned their real causes, we should find that miracles are the rule, not the exception.

A like vagueness of usage is noticeable with regard to the term "supernatural." The author calls each grade of created existence supernatural in reference to the grade below. A crystal is supernatural in comparison with amorphous matter; a vegetable in comparison with a crystal; an animal in comparison with a vegetable, and so on. This extension of the word is far more calculated to produce confusion than to serve a good purpose, especially in a book that is mainly directed against naturalism in its more ordinary sense.

We have to regret, throughout Mr. Reynolds' well-intentioned

book, similar inaccuracies of language and inconsistencies of thought. If he had enjoyed the advantage of a training in the schools of Catholic theology, he would have been more alive to that need of precision which at present spoils his otherwise useful writings.

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#### 6.—LEMUEL.<sup>1</sup>

*Similia similibus curantur* is a rule which may be applied to many other things besides medicine, and the way to prevent people from reading the numerous fashionable novels of the present day which contain a great deal that is objectionable, is to provide them with light reading, which though fashionable and amusing, contains no deleterious element.

The book before us is an attempt—and a most successful one—in this direction. It strikingly reminds us of the works of the great Conservative Leader lately taken from among us; indeed, it is hardly too much to say that his mantle has fallen upon the Author of *Lemuel*. There is the same airy cynicism and acute observation, the same delightful blending of romance and reality, of touches intensely true to nature with things most highly improbable, of real feeling and utter worldliness, which make the writings of Lord Beaconsfield so irresistibly attractive.

Lemuel Levenson, the hero of the novel before us, is a person of humble origin, possessed of brilliant talents and unbounded self-confidence. An accident which occurs to the Duchess of Shetland is the means of enabling him to take his first step upward on the social ladder; he stops the runaway horses belonging to that lady's carriage, and thus brings himself under her notice and that of her niece, Lady Muriel Bellecourt, whom he ultimately marries. He dines at Shetland House, and there makes the acquaintance of a number of persons who introduce him into society. Among these is Mrs. Daphne Bland, the young wife of an old and gouty husband.

Of her abode and manner of life we have an amusing description.

Daphne Bland had a pretty little house in Mayfair. Situate in one of those streets where pretty little houses abound, it had nothing to distinguish it exteriorly from its neighbours; but within, it was coquettish all over. When you entered there was an atmosphere of

<sup>1</sup> *Lemuel, the Romance of Politics*. By the Author of *Cynthia*. Two vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1883.

refined luxury that found expression in a profusion of Turkish rugs and Persian mats and screens from Japan; and in the subdued lights were to be distinguished well-stuffed couches and cushions of eider-down, and quiet unpretending nooks and quaint corners deftly arranged for two. It was the house of a widow rather than of a married couple, and Daphne was in fact enjoying in advance some part of that freedom to which in the course of nature she looked forward some day. Not that her husband attempted to exercise over her any unusual or unreasonable restraint, if we may except the ban upon dancing; but she was tired of their quiet life together, their early hours, their silent breakfasts, their wearisome dinners. When her husband was confined to his room by his periodical fits of gout, Daphne was wont to snap her fingers, and make holiday; and a fast supper-party not uncommonly marked a more acute stage of his disorder (vol. i. p. 67).

The fashionable follies and weaknesses of the day are lashed with an unsparing hand. The episode which concerns Egidia, Mrs. Mowbray's only daughter, is one of the most diverting of the whole book.

Egidia had been dancing with Lord Cotswold, but she had danced with him through ten seasons and nothing had yet come of it. She was tired of Lord Cotswold. They met every night, and he gaped and giggled from the beginning of the ball to the end, supper alone excepted, and then he gobbled . . . For her the last season in London had been a disheartening failure. It was her tenth, and she had done her best and effected nothing. And at the close of a tenth season a girl's symptoms become serious. Her very worldliness is a weariness to her at last; it has lost its freshness, its frivolity has forfeited its flavour. Is there none to deliver her from herself, and restore her peace? (pp. 83, 160.)

Then there is a delicious description of the gossip of an ex-parson and man-about-town, who was denominated "the Dowager's Delight," on account of his aptitude for picking up and retailing pieces of detraction and calumnious stories.

Miniver Green was altogether in his element when narrating a social scandal of this kind, more especially when, as in the present case, the parties concerned were his friends. Tales such as this are, indeed, the tit-bits of the boudoir gastronomie. On them he thrives and grows fat, and founds a reputation. It is the sort of gossip that pleases the most; it needs no effort of the mind to take it in; it is pleasure without alloy; and to the laughter-loving the hour so spent is the most grateful of the day. It is the social chatter that is, beyond all other, acceptable, for it is at once gratifying and grotesque. The troubles of our neighbours,

and more particularly of our intimates, have a flavour and solace in them at all times; but when tinged with humour, they are past price. They refresh and exhilarate, and, as the narrative proceeds, men hold their sides (vol. ii. p. 115).

But we are wandering away from our hero, who became Private Secretary to Lord Beauport, and for some time was contented to write that nobleman's parliamentary speeches for him, and thus enable him to gain a reputation in the House which he could not have acquired for himself. Ere long, however, Lemuel contrived adroitly to supplant his patron at an election, and get returned to Parliament in his stead. The new member's brilliant oratory soon attracts attention, and before many months are over, a place in the Cabinet is the reward of some signal services he has been the means of rendering the Government. The successful adventurer now asks and obtains the hand of Lady Muriel, and the sincere and devoted affection of these two affords a charming contrast to the heartlessness of all the other characters in the book. Into the details of the wife's early and tragic death, and the husband's overwhelming sorrow we have not space to enter. For a long time he gropes blindly in the darkness of his grief, but finally finds his way to the light of truth, is received into the Church, and joins the Society of Jesus. The following is the Jesuit's description of the life of members of his Order.

If you think that it is not a happy life, you are mistaken. The performance of duty, even though it be rigid, is full of gladness: and it is thus that, unlike the common experience of the world, with us life brightens as it draws to a close. When our shoulders bend at last beneath the weight of years and labour, then the sun comes forth and the birds begin to sing; for the winter is past, the harvest is ripe, and the golden fruits are already on the trees. We feel like schoolboys released for the holidays—we know that we are going home (vol. ii. p. 237).

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#### 7.—THE TEMPLE.<sup>1</sup>

Attention has lately been called to the fact, that the public cares nothing for reprints; and this is a fact that need not cause surprise, because the due appreciation of what was written to meet the wants and gratify the tastes of another period, demands

<sup>1</sup> *The Temple*. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. George Herbert. Facsimile reprint of the edition of 1633. With an Introductory Essay by the author (John Inglesant).

an effort of which the public is found incapable. It was accordingly a wise thing for the author of *John Inglesant*, who on a bright Easter morning received an invitation to recommend to this same public a reprint of *The Temple*, to spare us all the effort he could by furnishing a ready-made estimate of the peculiar direction these poems have given to Anglican piety. It is our belief, however, that the estimate furnished is not a wise one.

As a poet, we are told, George Herbert is not to be compared either with Henry Vaughan or John Keble, and yet the note he struck has never ceased to vibrate. He and his followers had a special mission: it was for them to appropriate and exemplify that exquisite refinement, which is the gift and the mark of the National Church. "They showed the English people what a fine gentleman, who was also a Christian and a Churchman, might be. They set the tone of the Church of England, and they revealed with no inefficient or temporary effect to the uncultured and unlearned the true refinement of worship. They united delicacy of taste in the choice of ornament and of music with culture of expression and of reserve, and they showed that this was not incompatible with devoted work and life."

We are further informed that the Church of England has produced a culture unequalled in the world beside, has bridged over with most success the great gulf fixed between the rich and the poor, and is still, under adverse circumstances, ever diffusive of refinement, not without the special seal of approbation from on High. "This exquisite Church, delicate with the scent of violet and Lent-lily, and with the country places which God made, and not man—eschewing alike the gaudiness of one ritual and the excitement and noise of other appeals to the uncultivated—still holds forth in town precincts and back alleys and courts this gospel of refinement and sacred culture, apparently so alien to the people among whom its lot is cast." To represent such a Church, no one of course could be better fitted than "the ascetic priest, who was also a fine gentleman, with his fine cloth, his cambric fall, and his delicate hands."

Now it is quite certain, that for more than a century the poems of George Herbert were admired and cherished as a storehouse of pious thought and a guide to Christian devotion. It is also just as certain that his book was prized rather as a manual of meditation than as a collection of sacred songs, that the

poetry is not likely to be ever popular again, that its strength and reality of feeling is but too often blurred by mere trickery of ornamentation, that in melody of rhythm and happiness of phrasing it is seldom continuous, that there is scarcely a line to set alongside of "all music is but three parts vied, and multiplied." The poetry being of this stamp, is it reasonable to cast the whole burden of the work it has achieved and the success it has won upon its temper of refinement?

Only look at the question more closely. This body of poetry, so long as it held sway, supplied a want. It was at that time the best and fairest manifestation of a craving for that Catholic truth, of which earnestly religious minds are not to be deprived. In those days, the truth could but be whispered as "the secret of a land very far off;" it was as a faint gleam of comfort to which the heart of man still clung, but which his eye dared not gaze at or his hand point to. If ever the lowly were to be raised and the weary at rest, it was for poetry to wind itself about religion in such a way as to heighten the force and attraction of both. If the far-off land was ever to be neared, refinement was the one medium of approach.

Only take up and read the poems themselves; only stay awhile and see how George Herbert exercises his soul in the love of the Word Incarnate, how he yearns to discover some abiding reality in the altar and the Sacrifice, how he wants so much yet forbears (not as forbidden, but for lack of injunction) to pay homage to all angels and saints, and still more to the "Blessed Maid and Mother of my God," how he rejoices in the might of the Apostles and how he trembles at the dignity of the priesthood, how he detects a virtue in the floor, the windows, the monuments of the house of God,—and lastly, how instinctively he feels the danger of riches:

For gold and grace did never yet agree :  
Religion always sides with poverty.

Man is God's image : but a poor man is  
Christ's stamp to boot.

Does not all this point to something more than the cambric fall of sacred refinement? Does it not embody a spirit other than that peculiar to Anglicanism? If so, endeavour to find an explanation of the power and success of George Herbert's work, which shall be more just and satisfactory than that which the author of *John Inglesant* has found for you.

8.—PRINCIPLES OF HISTORICAL CRITICISM.<sup>1</sup>

P. de Smedt's work is a reprint, with some important additions, of a series of articles that appeared in 1869 and 1870 in the *Études Religieuses* of Paris. The articles attracted much attention at the time, and P. de Smedt, in republishing them in a more permanent form, has conferred a real boon on Catholic students of history.

Probably the average English Protestant would say that a writer of saints' lives was the most unlikely man in the world either to know or to care much about sound historical criticism. There is an impression in many minds that the Catholic Church is about equally afraid of modern historical and scientific methods. M. Ernest Renan gave expression to some such idea when he told a London audience, three years ago, that : "Our age is the age of history, for it is the age of doubt as to dogma."<sup>2</sup> Doubtless not a few readers will take up P. de Smedt's little volume with the expectation of finding that if the author says anything about historical criticism, it will be mainly for the purpose of introducing an attack upon some anti-Catholic historian. Such readers will find to their surprise that our Bollandist's book is really what it professes to be—not a controversial pamphlet, but a sound, clear summary of the rules which must guide the historical student if his labours are to have any solid result. If P. de Smedt refers to contemporary writers it is to illustrate, by practical applications, the principles that he has laid down. He protests against loose, unscholarlike methods whether employed by anti-Catholic writers, or by Catholics, whose zeal for the defence of the truth is not equalled by their knowledge of facts or their critical ability. In a word the practical moral of the book is this—we Catholics have nothing to fear from the results of historical studies, but everything to gain if we will only pursue them with patience, intelligence, and the frank and fearless spirit of men who know that the truth is on their side.

At the very outset P. de Smedt remarks that we may say of the critical method, what has been said of liberty—that the world has heard more of the excesses committed in its name than of its benefits. Many a good Catholic thinks of

<sup>1</sup> *Principes de la Critique Historique.* Par le P. Ch. de Smedt, S.J., Bollandiste. Liège, Librairie de la Société Bibliographique Belge, 1883.

<sup>2</sup> *Hibbert Lectures of 1880* ; Lecture of April 14.



it chiefly as the assailant of cherished beliefs, the ally of aggressive scepticism. But this is to confound the abuse with the use, and to overlook the services that have been rendered to the Church by men who have worked with a sound critical spirit. P. de Smedt instances the labours of the Commendatore J. B. de Rossi; but for his own official position, he might have appealed with good reason to those of the Belgian Bollandists. He dwells upon the necessity of the solid methodical study of history, if we are to be in a position to meet the objections urged against the Church on historical grounds. The loose reply improvised on the spur of the moment to meet a difficulty is worth very little, and is only too likely to excite the contempt of an opponent who has studied the matter in question, and even to make shipwreck of the faith of Catholics who see such feeble defences beaten down by some non-Catholic historian. P. de Smedt gives point to his protest by instancing the arguments of certain apologists with reference to the affair of Galileo. Once the real facts of the case were clearly made out there was nothing to cause any serious difficulty, yet more than one writer, without taking sufficient pains to master the facts, rushed into arguments that were completely beside the point at issue.

At the same time he protests equally, and in noble words, against any assumption by Catholics of the spirit of cold indifference to the issue of their researches. The judicial spirit of criticism does not imply this. The Catholic student can have no other object than the glory of God and His Church and the good of souls. "We are convinced," he says, "that the conquests of learning must end in the triumph of revealed truth and of the Church which is its witness: and as reason and experience teach us that anything like subterfuge can only prevent or retard that triumph, whatever may be the immediate profit to be derived from it, we feel that we cannot too indignantly reject anything like an alliance with falsehood, or insist too much on sincerity of word and impartiality of judgment as an imperious duty in history as in everything else."

We must select for special praise the chapters on the study of the sources of history, and on the authenticity and interpretation of documents. They are clear, concise, and to the point, and the course of study traced out for a young student is a thoroughly practical one. We almost regret that P. de Smedt has not more fully indicated existing collections of

"sources" in his notes,<sup>3</sup> or given in an appendix the lists of documents already published in his Latin Introduction to Ecclesiastical History. The chapters on the much abused negative argument are also well worthy of note. Not the least interesting part of the book is made up of the practical illustrations, such, for instance, as the statement, short but complete, of the reasons for accepting the tradition of St. Peter's rule at Rome, and the no less conclusive demolition of the Abbé Darras' attempt to defend the alleged baptism of Constantine at Rome by St. Sylvester. Some of the chapters are enlivened by amusing anecdotes, such as that of the Spanish "St. Viar," with which we may bring this notice to a close: "In the time of Urban the Eighth there arrived at Rome a petition from a church in Spain, asking for indulgences for the feast of a certain St. Viar, of whom, it was asserted, this church possessed the body. The Pope was surprised at the name not having been heard of before, and before granting anything, he wished to know on what evidence the cultus of the alleged saint reposed. The result of the inquiry was to show, that all the proofs might be reduced to the fact, that at the place, where he was supposed to be buried, there was a stone on which might be read his name clearly inscribed—S. VIAR. The stone was carefully examined by specialists more skilled than the clergy and people of a little Spanish town, and without much difficulty these scholars found out the traces of an inscription almost entirely effaced, making mention of a certain *præfectus* S. VIARum, or prefect of the public roads in the days of the Roman Empire. Naturally no more was said about the indulgences and the feast."

<sup>3</sup> One of P. de Smedt's notes will be of interest to English readers. "Parmi les inventaires d'archives," he says, "un modèle difficile à surpasser est offert dans la magnifique collection des *Calendars of State Papers* publiés aux frais du gouvernement anglais."

## *Literary Record.*

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THOSE who take an interest in higher Catholic education will welcome the reprint from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of Dr. Molloy's paper on "The Catholic University of Ireland: a short notice of its new organization and future prospects."<sup>1</sup> Within the compass of a few pages the new Rector gives us a clear sketch of a scheme resulting from some recent deliberations of the Irish Episcopal body on the subject of Higher Catholic Education. The main idea of this scheme is that the Catholic University shall "consist in future not of one College only but of several, which, while retaining their own separate and independent organizations, shall cooperate together for the advancement of Higher Catholic Education." Of these Colleges Maynooth is to be the chief-seat of Theology and Philosophy, and degrees in these faculties are, we believe, to be there solemnly conferred on the occasion of the Annual Meeting of the Bishops. As regards Colleges in Arts, the qualification required for aggregation is that every such College shall possess at least fifteen students matriculated in the Royal University. To this latter also, at least for the present, the Catholic University will send up its students for degrees, prizes, and exhibitions in Arts, Medicine, Engineering, and Law. We heartily join in the spirit of hopeful anticipation in which the new Rector regards the working and further development of this new organization. That he has excellent grounds for such hope will at once appear, we think, from a perusal of his *Notice*, whose pages, we hardly need add, are marked by that elegance and lucidity of exposition which most of our readers, doubtless, have already recognized in the gifted author of *Geology and Revelation*.

Within the limits of a modest pamphlet of sixty pages Mr. Baigent has here given us a very complete history of the great

<sup>1</sup> *The Catholic University of Ireland.* By Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

Cistercian Abbey of Waverly.<sup>2</sup> It must have been a magnificent fabric, exceeding in its dimensions several of our cathedrals, and almost identical in its measurements with those of the celebrated church of Fountains Abbey, the ruins of which excite so much admiration. Waverly was founded in 1128, and its history is here traced from that year to the disastrous summer of 1536, when it was dissolved to gratify the revenge of Henry the Eighth and the cupidity of his hungry courtiers.

The author of this work has spared no pains to make it worthy of the subject which it describes. The Registers of the Bishops of Winchester have been examined and are frequently quoted, the unprinted treasures of the Record Office and the British Museum have been laid under contribution, and the other usual sources of information have been consulted. Mr. Baigent would do a good work if he would continue the inquiry in the direction which he has here begun so successfully; and for this undertaking the diocese of Winchester would afford him ample and valuable material. We shall welcome any future work which he may be inclined to publish if it be as satisfactory as that to which we now invite the attention of the reader.

*My Story*<sup>3</sup> is a praiseworthy, and, on the whole, fairly successful endeavour to add one more readable novel to our happily increasing stock of such literature. This little tale will obtain a circulation all the wider that, whilst perfectly healthy and even religious in tone and principle throughout, there is nothing forced or strained about its unmistakeably religious character. The story possesses very much to interest its readers in the shape of striking situations and telling episodes, capable sometimes, perhaps, of a more artistic treatment than they have received at the author's hands. Its pages are not always quite free from grammatical and verbal inaccuracies, which detract from an otherwise highly meritorious performance. There is observable also in some of the chapters an absence of literary repose, which to an unimpressible reader may possibly seem to amount to "gush." But these few blemishes notwithstanding, we have in *My Story* a more than sufficiently readable and a thoroughly Catholic little novel.

If absolutely all roads do not lead to Rome, those which do lead there are many and very various. In *From Darkness to*

<sup>2</sup> *The Abbey and Church of the Blessed Mary of Waverly, near Farnham, in the county of Surrey.* By Francis Joseph Baigent. London, 1882. 8vo.

<sup>3</sup> *My Story.* A Narrative of the Present Century. Founded on fact. London: Burns and Oates.

*Light*<sup>4</sup> we have the story of a lady's conversion. It well exemplifies the truth that conversion is a work of gr<sup>ace</sup>, and gr<sup>ace</sup> chooses its own methods of dealing with individual souls without very much regard for formal logic. "I understand now, as I could not then, that if I was to be led into the Church it would not be by controversy. . . . Rev. Mother Vincent put forward no arguments, but simply said she would pray for me." The circumstances in which the writer of *From Darkness to Light* was placed were too individual to afford much guidance to others. But her little story points a useful moral. The royal road to conversion, if there be one, is prayer, and to gain supernatural ends the most unlikely *natural* means are as efficacious in the hands of God as the most likely.

Dr. O'Farrell's admirable pamphlet on Christian Education<sup>5</sup> deserves to be read and studied on this side the Atlantic as well as in America. He points out with telling force and in graphic English the duties of parents to their children in these days of licence, the all-importance of their schools, the miseries which flow from bad reading and bad companions. Every word of it is applicable to England, and we only wish our space allowed of quotations from its weighty pages. We must quote a line or two on bad reading :

We see every day the evil effects of such reading, crimes most serious and most vile committed under its influence ; children abandoning their homes for wild adventures, boys learning dishonesty, girls losing their purity....It is from it that evils worse even than drunkenness flow. Irreligion, impiety, infidelity, are some of its fruits. Yet how many fathers care nothing, do nothing, to save their children ! How few, even Catholic parents, supply good books, good newspapers, interesting histories for them ! (p. 30.)

A more beautiful pastoral we never read.

The *Report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language*<sup>6</sup> tells of a considerable increase in the Irish-speaking population of Ireland, and that in spite of a diminution of population, while the inhabitants of Ireland diminished a quarter of a million in the last decade, there are one hundred and seventy thousand more who speak their ancient tongue.

<sup>4</sup> *From Darkness to Light*. By M. J. H. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son, 1883.

<sup>5</sup> *Pastoral Letter of the Right Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, D.D., Bishop of Trenton, on Christian Education*. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

<sup>6</sup> *Report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language*. 9, Kildare Street, Dublin.

The Society has done its work mainly by stimulating the energy of teachers, among whom the Christian Brothers have especially distinguished themselves in promoting the study of Irish.

*The Loves which Reign in the Heart of Mary*,<sup>7</sup> a little book issued with the approbation and recommendation of the Bishop of Nottingham, has an attractive quaintness and simplicity which reminds us of the good old-fashioned books of English devotion. It is full of beautiful thoughts and pious aspirations. It consists of thirty-one phases of the many-sided loves of our Blessed Lady, and is admirably suited for spiritual reading and meditation during the month of May. It is apparently the work of some of the good religious of the Convent at Hyson Green, Nottingham, and all our Lady's true lovers will read it with pleasure and profit.

In our last number we mentioned the issue of Mr. de Lisle's outspoken and vigorous protest against the Affirmation Bill. It is now published,<sup>8</sup> and we hope it may be of real service in influencing public opinion by rousing all who call themselves Christians to oppose the Bill. Mr. de Lisle's main argument is that the exclusion of atheists from Parliament is no violation of the rights of conscience, because in the atheist the light of reason is darkened, and he "cannot see with the fulness of natural light requisite to enable him to perform the functions of legislating for the welfare of his fellow-men" (p. 74). He therefore has no right to legislate. He holds opinions pernicious to society, and that therefore society has a right to punish him. On one theological point Mr. de Lisle is not quite exact. To deny God, he says, is "tainted with falsehood, which is stupidity if it be innocent, wickedness if it be done with full consciousness" (p. 71). Here he is too lenient to the atheist. A denial of God cannot be innocent in any man possessed of reason. If he has sufficient intelligence to be responsible for his acts, he has also sufficient to know that God exists. But this is a point of theology we cannot enter into here—only Mr. de Lisle might have strengthened his case if he had insisted on it.

Kashgaria, which is better known to Europeans as Eastern Turkistan, lies to the north of Thibet and north-east of Cashmere and the Punjab. Formerly an independent kingdom, it has recently fallen into the hands of the Chinese. It may be of

<sup>7</sup> *The Loves which Reign in the Heart of Mary*. For our Lady's true lovers. Richardson, London and Derby.

<sup>8</sup> *The Parliamentary Oath*. By Edwin de Lisle. Allen and Co., Waterloo Place.

importance to us hereafter in our relations with Russia, as may be gathered from the following words of the Russian author of the book<sup>9</sup> before us. "The desire of the English to include Kashgaria in a neutral zone which should separate their possessions in India from the Russians in Turkestan, induced them to resort to the same measures in the case of Kashgaria as they have long practised in other countries. Such measures have for their object the making of the neutral zone in question as impenetrable as possible for Russians, should the latter be forced to advance their frontiers in Asia still further towards the south" (p. 191—2). The amount of information contained in Mr. Gowan's book is very great, and will be found of value to those interested in our Indian Empire.

The Granville Series of Reading Books<sup>10</sup> have so recommended themselves to those skilled in education that several of them have been adopted by the London and other School Boards. The *Senior Poetical Reader* seems to be one of the best of the whole series. The pieces are interesting, classical, varied, and good specimens of their authors. A very brief account of each author heads the pieces from his pen, and short simple notes explain difficult words and allusions. The fact that the present edition is the tenth is sufficient evidence of the value of the selection.

One of the best methods by which a book can come into its perfect form of existence is by growth from the humbler and unpretentious guise of a pamphlet. It shows that the author was originally modest, and that the public rated his work more highly than he himself did. This is certainly the case with what we do not hesitate to call Mr. Allnatt's standard work<sup>11</sup> on the most important subject of the evidence for the Papacy in early times. The present edition, which we hope will not be the last, has grown into a handsome little volume, invaluable to the controversialist and the theologian, and most useful for educated men inquiring after truth or anxious to know the positive testimony of Christian antiquity in favour of Papal claims.

<sup>9</sup> *Kashgaria: Historical and Geographical Sketch of the Country. Its military strength, industries, and trade.* Translated from the Russian by Major W. E. Gowan. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, and Co.

<sup>10</sup> *The Senior Poetical Reader, for School and Home Use* (Granville Series). Burns and Oates. Tenth edition.

<sup>11</sup> *Cathedra Petri; or, The Titles and Prerogatives of St. Peter and of his See and Successors.* By C. F. B. Allnatt. Third edition, revised and much enlarged. Burns and Oates, 1883.

## II.—MAGAZINES.

It is impossible and perhaps unnecessary in our limited space to do more than glance at the contents of the *Dublin Review*, and sometimes indicate any article that seems to us of special interest. Such an article is Bishop Clifford's learned and able rejoinder to the criticisms of his *Theory of Creation*. Whether we agree with him or not, he certainly is most successful in keeping the ball rolling of an useful and interesting discussion, and he holds his own at least on some of the points where he has been attacked, *e.g.*, in his explanation of *yōm* as necessarily measuring a day of twenty-four hours when bearing a numeral prefixed. On the general theory of Genesis c. i. being a "consecration of the days of the week to the memory of creation," and not an historical narrative, we will not express an opinion; perhaps we may ere long devote an article to the subject ourselves. Of the other articles, "Trollope's Novels" is an excellent piece of literary criticism, and Mr. Cox's clear exposition of the change recently effected in the legal status of married women, and the inevitable results which will flow from it, is well worth reading. We regret the violence with which Mr. Daunt writes; it is an error of policy to give a fierce heading and a fierce opening to an article intended to convince. Even Englishmen who recognize as true the ill-advised nature of the Union, are not likely to be favourably impressed by being told, before they have read half-a-dozen lines of the article, that "the Union robs Ireland," is a "gigantic swindle," and was effected by "diabolical" means.

The American *Catholic Quarterly Review*, though it has a wide circulation in America, is unfortunately but little known in Europe. The present number is full of interest, and the articles bear names which are in themselves a guarantee for their literary and scientific value. First of all, Professor Mivart contributes a paper on "A Limit to Evolution." Then Bishop O'Connor gives his weighty testimony to the fallacies, miseries, and dangers of Socialism. Mr. W. J. Onahan, the well-known leader of public opinion in Chicago, shows how the Church ever fostered the spread of education, although modern indifferentism falsely arrogates to itself the monopoly of it, while Father Strappini adduces a new and most ingenious proof of the Primacy of St. Peter from the symbolism of the Apocalypse. We wish we could give more space to the notice of these and other equally



admirable articles. It is most gratifying to see how American Catholics are pushing forward Catholic literature, and this Review is an excellent instance of their energy and determination to succeed.

In the opening article of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* for March, Father Langhorst points to the fact that the professors of the comparative science of religion have already outrun their leader, and instead of assigning to Christianity the place of *primus inter pares*, allotted to it by the originator of the science, Professor Max Müller, a more impartial classification of the various religions of the world would place all upon a level. The truth of each being now seen to be subjective and not objective, the absurd myths of paganism must be deserving of the same respectful consideration as the Gospel miracles, and have an equal claim on the faith of those of whose creed they form a part, and a supernatural origin must be granted or denied to all alike. The subterranean dwellings recently discovered in Bavaria and Southern Austria, already mentioned in the pages of the *Stimmen*, are again brought under our notice, and a somewhat detailed description of their interior arrangement given from the report of Father Karner, O.S.B., who was at great pains to explore them. Curious niches cut in the walls appear to have been destined, some to hold lamps—as the blackened state of the roof above testifies—others for sepulchral urns, or merely as a guide to gropers finding their way in the darkness; no remains of any importance have been discovered, and the uses for which the caves were originally constructed and to which they were subsequently applied remains conjectural, except in as far as some Latin inscriptions lead to the belief that certain monks took refuge in them during the Hussite War. Father Baumgartner continues his sketches in the Netherlands, taking the town of Breda for his subject. The growing interest felt in the Westphalian poetess Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, and the increasing appreciation of her literary productions shown by all parties in Germany, has induced Father Kreiten to commence a series of articles upon the growth and development of her genius. The first gives an attractive description of her early life under the careful training of her excellent parents, and the influences exercised upon her in the healthy atmosphere of a happy home, where “culture” was not considered incompatible with Christianity. The writer has had the advantage of access to remains hitherto unpublished,

and promises a continuation of the subject, as well as the appearance of a more extensive and complete biography of the poetess, which is, we are told, in the course of preparation, and to which these sketches are intended as an introduction.

The revival of the study of St. Thomas Aquinas throughout all countries of Europe, and especially in Germany, is hailed by the *Katholik* as a sign most hopeful for the future, since its result will be to restore the Angelic Doctor to the primacy which of right belongs to him, not only in the realm of theology but also in that of philosophy and science. We find in its pages, besides an article in which the opinions of medieval philosophers on the creation of the world or the eternity of matter are compared with the teaching of the Angelic Doctor, a notice of the successful prize-essay on the proofs of the existence of God, drawn from the arguments of St. Thomas, and published under the title: "Nature, Reason, and God." The prize was offered by the Görres-gesellschaft of Munich, as an incentive to and encouragement of Thomistic theology. Dr. Hergenröther contributes an article on ecclesiastical law with regard to the dissolution of marriage. The *Katholik* also comments on the canon of last July regulating the translation of moveable feasts, whereby the complications and difficulties arising from the unavoidable transfer of one of two feasts which happen to fall on the same day are greatly simplified and in part removed. Attention is also drawn to the termination of the meritorious labours of Cardinal Pitra, who—already well known through his works on ecclesiastical law and Church history—has for some time past been engaged in collecting from various European libraries the MSS. of St. Hildegard. The writings of this inspired prophetess of the twelfth century, long hidden under the dust of ages, contain much valuable matter, and their publisher earns for himself the gratitude alike of theologian, savant, and scientist.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (No. 787) comments on the recent Encyclical addressed by the Holy Father to the Spanish Episcopate, wherein he urges unity of action amongst Catholics to resist the inroads of the anti-Christian spirit which is invading even that truly Catholic and noble nation, and aiming at emancipation from all authority. The past greatness of Spain was attributable to the right relations being maintained between Church and State, and the divorce between religion and politics which a Liberal Government strives to effect must prove fatal

to a nation, since religion is to society what the soul is to the body. The pretensions put forward on behalf of the King of Italy to nominate Bishops to vacant sees calls forth an indignant protest from the *Civiltà*. This unwarrantable claim is grounded on the fact of the royal assent being asked in confirmation of the nomination, but the right of exequatur is only a concession of comparatively recent date, a mere compliment, and may be withdrawn by the Holy See if abused to the destruction, not used to the edification of the Church. The right of electing its own rulers is essential to the liberty of a corporate body, and thus the nomination of bishops is the sole right of the Church, though it may be conceded by the Pope to a Sovereign, and extended to his successors of the same dynasty. For three reasons it could not be possessed by the present ruler of Italy: (1) It was never conceded to his dynasty; (2) had he possessed it as King of Naples, it would have been lost to him by the excommunication incurred by his usurpation of Rome; (3) by appropriation of the revenues of the see the patron forfeits his right to nominate. This fresh pretension only further proves the laws guaranteeing independence to the Church to have been a bulwark of sand, which the tide of liberalism washes away. The campaigns of Nabuchodonosor in Arabia and Egypt form the subject of another article.

## *A Personal Visit to distressed Ireland.*

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IT was soon after sunrise on a fine spring morning that I sailed into the rippling waters of Kingstown Bay. All round the horizon the blue sky was but chequered with passing clouds—all around, save in front of us, where a thick dark mass of cloud was brooding heavily over the land we were approaching. It was impossible not to see in it a symbol of the condition of poor Erin. A dark cloud—moral, social, political—hangs over the Emerald Isle. What is it has gathered the darkness and the distress over the land of St. Patrick's children? Why is it that famine swoops down upon her, not once or twice, but over and over again, in these days when material resources have filled other lands with plenty? How is it that we have the sad story of an almost chronic destitution? How is it that outbreaks of violence and murder, in a country where other crimes are comparatively unknown, make the whole civilized world stand aghast in horror and dismay? How is it that the most Catholic nation in Christendom lives in a constant state of hostility to the power that governs her; and priests and bishops, while they strive to keep their people within the bounds which the law of God prescribes, have nevertheless taken part in the outcry of national discontent? How is it that so warm-hearted, affectionate, devoted a nation regards each boon which England grants her as a spoil won from the enemy: sees in it no claim to her gratitude, but considers it as extorted only by fear and as a ground for fresh and increased demands? Who is it that is to blame for the famine, distress, disaffection—for the murders, the outrages, the secret societies, the revolt against authority? These questions could not but occur to me as I drew near to Ireland: questions easy to ask, but far more difficult to answer.

I am not going to attempt to answer them in the following pages. I am only going to state facts which cannot be denied: inferences I leave to my readers. If here and there I indicate

a solution of some branch of the intricate question which at the present moment is of such intense interest to the whole world—of such absorbing interest to Great Britain and America as well as to Ireland itself—I will do my best to state my opinion as dispassionately and impartially as I can. I ask my Irish readers to remember that I am a loyal Englishman, loving my country. I ask my English readers to remember that I am but stating those things which I have seen and heard. I ask both one and the other to remember that I am no politician, and disclaim any part or lot in matters political. My visit to Ireland was undertaken in order that I might form on the spot, so far as I could, a well balanced opinion of the reality and of the causes of Irish distress and destitution, and might lay before the readers of *THE MONTH* the results I gathered there. With distress and destitution all must sympathize, to whatever nation they belong, whatever their views or politics, whatever their opinion as to the origin of the misery that oppresses the famine stricken districts of Ireland. Here at least is common ground for all, and it is on this common ground that I claim their consideration and forbearance.

It was useless to attempt in the very limited time at my disposal to traverse more than a fractional part of the districts where famine now prevails. A hurried visit to a large expanse of country may enable a visitor to speak as from a wide experience, but practically such a visitor has no sort of insight into the real condition of the people through whose country he has made his rapid passage. He knows little more of them than the ordinary English tourist knows of the habits and customs, the character and the disposition, of the inhabitants of Italy or Syria, when he is conveyed through those countries on some monster excursion by the *employés* of Mr. Cook. For this reason I chose only a small area in a single county. I confined myself almost entirely to Mayo, and to those parts of Mayo where I learned that the land was the poorest, the poverty the greatest, the country most uneasy and unsettled. The best proof that my choice was well directed was that I found myself in the very centre of the district chosen by the Emigration Committee as the scene of their labours, and as furnishing the largest number of those whom dire distress forced to seek in distant lands those material resources which had failed them in the country of their birth.

In my visits to the huts of the poor I always took care to

have the priest of the parish as my guide. Those who know Ireland are aware of the close and intimate relation existing between the parish priest and his people. He is not only their spiritual guide and pastor, but their counsellor in the every day affairs of life, he is their father, their friend, their consoler in trouble, their refuge if they are in distress. They look to him as their natural leader, and it is one of the worst evils that could befall Ireland if the illegal agitator or the agent of the secret societies were to draw the people aside from their loyal allegiance to the priest. The priest knows their circumstances, their history, has often watched them from childhood to youth, and from youth to middle age. He is at every one's beck and call—*servus servorum Dei*. In return, his word is law; he wields an *altum dominium*, a right of universal sovereignty. The poor address him with that curious mixture of familiar banter and submissive reverence that is almost unintelligible to an Englishman. He issues his orders in a tone which might be domineering, were it not that the very tone of command sounds gratefully in their obedient ears. He takes them to task with a severity and boldness of language which they deprecate with half playful self-defence, but rarely, if ever, resent.

No one who visits Ireland has much chance of really arriving at the truth unless he makes friends with the parish priest. The ill-feeling existing between rulers and ruled makes them dread the visit of a stranger, and while they welcome him with hospitality, they are on their guard against his inquiries, and the replies to his questions will often be most ingenious in their evasiveness. But if the parish priest is there, all fear and suspicion disappears—every detail is given with the most friendly readiness. Misrepresentation has little chance with one who knows their circumstances full well, and the priest has in their eyes a sacredness which is a strong preventive of attempted fraud.

After a couple of days spent in Dublin, of which I need only say that I received everywhere the greatest kindness and hospitality, I started by the morning train from Broad Stone Station for the West. Professor Baldwin, the well-known agriculturist of Dublin, to whose courtesy I owe much of the success of my expedition, had already written a letter on my behalf to Father O'Hara, the parish priest of Ballaghadereen, a little town lying in the centre of one of the congested districts, who very kindly came to meet me at Castlereagh Station, some twelve miles distant from

his home. As we drove along the road we passed a number of groups of men and women returning to their homes from the station. They had been down to escort on the way and bid the last farewells to a batch of emigrants who were on their way to America. Slowly and mournfully they were returning to the hearth whence dire necessity had forced son or daughter to depart. I had not witnessed the parting scene, as the emigrants had left by a train previous to that by which I travelled. But a few days later, at Ballina Station, I had an opportunity of witnessing the sad farewell, and I may perhaps be allowed to break through the story of my visit, and introduce it here. A large crowd, consisting chiefly of the peasant and labouring class, had gathered on the platform, and were collected like a cluster of bees around the carriages which contained the emigrants. It was unlike anything I had ever witnessed. It resembled the scene at an Irish funeral more than anything else. There was the same wailing and moaning of the women, the same silent tears of the men and boys. Sometimes a piercing shriek broke from mother or sister, sometimes the low mournful wail resounded familiar to those who have mixed with the Irish poor in times of sorrow and bereavement, sometimes there was heard that clapping of the hands that seems to Englishmen so strange a mark of sorrow. It was with difficulty that the railway porters, exerting a gentle violence, thrust aside the crowd and closed the carriage doors. When the train had started they ran along by its side as far as they could, shouting, crying, sobbing, waving their handkerchiefs, as a last farewell. For miles along the side of the railway, groups had assembled from hut and village and hamlet to greet their acquaintances, and express their friendly sympathy and wish them God-speed on their way. These scenes of parting are now an every-day occurrence in Ireland, none the less sad because so frequent—nay, all the sadder as one gap after another is left in the little circle. To matter-of-fact, undemonstrative Englishmen, it is hard to understand the intensity of grief with which they bid adieu to those they love.

But I hope to return hereafter to this subject of emigration. I am now concerned with the misery which is the immediate cause of the emigration. My first acquaintance with a congested district—one too which I believe can rarely be surpassed—was in the parish of Loughglin, which lies about half-way between Castlerea and Ballaghaderreen. The priest of the place, the

Rev. John McDermott, kindly guided us through one portion of his wide-spread and thickly-inhabited parish. Poverty in England I had often witnessed, but it was wealth and comfort compared with what I now beheld, not here and there, but in almost every home we visited in the various clusters of huts thickly scattered by the roadside. We enter one of them; it consists of a single room—if room it is to be called. No window is to be seen, no chimney, no fireplace, no furniture. It is a square cavern rather than a room. A few lumps of peat smoulder on the floor, the smoke escaping through the door or forcing its way through the holes in the roof. A decent comely-looking woman gets up from a square box on which she was crouching over the smouldering peat. Tidy she might be called if rags and tidiness are compatible. She brightens at the sight of "Father John," and greets us with the well-bred courtesy of the Irish peasant. "Your Reverences are heartily welcome." A few questions are readily answered. In fact, it is one of the differences between the English and Irish peasant that the latter is pleased with the minutest inquiries into his personal affairs, and, so far from resenting questions Englishmen would consider impertinent, looks upon them as a proof of friendly interest, when asked by one in whom he has confidence.

The questions elicit that she is a widow with three children. She has three acres of land, for which she pays £2 10s., the valuation (Griffith's valuation) being £2 3s. Her husband died two years since, and she has struggled on since then, tilling the land herself, hoping for better times. Her neighbours have helped her a little from time to time, but now the universal distress renders such help impossible. She has nothing in the house to feed the children save a few handfuls of Indian meal. Everything has been disposed of to keep sheer hunger from the door, even the potatoes which would have furnished the coming crop. The hens she had hoped would supply her with eggs, which she would barter for meal, had all died some months since. Everything was gone, and God alone was left to help her.

We again looked around the room, and there was no doubt of the reality of her utter destitution. But where is the bed on which she and her little ones sleep? At the question she looks a little confused, and when we repeat it, she points half apologetically to a heap of straw in one corner of the hut—where an



Englishman would scarce litter his pig. While the cold north-easter sweeps across the plains, and pierces through the chinks and crannies of the ill-constructed hut, that poor woman has not a rag to shelter her shivering little ones, no bed, no blanket, no coverlet in which they can be safe from the rain and wind and draught as they crouch together on the damp straw, hunger within and cold without, distress behind them and famine before them. It was a piteous spectacle, one to move the hardest heart. If intemperance, or recklessness, or crime had been the cause it would have been sad enough, but the woman was sober, honest, intelligent, respectable, seeking to rear her children in the fear of God. If it had been a single instance we might attribute it to some chance circumstance, some series of untoward accidents. But it was only one among hundreds, among thousands, in the villages and hamlets of Western Ireland.

We enter another house, and there the father of the family is at home. There is the same abject poverty, no cow, no pig, only three or four hens that still survive. He has besides his wife and children an aged crone to support, and has nothing to give her. The money he brought home from England last year is all gone. The potato crop had failed him, and now he had nothing but starvation staring him in the face until he gather in the autumn crop. His five acres of land pay a rent of £3 15s., and how he is to pay the rent God only knows. He has five well-grown, intelligent-looking children, but poverty and want are writing their marks upon their childish faces. "The little ones asked for bread, and there was no one to break it to them."<sup>1</sup>

Wherever we go it is the same sad story. Everywhere the same hopeless destitution, the same hungry looks, the same want of any clothing to cover decently the bodies of the poor children, the same scanty supply of Indian meal as the only article of food from which bone and sinew and muscle and tissue and fibre is to be built up. They all told readily their tale of distress. One or two old crones asked for relief, but in general there was no attempt to beg, though they gratefully accepted any trifle given them. Indeed, my experience in Ireland has been that begging was generally a mark that the poverty was not very great. Except in the case of aged and infirm persons I think this was almost universally the case. Fathers and mothers of families, accustomed to rely upon their

<sup>1</sup> Thren. iv. 4.

own exertions for their support, but now brought to the verge of starvation by the failure of their crops and the bad times, rarely if ever asked for relief. In one village where a family begged piteously, and the young and warm-hearted curate who accompanied me was moved by their apparent distress, we were afterwards informed by the parish priest that those on whom we had bestowed our alms were by no means among the most destitute.

But in Loughlin it seemed that all were destitute. As we go from house to house we find in a large proportion that the man is away in England, and will remain there until the harvest is over. This system prevails to a very large extent in the little towns and villages of Mayo. We are accustomed in England to see a batch of Irish harvest-men, and we pass them by too often without a thought of all that is entailed by their presence in our farms and homesteads. The plan pursued is as follows. In the spring of every year the husband leaves his home and makes his way by rail or steamer from Derry or Belfast or Dublin to England. The railways and steamers issue harvest-men's tickets for a few shillings, and the large numbers they carry make up for the smallness of the fare. The wife and children, meanwhile, remain at home. It is the wife who has to till the plot of land, carry the manure, and spread it over the land, dig the potatoes, get in the crop as best she can. The big girls and boys help her, but any boy big enough to work for himself goes with his father to England. During the husband's absence the family subsist on the potatoes still remaining from last year's crop, on the meal they obtain in exchange for the chickens they have reared or the eggs laid by the hens which are found in almost every cottage, on what they can obtain on credit at the shop, or on the charity of neighbours or of the priest. Sometimes the husband sends home some of his earnings from time to time, but as a general rule he saves it up and brings it back with him in the autumn. The average sum brought back is about £9, but in good years it will amount to £12, or even £15. It is on this that he relies for the payment of the rent, the clearing off the debts at the neighbouring town or village, and a purchase of necessities for the winter, and of such food as is not supplied from the little crop of oats and potatoes. On this the whole family subsists during the rest of the year, and their only employment during the winter and early spring is such tillage as is possible, and the care of

chickens and pig and cow (if they are so fortunate as to possess any stock). The small size of the holdings do not supply sufficient out-door work to occupy their time, and unfortunately indoor industries are unknown.

Now I ask my readers to consider for a few moments the results of this miserable system. During nearly half the year husband is separated from wife, father from children. During the months when the heaviest outdoor work has to be done it is the mother who is forced to do it. She has to labour in a way utterly unsuitable to a woman, often a delicate woman, a woman unable to supply herself with more than the minimum necessary for life, perhaps the mother of six or seven children, and sometimes with an infant unweaned at her breast. While the wife is living such a life at home, the husband is toiling from early morn till eve to collect what he can by the labour of his hands, sleeping in barns or in the open air, travelling from county to county to seek for grass to cut or corn to reap. Men call the Irish unthrifty, but I doubt whether you would find many English labourers who would take home unspent what is for them the large sum that they gradually accumulate by their continuous toil. How often they return with the seeds of consumption sown by damp and exposure, and the hacking cough conveys to the poor wife that her husband has gathered the money for quarter day at the expense of his life! How often they come back crippled with rheumatism from sleeping on the wet ground or in the draughty barn! Sometimes, too—for the sad truth must be told—they return sadly demoralized. They have been labouring in some county where there was no chapel, no priest for miles away—where their companions have been destitute of all religion and morality, and foul language and brutal indecency has become familiar to those who were nursed to love purity as a priceless jewel. Sometimes the temptation to drink has been too strong for them; sometimes—the poor boys especially—are led astray by evil company and bad example. When they return the harvest is over, and the winter is spent in an enervating idleness, and the absence of healthy employment brings with it a thousand evils.

Yet no one can blame them. Their little patch of land cannot support them. Even in good years and with the help of the money earned in England, they can barely make both ends meet. Their activity, their power of initiative has been crushed out of them. Their conditions of life are so much against them

that nothing but superhuman energy can raise them from it. They exhaust the land by unwise crops. Even under the tillage most favourable to improvement it is in many cases so bad that it would barely repay the labour. They can emigrate it is true, but where is the money to come from? Whither are they to go? Are they certain of finding a market for their labour elsewhere? At all events, the uncertainty is such as to render it quite unreasonable to expect of them the necessary effort, or the bitter sacrifice of the home and country that they love with an undying and romantic tenderness. So they struggle on in spite of all the miseries of the system.

But even this resource has failed them to a great extent of past years. The bad harvests in England and Scotland have diminished the demand for Irish labour. Where the harvest is good, another cause has produced the same result. The employment of machinery in large farms requires a much smaller number of hands to gather it in, and the money which formerly paid the Irish labourers now goes into the pockets of the workmen in the manufactories where the machines are made. All this tends to impoverish them still more. Misery produces depression, and depression discontent, and discontent agitation, and unlawful agitation crime. When the potato crop is good at home and the harvest abroad, the Irish will be found to live peaceably and quietly. But they are always living on the verge of destitution, and in a state of unstable equilibrium, if I may be allowed a mathematical metaphor. They resemble a man who has built for himself a house which does well enough in fine weather, but becomes uninhabitable in a heavy storm. A bad season upsets their calculations. There is no margin to compensate for the loss of their crops. Hence the recurring famines and miseries which are a proverb all over the earth, and a dark blot on the history of our times.

But what is it has brought them to this state of misery? How is it that they are living on those barren patches of land insufficient to provide them with the necessaries of life? How is it that they were ever driven to the miserable make-shift of harvesting in England for near half the year? Why did they settle in a place where it was impossible to live? As far as I could ascertain, various sources combined to produce the unfortunate result. Some of them were in former times driven out of richer land on the same or some other estate, because the owner desired to have more grazing land or farms on a large

scale. They were glad to find shelter where they could, and had in many instances reclaimed by their own labour from utter barrenness the plot they occupied. The agent accepted from them at first a mere nominal rent, though it was raised as the cultivated land acquired a greater value. In other cases the evil arose from the mischievous system of subdivision. The land of the father was divided among the sons, or the young married couple received from their several parents a portion of the farms they occupied. The widow could not cultivate the whole of her husband's land, and was glad to sell a portion to a neighbour who had none, for the sake of the ready money which would for a time supply the needs of her children and furnish a little capital for the purchase of stock. Thus the land was divided and subdivided, and subdivided again, and the hunger for its possession was such that each little plot would command its price. The landlord unfortunately found that subdivision, however disastrous in the long run, brought in at all events for a time an increasing income, and instead of exercising his power to prevent the evil, too often sanctioned or encouraged it.

But I must return from my digression, though I fear it is only to enter on another. I left Loughglin with regret, though it was sad enough, God knows, to witness misery that it was impossible to relieve. As we drove along it naturally occurred to me to ask who was the owner of the land on which these scenes of misery occurred? of the cottages unfit for human habitation? I was told that it was a wealthy nobleman, who from one year's end to the other never came near his property; that one or two of his sons occasionally visited it—for the shooting; that his estate brought him in a rental of between £20,000 and £30,000 a year; that its whole management was intrusted to an agent, and that the noble owner resided habitually in England, and there spent the handsome income which accrued to him from his Irish estate. He was not regarded as a hard landlord, for the agent he employed was a good Catholic and a kind-hearted man, one who had shown during the years of famine a benevolence quite exceptional in that he had never evicted a starving tenant for non-payment of rent. The rents, too, had not been raised of late years when the tenant improved the land, and though the rental had gone up from £9,000 to £29,000 without any serious expenditure on the landlord's part, yet the increase had taken place some thirty or forty

years ago, and was not attributable to the present management. But as for any personal inquiry on the landlord's part into the condition of his tenants, into the misery prevailing on his estates, as for any thought of visiting the widows or the orphans in their distress, or of taking any active measures to save his tenantry from starving—of this I heard nothing. It would have been a wild and romantic dream that a landlord resident in England should condescend to such Quixotic benevolence.

I am now approaching a question on which I know that I cannot speak with sufficient caution—so delicate is the subject, so many-sided, so difficult to treat with dispassionate justice. The landlord question is not only a burning question, but one which seems to kindle every one who handles it with fierce indignation on one side or the other. I must confess that I have heard few men speak of it without some distinct bias. I am not going to express any opinion myself. I shall simply state facts, and leave the reader to draw his conclusions.

Of these facts the most important is, I think, the different idea of the duties entailed by the possession of land prevalent in England and in Ireland. I believe this difference is at the root of a great deal of the miseries of Ireland. A large proportion of Irish landlords had their land as a grant in the time of James the First, of Cromwell, and of William of Orange. They regarded it and their descendants regard it as an absolute possession. If they charged a fair rent and did not evict their tenants without due notice and a reasonable cause, they consider that there their duty began and ended. In times of famine and distress they would regard it as incumbent on their charity not to exact strict justice, and to send to the parish priests a donation where there was great destitution. Outside this, no further responsibility: residence upon the land was not recognized as an obligation. If it was convenient to them, they lived on their estate, if not, in Dublin, London, Paris, wherever they pleased. Many a landlord living in England had an estate in Ireland, and regarded it as a possession as completely and entirely his as a house or houses which he might have bought in London, and of which he received the rent through some London agent. Just as he gave this agent a percentage for collecting it and instructed him to make such repairs as were necessary and to eject the tenant if he did not pay his rent on the appointed day, so he gave the agent

on his Irish estate a similar percentage and gave him similar instructions. Just as the owner of a London property would rarely think of condoning the rent of a tenant because harvests had been bad or American competition had undersold him, or because his customers had not paid their debts, so the owner of the Irish property could see no reason for making corresponding abatements. Just as the owner of a street in London would consider the notion of his being bound to reside himself in or near that street as a preposterous and ridiculous idea, so the owner of the estate in Ireland regarded the idea of any obligation of residence as ridiculous and preposterous. As the owner of London houses would naturally raise the rent of an improving property, independently of the means by which it was improved, so the Irish landlord regarded himself as justified in obtaining what he considered a fair rental, and therefore higher in proportion to the greater value of the land belonging to him. As the tenant of a London house would not consider himself aggrieved if his rent were raised because of improvements he had himself made without any agreement with the landlord, so in the estimation of the Irish landlord, the tenant who had improved his land by his own exertions without any previous agreement, must expect on the improved land to pay an improved rent. If not, some other tenant was prepared to pay the increased charge, and on the ordinary principles of supply and demand, the landlord was not only justified but bound in his own interest to accept the highest bid made him. Why should not Ireland be content with the ordinary business-like method of proceeding of which the English tenant did not complain? What was just in England and with reference to English tenants was also just in Ireland and with reference to Irish tenants. If the former were content why not the latter, when both were treated on exactly the same footing?

Such was and such to some extent is the landlords' view. Now let us look at the tenants' side of the question. In the mind of the Irish people, as has been more than once pointed out, there is indelibly rooted an altogether different conception of the tenure of land. The absolute possession of land is an idea altogether foreign to Irish ideas. It is the old notion of "gavelkind" handed on from generation to generation which moulds their conception of the right possessed by the landlord. His is a partial, not an entire possession. It is shared by the

tenant. In God's earth both landlord and tenant have a joint ownership. They are co-possessors, and one of them has no right to deprive the other of his share in it. There is a landlord-right and a tenant-right, each having a money value. For centuries landlords have very naturally been active on their own ideas of absolute possession, and so they look upon the Land Act, which recognizes the joint-possession theory and is a return to the old Irish custom, as an act of spoliation. The tenants on the other hand look upon it as a restitution of a small part of their ancient rights.

It is this notion of part proprietorship which accounts to a great extent for the indignation of the Irish tenantry when they are evicted. It is not merely that delicate women and tender children have been turned out to perish with cold and hunger, but it is the injustice, as they take it, which is so utterly unjustifiable. It is to them as if one partner in a business were unjustly to deprive the other of the share which was rightly and lawfully his. Nay, it is far worse than this, for it is in their eyes an injustice which robs them of that which is dear to them as the apple of their eye. Their cottage and land is a sacred inheritance; their love for it is deeply rooted in their heart. They cling to it with an intensity of affection which to the hard common sense of Englishmen seems a piece of maudlin sentimentality. What seems to an Englishman an assertion of an undoubted right, carried out perhaps on some occasions with a little unnecessary harshness, is in the eyes of the Irish tenant a piece of cruelty and injustice, crying to Heaven for vengeance. And, given their premiss, they are perfectly right in their conclusion. If the Irish notion of the fixity of tenure, such as has been handed down to them by an unfading tradition, and such too as is now recognized by English law, is more in accordance with the natural law, then they are right. If on the other hand the English custom, based on the feudal system, is the more equitable on principles of natural justice apart from legislation, then the ideas prevalent in Ireland are false and it is an unfortunate necessity which has forced the Legislature to adopt them. On this I express no opinion whatever. I am now merely contrasting English and Irish ideas of the duties of a landlord to his tenants, and showing how the difference explains mutual distrust and animosity.

From this notion of joint proprietorship which underlies the



Irish conception of the relation of the landlord to his tenant, there arises another important result. If the tenant improves his land by careful tillage, it is he who ought to enjoy the fruits of his industry. If he reclaims a piece of bog and makes it a fertile field, it belongs to him rather than to the landlord. The joint proprietorship gives in his mind a right in equity, a claim to a share in the profits, proportionate to the capital (whether of labour or money) that he puts in the business. It is as if one of two partners in some mercantile concern were to increase its profits fourfold by industry and attention to his business, while the other partner took no sort of pains to advance the prosperity of that on which they are both engaged, or rather remained a "sleeping partner." As the working partner would think that he had a claim to whatever value accrued to the business from his own exertions, and that the sleeping partner ought to be satisfied so long as he continued to receive the same percentage of the capital he had invested as before the improvement, so the Irish tenant considered as belonging to himself by the rules of equity all the additional yield which had accrued to the land from his own industry. If anything the landlord was *his* debtor; for he had transformed the desert waste into a smiling field. Hence, when he found not here and there but almost universally (I am speaking of course of the past) that the landlord rewarded the improvement made in the land, not by conferring any reward on the improving tenant, but by fining him for his labour; when he found that he not only did not acknowledge the benefit done to his land, but increased the rent in proportion to the labour and capital spent, and the improved value which resulted from the expenditure, can we wonder if he revolted at what seemed to him so unjust, so unreasonable, so cruel, so opposed to the most elementary rules of justice? He had hitherto paid 10s. an acre for his land, his improvements had made it worth double the money, and he was rewarded for his pains by having his rent raised from 10s. to 20s. or 25s. To take an instance which has I believe been mentioned in public. A poor man had a piece of land at the foot of a mountain. All above his holding was barren mountain land. He was industrious and intelligent, and finding that his own plot did not occupy all his time, he set to work to reclaim some of the waste land on the slope. After he had brought it into a fine state of cultivation the change came to the landlord's ears. For the waste land he had brought under cultivation he had hitherto paid 2s. 6d. an acre. But now under

those new conditions it was evidently worth six or eight times that amount, and his rent was raised from 2s. 6d. to £1 an acre on the portion of land he had himself reclaimed. He could not afford to pay the increased sum, and had to resign his land, and fell back on his original holding. But there was more land still higher up the mountain slope unreclaimed, and again he set to work at his self-imposed task. This time he had a tacit understanding that he was to keep the benefits of his own labour, and an assurance from the agent that he should be left undisturbed on payment of the original rent. Three years more labour, and the new piece was rendered fertile and productive. But the landlord refused to recognize the agreement, and once more the rent was raised, and the poor tenant, unable to pay it, had again to withdraw. A third time he set to work, and now on the security of a promise from the landlord himself. When the work was done he would surely be left to enjoy the fruits of his labour. But meanwhile the landlord died, and his successor declined to be bound by a promise which did not exist in writing, and in the end the results of all the tenant's industry was a pauper's death in the workhouse.

This story is a typical one of many like it. Such cases and others far worse used to be not unfrequent in Ireland. At first sight we are inclined to believe that no landlord would be guilty of such injustice, but we must remember that many of the landlords never came near their estates, and most of them, even if they resided in Ireland during a portion of the year, yet were utterly and entirely ignorant of the wishes, hopes, and characters of their tenants. A landlord in London or elsewhere heard from his agent that Pat Sullivan's land, for which he was paying £4 10s., was worth £8 10s. on account of the improvements made upon it, and that an offer had been made by another tenant of £8 10s. for it. The landlord, living at a distance, local or moral, from poor Pat Sullivan's holding, very naturally wrote back to the agent, that if the land was worth £8 10s., why Mr. Sullivan must pay it or make way for the higher bidder. There was an end of the matter as far as he was concerned. With his English ideas of land tenure he was not, could not be inflicting any hardship on the evicted tenant. So out poor Pat was turned, from the homestead endeared to him by a thousand ties, the homestead he considered as his own. Out he went with wife and little ones, cursing the unjust tyrant (as it seemed to him) who had robbed

him and turned him out of his own—cursing the law which sanctioned such injustice and afforded no redress—cursing the Government under which such laws were made and enforced.

This very common case leads me on, as of necessity, to the question of absenteeism. I have already stated what they call the ideas prevailing on the subject in England, and in the dominant class in Ireland. I now turn to the Irish ideas on the subject. To the Irish mind the landlord is the lawful or unlawful successor of the old head of the clan or sept. On him, therefore, there devolves all the duties which appertained to the chieftain of former days. The chieftain of old was the father of his people, their leader in war, their ruler in time of peace. He, or his Brehon representing him,<sup>2</sup> was the arbiter of their disputes, the adjuster of their rival claims. He wielded among them an almost absolute power. If want assailed them, he was bound to feed them. If they were oppressed by the petty chieftains, he it was who had to redress their wrongs. They had no written law, or a very scanty one. His word was law. As the priest in matters spiritual, so in matters temporal the chieftain reigned supreme. It was his personal influence which swayed their lives. He was elected by them, and to them the elect of the people was the elect of God. Their warm hearts clung to him with loyal affection. Such was the old tradition, and such the only attitude possible in the Irish mind towards their territorial chieftain. The very notion of an absentee chieftain would have been a contradiction. Perhaps a raid on to some neighbour's land might for a time leave his people without their leader, but disputes were postponed for settlement and quarrels patched up until his return. But if he had

<sup>2</sup> The Brehons were hereditary judges attached to the provincial kings or chieftains. They heard causes on the summit or slope of the hills where the provincial assemblies were held. The Brehon law was universally observed in Ireland up to the year 1172, when Henry the Second made an attempt to enforce the English law throughout Ireland. The abolition of the Brehon law seems to have had little or no effect. Statute after statute was passed, abolishing it, in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James the First, Cromwell, and William of Orange, but it lived on in the hearts of the people. The chief difference between Brehon and English law was the far greater leniency of the former. In this respect it embodied the various changes which an advanced civilization has made in the English law. Sir John Davies, Attorney General of Ireland under James the First, attributes to this leniency the evils then prevalent in Ireland. The Brehon laws, he tells us, punished even the greatest offences with a fine, whereas "by the just and honourable laws of England and all other well-governed kingdoms and commonweals, murder, manslaughter, robbery, and theft were punished with death."

settled elsewhere he would *ipso facto* have ceased to be the head of the clan.

When the old chieftains were driven out or slain, and their possessions handed over to Cromwell's Ironsides, or the soldiers or courtiers of the Revolution period, the tenants on the land were in the position of those whose lawful King had been succeeded by an usurper. Their attitude was from the first one of deep, bitter, determined hostility. The English settlers were a garrison in a hostile country—race, religion, habits, character, utterly and entirely different from and opposed to those of the people among whom they settled. Some of them, by patient kindness and gentleness, won over their tenants, and there are estates in Ireland in which (until very lately) even the Protestant landlord was recognized as a sort of monarch among his tenantry; and they transferred to him at least a portion of the confidence and allegiance that the old chieftain enjoyed from them. Such landlords were, I fear, few and far between. The great majority found their position among their Irish tenantry a painful and, indeed, a dangerous one, and they either went to live elsewhere, leaving an agent in possession, or remained on their estates, but kept aloof from any intercourse with the people around them, living in their house as in a citadel or fort, and appealing from time to time to the English Government for military or police protection. Whichever were the alternative adopted by them, how could they expect from their tenantry that personal loyalty, that devotion of the heart, that mingling of reverential fear and love by which alone Ireland and Irishmen can be permanently ruled?

I think these are the three causes which lie at the root of Irish hostility to landlords and landlordism. The landlord regarded himself as the absolute master of the soil, and those who occupy it, therefore, occupy it at his will and pleasure. The tenant is firmly rooted in the idea that the landlord and the tenant are joint proprietors, and that the landlord is guilty of a flagrant injustice if he expels him. Beside this, and as a consequence of it, the landlord considered himself justified in charging on the tenant the full value of the land as it existed *hic et nunc*, whereas the tenant believed that the fruits of his own industry are his by right, and that to raise his rent because he has improved the land is a crying shame and a brutal fraud. From the same source proceeded the landlord's conviction that he was free to reside or not to reside upon his estate, just as best

suited his own pleasure and convenience. Why should he banish himself and his family to the wilds of Connemara or Donegal, simply because he had a property there? To the mind of the Irish tenantry, on the other hand, an absentee landlord forfeits in the eye of justice, if not of the law, whatever claims he had to the estate of which he receives the revenues. How can he perform the duties entailed by his position? How can he be the father of his people? How can he rule them as he ought? How can he carry them in his bosom when they are in distress, or see to their necessities in the days of famine and of sickness?

Add to this, and I perhaps ought to have introduced this consideration at an earlier stage, that the majority of Irishmen would not allow to the settler, thrust in by violence in the days of Cromwell or of William of Orange, a Protestant, an alien, and above all an Englishman, any sort of right to the land that he claims as his own, or any power to transmit it to his descendants. They do not recognize any right of prescription to a property gained by wrong and held by violence. Just as they do not acknowledge the British Government as having any right to their allegiance, so the Protestant landlord, the descendant of one of their cruel and brutal persecutors in the days of Cromwell, is in their eyes a usurper whose title is a purely fictitious one. As they would take the first opportunity of ridding themselves of the present system of government from England, so they would take the first opportunity of shaking off the dominion of their alien absentee landlord. Where a landlord has been resident, and has by his friendly kindness and devotion to his tenants won their hearts and obtained a hold on their affections, the memory of the unjust foundation of his claims to the property may have faded away; but where the landlord lives elsewhere, or living on the spot has treated his tenants with harshness, the traditional feeling of revolt against the intruder still lives in all its vigour in the hearts of the tenantry. This is one of the many points of contrast between the English and the Irish character. An Englishman soon forgets. He nurses no strong hereditary attachment or aversion. The present for him blots out the past. What is it to him that one of his ancestors had some grievous wrong inflicted upon him by the ancestor of his present landlord? Let bygones be bygones. It costs him nothing to forgive and forget. It somehow comes naturally to him. Not so the Irishman. He may forgive but he cannot forget. What was done to his ancestors was done to him. The old

man **will** tell of the brave soldier, his uncle, it may be, or cousin, who **had** enlisted in the service of France, and had come over with **the** French in the ill-fated landing of '98, and was hanged as a **rebel** by the English, and the listening group will receive the **romantic** story as if it had almost happened before their very eyes, and the glistening tears of sympathy for the rebel will mingle with the expression of an undying hatred for those whom they regard as his murderers. The old granny will call the children of the house around her, and show them the spot where, some one hundred years ago or more, her grandfather was murdered by the English troops in cold blood. The tale of wrong will be handed down from generation to generation, and the family gathered round the hearth will have each detail of the story recounted, with all the picturesque reality, as if it happened only yesterday. An incident that happened the other day exactly illustrates this feeling. An English gentleman driving through the West of Ireland inquired of his Irish carman who was the owner of a fine old house which stood at some little distance from the road. "Well, your honour, the gentleman who lives there is named —, but the real owner is Mr. O'Brien who lives down yonder," at the same time pointing to a mud hovel which had been built on the estate. The stranger in surprise made further inquiries. "Why, surely it must belong to the gentleman who occupies it?" "Belong to him!" answered the carman, indignantly; "**why** he was one of Cromwell's drummers."

This intense traditionalism of the Irish; this identification of a man with his ancestors is the key to much that seems to the English mind utterly unreasonable. I have heard it called vindictiveness; but this is not true, for the Irish are equally strong in their traditional loyalty as in their traditional hate. **It is** in their blood; it is the mainspring of their ancient customs; the key to their history. It is one of the many almost insuperable barriers which divide England from Ireland. <sup>To</sup> ignore it is simple folly; to decry it as a vice is one-sided and unfair. It has its good and its bad side. If on the one hand it perpetuates the hatred of the past, on the other it is the natural means which God in His mercy has employed to maintain unimpaired the faith of the children of St. Patrick.

But I cannot leave this subject without saying a word more about absenteeism. The joint proprietorship in the soil, and the consequent rights to fixity of tenure, and to the recognition of

tenants' improvements as belonging to themselves, are now recognized by the English law. It is a law which certainly bears hard on many of the landlords. Many Irish estates are heavily mortgaged, often so heavily that the margin left for the present landlord is a very small one; and this margin has been cut down in part or altogether by the reduction of rents consequent on the Land Act. I am not surprised when I hear them call it a measure of spoliation. For them, and with their notions of property, *it is* spoliation; it is a deliberately depriving them of that which has been theirs for generations, and which they regarded as absolutely their own. One of its unfortunate consequences is that it bears most hardly on the resident landlords, since they are the least wealthy members of the class, and can least afford to have their incomes reduced.

To the absentee landlords it may indeed cause some little inconvenience, but to many of the residents it will be a serious matter, and some will be almost beggared by it. Take, for instance, the case of a man whose gross rental is £2000 a year, and whose estate is mortgaged to the extent of three-fourths of its value. The diminution which will ensue on the remaining £500 will be such as in some cases to reduce his income to almost nothing at all. And the worst of it is that absenteeism is not and cannot be touched by any Land Act. To compel a landlord to reside upon his estate is impossible, and in many cases would be very undesirable in the interests of the tenants. A man whose ideas of the duties involved in the possession of property are such that he considers himself under no obligation to make personal inquiry into the welfare of his tenants; who takes no sort of interest in them, such as would prompt him to dwell at least for a portion of the year among them; who, in the days when gaunt hunger stalks through their midst, when their little ones cry out for bread and there is no one to break it to them, lives undisturbed and with a tranquil conscience in another land, enjoying the good things bought with the money which these tenants pay into his coffers,—such an one is perhaps better away. If he were there he might bring a curse instead of a blessing. He would only entail a fresh expense upon his estate by the police escort necessary to defend him, or the English soldiers who would be quartered in his vicinity. Sometimes the absentee landlord is better esteemed than he deserves, because his agent happens to be a kind-hearted and just man. The landlord of Loughglin and the country around

it was spoken of as a "good landlord," partly, I think, *comparative loquendo*, in comparison with some of the other landlords of the West, partly because his agent was a good, kindhearted, and upright man. If "Master Charlie," the agent, was from the necessities of his position a despot, he was at all events a benevolent despot. If his frown drove terror into the poor tenant's heart, and banished sleep from his eyes until "Master Charlie" was propitiated, yet there was always some reason for his frown. If he was positive and high-handed, it was necessary and even desirable for so great a man to speak without hesitation and to lay down the law as became the dignity of his position. He was in fact the lord of countless serfs, and he exercised his dominion with forbearance and kindness. Whatever cause there was for complaint was the result of the system rather than of the individual, of absenteeism, of the traditional disregard of the tenants' interests and the tenants' rights, of the English view of property and its responsibilities.

While I am on the subject of absenteeism, I must describe another scene illustrative of its effects that I witnessed a day or two later, and with which I must conclude my present article. I was driving along the road from Ballaghaderreen to a village called Cloontheh. On a bog which skirted the road the peat had in one place been cut away to a depth of some eight or ten feet, in such a way as to form two walls at right angles to each other. The rapid slope of the ground had made it easy to do so, and one of those muddy clearances had been formed which most of my readers will have seen in Ireland or in Scotland. In the corner where the two peat walls met there was a sort of rise in the ground—a hovel it could scarcely be called, and certainly not a hut. The turf had been piled up into something resembling walls, and the whole was covered with some earth on which the green grass was growing. Surely this could not be a place of human habitation! Yet there was a sort of door, and smoke was issuing from it. So my companion and I alighted, and we entered with difficulty in by the hole which served as an entrance. Through the smoke which filled the hovel three little children were visible grouped round the fire—a little girl of about twelve or thirteen, dressed in the usual rags, just decently covered and that was all, a boy of some two or three years younger, and a mere baby. The furniture consisted of a couple of stools, a pile of potatoes in the corner, and a heap of rags called by courtesy a bed. The little girl was intelligent, and ready, as usual, to



respond to the friendly inquiries. Her father was in England, her mother was "setting" potatoes. She herself "went out hiring," *i.e.*, helped some neighbours to set potatoes and carry the manure in return for a little meal. This was why she did not go to school. The food of the family consisted of the customary mixture of Indian meal and water, dignified by the name of "stirabout." Flour and water for breakfast, flour and water for dinner, flour and water for supper! Her mother had formerly had some hens, but they had all died last winter, save one old hen, perched in a hole in the roof in solitary grandeur, and looking down upon us with a sort of mournful dignity, as became the sole survivor of an ancient and ill-fated race.

The sight of these poor children was a piteous one to look upon. What hope of healthy men and women when from day to day and week to week they had nothing whatever but a scanty supply of Indian meal and water? no milk, no potatoes, no oatmeal. The sad story was told uncomplainedly and with no idea of eliciting any help, just as if it were a matter of course and nothing to be surprised at. I turned away with a sick heart at the thought of mother and children doomed to famish on, as I suppose they are famishing on still, on their unhealthy diet. For though Indian meal is wholesome and fairly nutritive, yet when unmixed with other food it is quite insufficient to support life, and the infallible result, as time goes on, is that diarrhoea and sickness make their appearance, and fever finds the emaciated body an easy prey to its attacks. On that bare heath, living in a hovel which in England no sanitary inspector would allow for a single day to be a human habitation, far from all charitable aid, from medical help in time of sickness, starved and half-naked, alone, and with none to say a kind word, save the priest as from time to time he rides by on some errand of mercy, this hovel and its inmates was but one out of a thousand more which are thickly scattered over famine-stricken Mayo.

I inquired of my companion whether the sanitary inspector had no control over them, and would not condemn as unfit for human habitation such a hovel as this. The answer I received was that the inspector was the nominee of the landlords, and therefore slow to interfere, and besides in a wide district where half the houses were not much better than this, his task would be a thankless and an endless one. But the landlord himself? He was a man who lived comfortably in the South of England,

far removed from sights so unpleasant, from stories so inconvenient. But the agent? It was no business of his to interfere. If the people paid their rent regularly and did not complain, was it for him to suggest that his employer used them hardly? So they are left to grow up—if they are so happy as to escape the famine and the fever—to grow up and to bear, as so many from day to day are bearing, to the Great Republic of the West, those memories of childhood which exert such an influence over our lives, and which alone will fashion in all their intensity the love and the hate which the Irishman all over the world bears to the friends and the foes of his country. What sentiments can we expect these children, if they see manhood and womanhood, to entertain in after times, if one day, prosperous and wealthy, they listen in America far away to a discussion on the landlord system, and recal with painful vividness the incidents of their childhood and their youth?

In the next number of *THE MONTH* I hope to continue my story, and in the course of it to give as fairly as I can the sentiments prevalent in Ireland on emigration as the panacea for Irish misery.

R. F. CLARKE.

## *Botanical Transgressors.*

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WE do not usually associate the members of the vegetable kingdom with any shape or form of naughtiness. Anarchy and lawless self-assertion seem incompatible with a purely vegetative existence, and fabulists have not yet thought of drawing a moral from the delinquencies of a misguided vegetable. And yet plants can be naughty in their own fashion, and, to some extent, in our fashion too. As in other well ordered communities, so also among plants individuals are found to transgress rules and regulations, and in singling out such individuals for reprehension it must not be imagined that any sweeping condemnation is being passed upon the entire floral world.

The problems of individual and collective existence in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, approximate more nearly than we often suspect. Our own temporal welfare too is not a little bound up with the action, or inaction, of certain laws which regulate the lower creation. About these laws it is true that we know something, but our knowledge of things about us is like the view we get by climbing up a hill, the higher we mount the more widely our horizon spreads out. Our progress largely consists in learning that there is more to be learnt than we ever imagined, and it is well to remember that the scientific knowledge possessed by our present century is knowledge in a state of transition, it is not yet as fixed as the hills or as eternal as Carlyle's verities.

As amongst men we may distinguish two kinds of laws which are partly distinct and which partly overlap—the natural law, and the written laws, framed by more or less wise legislators—so we may similarly distinguish two kinds of laws applicable to the vegetable world. There are the natural laws which regulate growth, permanence, and physical properties, and which, except to a very slight extent, are independent of us, and there are laws of classification which depend upon us a good deal. We desire our classification to be not arbitrary but natural. The

classification of the various forms of plant life now generally followed we call the Natural system : it fairly deserves its name, though there is a growing feeling that it requires some re-adjustment. The selection of the *Ranunculus* as the type of a perfect flower, is looked upon by many as not so remotely unlike the selection of the freezing point of mercury as the degree of greatest cold. Be this as it may, we have a recognised classification, a recognised code of floral laws, and it is instructive to see how some of these laws are kept.

After much observation and comparison and generalisation, we have partitioned the floral world, separating it into groups and orders, families and species and varieties, to the best of our power assigning to each individual its proper place in the scale of vegetative perfection. A convenient means for arranging our scale is provided for us by points of similarity and dissimilarity in leaves and flowers. Roughly speaking, plants with certain kinds of flowers generally have certain kinds of leaves to match. This law is usually so well kept that in a large number of cases we know what kind of flower to expect from plants with certain leaves. We do not expect a plant with geranium leaves to put forth fuchsia flowers, and yet this is the kind of thing that a fair number of plants, otherwise well behaved and orderly enough, have a tendency to do. There is an *Anemone*, which has adopted a *Pelargonium* (geranium) leaf, and another *Pelargonium* leaf has been imitated by an ambitious carrot. A *Thujopsis*, one of the *Fir* tribe, has a leaf like a *Selaginella*, a small plant which affects marshy places. Trees as distinctly separated from each other as the olive and the holm oak have varieties whose leaves, both as to their colour, venation, texture, and shape are identical. Examples of this communism in leaves are numerous, and though it is an anomaly, botanists, by skilfully combining a couple of names make the anomaly appear more natural than nature itself. There is a well known erratic *Polygonon*, which has somewhat changed its (presumably) natural characteristics, and has borrowed or appropriated some peculiar to the *Convolvulus*, so it is called *Polygonon Convolvulus*, and it hardly seems an anomaly at all.

Now these are certainly transgressions of a law, but in the nature of offences they hardly go beyond the mildly reprehensible. But there are offenders who show a cool independence of our laboriously-constructed laws, who might be denounced with stronger adjectives. Perhaps we ought hardly to be

surprised to find this indifference to our established laws very conspicuous in Africa. The perception of the moral fitness of things is said to be in a rudimentary state among Africans, so too much must not be expected from the plants of the Dark Continent. Now in Africa, there are no members of the cactus family, or rather the family so feebly represented by a single species found near the Cape. The Cactus is peculiarly American, growing abundantly in the deserts of New Mexico, one species being met with growing wild as far north as New York. It is a fairly numerous order, having some eighteen genera and more than eight hundred species. The cactus is a plant with a deal of individuality about it, and many people fancy they can tell a cactus at sight. Its succulent, angular, jointed stem, its numerous and formidable prickles, seem sufficiently to mark it from most other shrubs. Certainly any one travelling in Africa who came across a shrub having succulent, angular, jointed stems and numerous formidable prickles would not unnaturally be under the impression that he had found a cactus. And this impression would be deepened if, on comparing particular groups of these African plants with particular groups of the American cactus, he found them to correspond to a nicety. Even an experienced traveller might fondly fancy that plants at least actually were what they seemed to be. But frequently enough they are not. In spite of its appearance, the African shrub is not a cactus, it is not even a poor relation of the cactus family. It betrays its real nature when constrained to flower, for its flower, so to speak, tears off the mask and gives the lie to its angular stem and thorny prickles, and proves it to be not a cactus, but a Euphorbia, an African relative of the inconspicuous Sun Spurge (*e. helioscopia*), which grows so plentifully in our fields and waste places. Although some fifty orders intervene between the spurge and the cactus, the African, by swelling out its (naturally?) smooth stem and reducing its leaves to thorns, endeavours to conceal this fact, and herein lies its offence. If it were allowed to beguile our ears as it beguiles our too confiding eyes, it might argue that in its own continent at least it had a connatural right to the peculiarly inelegant shape which we consider an exclusive characteristic of the American cactus. But we have made a classification, many classifications in fact, of the vegetable world, and according to our classification a cactus is a cactus, it has an hereditary right to angular and succulent stems, while a spurge is a spurge, and it has no business to ape the family

features of a cactus. So the African spurge is a sham, it is an impostor, it is a glaring instance of illegal (botanical) impersonification.

Impersonification is a comparatively innocuous offence. Graver charges may be brought against the seemingly peaceful denizens of our fields and hedgerows. It is often noticed that special varieties of plants grow in special districts, and the guide books which find their way into the hands of autumn wanderers generally contain some account of such local varieties. These variations are often ascribed to differences of soil and climate, and certainly both have a good deal to do with the well-being and the perpetuation of specially varied forms. But many facts show that the potency of soil and climate is by no means so great as it is popularly supposed to be. Cultivated plants for instance, plants which are under the care of man, grow equally well and produce equally abundant fruit in very varying soils and climates. Wheat ripens in Siberia and in Egypt, in Southern Russia as well as in North-West Canada. The soil and the climate of Europe is sufficiently like to that of temperate North American to lead us to suppose that the flora of both would be the same, but in fact it is not. We might suppose that plants would flourish best in their native soil and in their native climate, and here again facts falsify many of our suppositions. English watercress (*Nasturtium Officinale*) was unknown in New Zealand, but when introduced there it took so kindly to its new home that it is not unfrequently found with stems twelve feet in length. This prodigality of growth was not only found inconveniently large for the breakfast table, but it made watercress a formidable impediment to river navigation, it blocks up river courses, and costs the New Zealand Government some hundreds of pounds yearly to keep it from altogether choking up the water way. Similarly the American water weed or ditch moss (*Anacharis Canadensis*), although harmless enough in America, has spread with such rapidity in this country since its introduction about 1840, that there are few rowing men whose sweet serenity of temper has not been occasionally ruffled by it.

The fact seems to be that plants depend not only on the soil and climate, but also, to an extent hardly as yet sufficiently appreciated, upon the good will and forbearance of other plants. Plants grow, it has been epigrammatically observed, not where they like so much as where other plants will let them. No idea seems more fittingly associated with the quiet beauty of foliage

and of flower than that of tranquillity and peace, and yet this seeming peacefulness only veils to the passer-by an internecine war which is ever going on. It almost seems a mere rhetorical flourish to assert that war, bitter and unsparing and to the very death, is carried on by the silent beauties of our fields and meadows. But war there is. Many species have faded away and have become quite extinct in certain localities, not because the soil was unsuitable or the climate too rigorous, but because they have been overpowered and crushed out of existence by their floral rivals. Warfare among plants is carried on in various ways. In park lands it is often noticed that no flowers bloom under the shade of the trees, although outside the shaded circle the grass is studded with gaily-coloured dots and patches. The ground beneath a fir tree or a yew is not only devoid of flowers, but as a rule the toughest grasses, tenacious of life as they are, have been choked and throttled out of existence by the layers of fallen leaves which cover the ground and shut out light and air. It is not the soil, but the absence of sunlight which is fatal. The leaves of the tree, by intercepting the light, deprive the germinating seeds of one of the main sources of their well being. Many large leaved plants war in this way upon their less favoured fellows; but to equalise the conditions of the combat a little, many plants are especially equipped to fight with large-leaved foes. Some, like the *Convolvulus*, are enabled to obtain a sufficient quantity of air and light by climbing; others, like the *Potentilla reptans*, which have not learnt how to climb and are in danger of being left too much in the shade, send out long trailing stems which throw out roots at every node or joint, and find compensation in this way.

Annuals, plants which die down each autumn and are grown from seed, fight at a great disadvantage when they have to contend with perennials. Perennials, once they have their roots embedded in the soil, are prepared at each successive approach of spring to push up their fresh shoots through the moistened ground, and they supply their nurslings with nourishment from already existing stores. But annuals have to begin at the beginning. Supposing the seed to have fallen by good chance on suitable soil, it has still many dangers to run when it begins to push its rootlet downwards and to expand its first pair of little leaves to sun and air. Taller plants may overshadow it, shutting out light and warmth, quick growing grasses may draw away from its immediate neighbourhood the moisture

which it needs, and its story is soon told. It dies in early infancy, and by a death which may be termed violent. Although the plants which are falling into the sere and yellow leaf cannot be said exactly to watch over the rising generation, there are many species which show some kind of parental forethought for the welfare of the seeds they bring to maturity. They are not content with allowing the seeds when ripe to fall down and grow up beside them, but they send them away to seek their fortunes in far-off fields and lanes and road sides. Some seeds are provided with an apparatus not unlike an open umbrella, an umbrella with many ribs and no covering. The round feathered heads of the dandelion are examples of this, and children who blow them to pieces to see the individual seeds sail away steadily on the still summer air have no idea of the start they are giving these seeds in their struggle for life. All seeds do not start life so quietly. There is a little Bitter cress (*Cardamine impatiens*) which grows in North Wales, whose erect linear shaped seed pods as they dry up contract unequally, and by this unequal contraction cause the shells to burst and curl up gracefully above the summit of the pod. This violent bursting of the pod causes the seeds to fly out to a distance of three or four feet. An American species of witch hazel (*Hamamelis virginiana*) shoots out its seeds to a distance of ten feet and more—but when anything done here is also done in America, it is naturally done on a larger scale. The yellow balsam (*Impatiens noli-me-tangere*), now rather rare as a wild plant in England, gets its botanical name from its propensity to fire off its seeds when touched or shaken by the wind. This scattering of the seeds gives them a fairer chance of finding unoccupied soil than they would otherwise have, and it is not so usual to find these species growing so close together as we find daisies for instance. In spite of its mild and placid appearance the Daisy is a great warrior, its close low lying leaves shut out light and air from any unhappy seeds that chance to be underneath them, and field botanists soon get to know that there is little chance of finding many varieties where daisies grow plentifully. Grass and mosses hold their own against most antagonists, but grass is not so very successful in its battles with the daisy, as those who try to preserve the unbroken green of a favourite lawn often experience.

Curiously enough it is not always the seemingly strongest plants, plants with the toughest fibre and hardest texture of



leaf, which win these floral contests. The small white or Dutch clover (*Trifolium repens*), with a weakly creeping stem, usually not much more than a foot in length, when introduced into New Zealand attacked and defeated an indigenous species of flax, an exceedingly tough, robust plant with strong leaves over six feet high. The vegetable Goliath had to succumb to the floral David, and the little clover is actually driving the big flax out of existence.

This struggle for life among plants shows that the farmer's antipathy to "weeds" is extremely well founded. Especially in the case of varieties cultivated by man; when his protecting hand is withdrawn it is found that they are in great danger of being swept away by their many competitors for a livelihood.

One result to which this botanical warfare largely contributes is that the flora of a district changes. Some species die out, and "colonists" come to take their place. Any one looking through an English flora will find that the number of plants marked "a colonist," "an alien," or "native?" is not inconsiderable. And this is true not only of shrubs and small plants, but also of forest trees. The remains of the Hyrcinian forest, which in the time of Cæsar was composed of trees which annually shed their leaves, is now mainly made up of pines and firs. But with respect to forests, there seems to be a rotation of various kinds of trees, the kind of tree which grows up to take the place of those decaying, depending upon the light and air and other conditions which are afforded to the young saplings by the kind of tree already existing.

Special antipathies seem to exist between particular plants. The long hanging creepers of the Brazilian forests readily climb up certain trees, but sooner than mount up others, they are said to prefer trailing along the ground until they find a tree which they, perhaps, feel to be *sympathique*. Thus, too, Darnel grass (*lolium temulentum*), distinguished amongst grasses for the poisonous nature of its seeds, has an especial antipathy to wheat. It seems to consider that this small world of ours is really not big enough to contain them both. That darnel is injurious to wheat is a fact, but the explanations of the fact are various.

And with the mention of misbehaving darnel these desultory remarks about the more or less irregular conduct of plants may be concluded. But even from these scattered facts we may gather something to set us thinking. Even if we look upon

plants as automata, still a real struggle is going on amongst them, and we, the collective human race, may be more nearly concerned in the results of this conflict than we may have imagined. Upon the victory or defeat of certain species our food supplies may, or at any time might, depend to an extent not easily definable. We are not only indirectly concerned inasmuch as herbs and shrubs and grasses carry on war amongst themselves, but directly also, for they war not so unsuccessfully against man himself. Farmers, for instance, are not inclined to show any mercy to darnel; farmers of old time fought against it long before Virgil wrote about *infelix lolium*, and for the two thousand years which have gone by since Virgil's time, darnel has carried on the contest, year by year, with unflagging pertinacity, and it has still vigour enough to do all the mischief it is allowed to do, and more. Yet darnel is only one of many species whose undue propagation would seriously injure and diminish our food supplies, and over whose disproportionate propagation we have no control whatever. What regulates the complicated network of success and failure among the struggling varieties? How is it that while we cannot exterminate one noxious grass from out of our well watched cornfields, there are limits set to the undue growth of unwatched noxious species in our meadows and pastures, limits which it is quite out of our power to set. To account for this and much more by attributing it to Natural Selection is indeed giving a name to a resultant fact which we observe, but it is in no sense a complete explanation of the fact, still less is it an adequate and ultimate reason for the fact. The more we get to know of the innate properties and capabilities of things about us, the more we know of the complicated interaction of the laws of nature; the more we are forced to admit the veiled presence of some Power over and above these laws, which without eliminating the connatural action of individual laws and causes, nevertheless controls, coordinates, and adjusts all things firmly and wisely for the well-being of the whole.

W. D. S.

## *A Modern Ecstatica.*

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“De cetero nemo mihi molestus sit : ego enim stigmata Domini Jesu in corpore meo porto” (Gal. vi. 17).

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WE know so little of the ways and counsels of God that it often seems to us as if He chose out, arbitrarily and as it were at haphazard, certain souls on whom to bestow extraordinary favours and miraculous graces. Some obscure, common-place, in no way remarkable youth or maiden is selected, we know not why, out of all the teeming millions of the earth, to be the recipient of some wonderful, some singular mark of God's love and friendship. The parents of this chosen soul are matter-of-fact, honest, ordinary sort of people : good Catholics indeed, but in no way different from other good Catholics around them. The happy child on whom God has thus fixed His love has been good and pious from infancy, but the most ordinary observer has detected no traces of exalted sanctity. Childhood has passed into youth, and yet there is no sign of the favours laid up in store for this favourite of Heaven. True, there has been a steady advance in virtue ; there has been suffering patiently endured ; pain borne without a murmur ; a cheerful, happy, contented spirit where there seemed good reason for complaining and discontent. But yet there have not been any distinctive and special signs of the destiny God was preparing for the sufferer, such as we should have expected in one who was to receive such an abundance of grace.

The reason of this is clear enough. Sanctity loves to hide itself, and although God sometimes brings it out into clear relief almost in spite of its own reluctance, yet He more often allows it to follow its own instinct, ripen itself in the shade, indeed, as far as man is concerned, but in the brilliant sunlight of His love who loves the meek and humble of heart, and exalts those of low degree. There is nothing showy about sanctity, nothing remarkable to the casual looker-on. Often, too, God allows it to be

misunderstood by friends and relations, even by those who are themselves good and virtuous. Often he allows its possessor to be cruelly persecuted with those petty persecutions which seem trifles from outside, but nevertheless entail a sort of perpetual martyrdom. And even when the wondrous gifts are given, these too are sometimes the subject of fresh persecutions and fresh misunderstandings, and those whom we might expect to venerate the saint are somehow unable to see any sanctity to admire.

To this class belonged Maria von Mörl, who was one of those chosen to the high honour of bearing in her hands and feet the sacred marks of the Passion of Jesus Christ. She was born on October 16, 1812, at Kaltern, amid the most lovely scenery of the South Tyrol. Her father's house, an unpretentious but roomy stone building, stands on the right bank of the Etsch, near the junction of that river with the Eisack; all around are sunny hills, clothed with vines and olives, their slopes rising one above another, until the charming picture is closed in by ranges of mountains adorned with ancient castles, the snowy peaks of the far-off Alps gleaming in the distance. In the centre of this enchanting valley is a crystal lake, which mirrors all the surrounding beauty in its glassy depths.

Maria's father, Joseph von Mörl, belonged to an ancient and noble, but impoverished family, and there is very little to be said concerning him, since he was essentially one of those commonplace people who in all ages and in every land compose the vast majority of mankind. His character presents no salient features; he was neither very good nor very bad, neither did he possess any special gifts; and indeed, the only remarkable thing about him is the absolute indifference with which he persistently regarded the supernatural vocation of his daughter, and the utter want of appreciation he manifested for all the wonders it pleased God to work in her. His wife, Anna Maria Selva, on the other hand, although not a person of good family, was distinguished for nobility of soul and eminent for true and unostentatious piety. She never allowed her religious exercises to interfere in the least with her domestic duties, which she performed in an exemplary manner, so that hers might be truly termed a pattern household. Her perfection as a wife must have cost her no small effort, as her affectionate and sensitive nature had much to endure in its daily contact with her uncongenial husband. As a mother she was no less perfect, and Maria was doubtless not a

little indebted to the careful training she received in her earliest years.

The future Ecstatica seems always to have been a good child, docile and obedient, pious and loving; ever ready to render to those about her any little service which might lay within her power, and distinguished at school by intelligence and application rather than by more brilliant qualities. She was unusually quiet and silent for her years, but this is to be attributed in a great measure to the state of her health, which commenced to fail when she was about five years old. She suffered from repeated and distressing attacks of hæmorrhage, and from a painful oppression of the chest, so that she could at times scarcely breathe. The aid of the best physicians was called in, but all their skill proved powerless to cure, and could at the most only alleviate her varied and increasing ailments, which she bore with a patience and cheerfulness surprising indeed in one so young. Several times her life was despaired of, and she seemed to be hovering on the brink of the grave; but the great vital power which she, in common with many persons of a weak constitution, seems to have possessed, ever and again enabled her to shake off her malady. When she was ten years old she was, to her great joy, permitted to approach the Holy Table. The strength of her feelings was, however, on this occasion too much for her feeble frame to endure, and no sooner had she received the Bread of Angels than she fainted away, and remained for some time in a death-like swoon. From this time her progress in the ways of God was surprisingly rapid, and she found in the joys of religion abundant compensation for all those childish pastimes in which her weak health prevented her from taking part. She was greatly aided in her upward path by the wise counsels of Father Capistran, a Franciscan priest, under whose guidance the Providence of God placed her when she was nearly fourteen, and who continued to direct her through a long course of years, and indeed up to the time of his own death. He displayed throughout, in the treatment of his penitent, a rare amount of judgment and discretion, as will be seen in the course of Maria's history. He was a man of high spiritual attainments, and no mean proficient in those lessons which can only be learnt in the school of suffering; besides this, he was a man of strong common sense, and soon became the friend of the whole family, his excellent advice being of great use to Frau von Mörl, amid the innumerable cares and difficulties which a very large family,

a very small income, and a very incapable husband must necessarily entail.

In the course of 1826 or 1827, Maria's health had so much improved that her mother decided on sending her to stay some time with relatives who were residing at Val di Non, on the other side of the mountain range at whose base Kaltern is situated ; this was arranged with the twofold object of enabling her to acquire the Italian language, and also of procuring for her a thorough change of air, scene, and surroundings, and by this means promoting the complete re-establishment of her health. She had always been deeply, almost passionately attached to her mother, and when the parting moment came, an acute pang shot through her heart, piercing it with the sharpness of a sword, for as she clung round the neck of her beloved parent in a last tearful embrace, she felt a strong presentiment that they should meet no more on earth. This feeling cast a shadow over the months Maria spent in the lovely Val di Non, which would otherwise have been a season of well-nigh unmixed enjoyment, especially as she was too young and inexperienced to know that such times of peace and freedom from suffering are only granted by God to His children in order that they may gain strength for fresh trials, and are like the rest which a skilful commander always, if possible, allows his soldiers to take on the eve of a great battle. Poor Maria ! her presentiment proved only too prophetic ; and while she was basking in the sunshine of Val di Non, behind the mountains dark clouds were gathering, and a storm was preparing to burst over her home which would sweep all her earthly happiness away for ever.

She had been absent about nine months, when she was summoned in haste to return ; she reached Kaltern, however, only to find her idolized mother lying dead, and an infant sister, whose birth had cost that precious life, added to the family circle. It would be vain to attempt to depict Maria's agonizing grief, which reached such a point as to be described by herself in after years as excessive. Nor did it pass away, as violent emotions so often do, but lasted until the time when her nature was so transformed by grace that every earthly element was eliminated from her naturally ardent affections, and her love for her departed mother was—not diminished indeed—but changed into a supernatural charity, through the union of her own wayward will to the all-wise will of God. But a weary road had to be traversed ere that happy time should arrive ; and

the history of the Ecstatica affords a striking example of the truth of those words of the Wise Man which warn him who cometh to the service of God to prepare his soul for temptations. Her outward lot was indeed a hard one, and very heavy was the burden resting upon the shoulders of the young and delicate girl. She had one brother older than herself, besides nine younger brothers and sisters; the entire care and management of the numerous family devolving on her, as her unsympathetic father, far from affording her any assistance, had not the tact and prudence to support her authority before the children and servants, but on the contrary, aggravated the difficulties of her position by frequently reproaching her with failing to make the most of the scanty sums he allowed her for housekeeping expenses, and with employing in visits to the Blessed Sacrament and religious exercises the time she ought to spend in attending to temporal affairs. She bore his unjust severity in silence, and displayed a courage and energy truly surprising when we remember that she was barely sixteen; but there were times when her self-possession failed her, and the tiresome ways and provoking tempers of her little brothers and sisters betrayed her into expressions of impatience and irritability which she greatly deplored, although we cannot but ascribe these outbursts mainly to physical causes, as her health soon began again to give way. Yet she struggled on, and fought bravely against her increasing weakness and sufferings, which were characterized by her father as "mere nervous fancies," which it was quite within her power to shake off. Moreover, the devil began at this time to assail her with temptations of no common kind and severity, and the powers of Hell formed, as it were, an unholy League against her. Can we wonder then if she often exclaimed in the words of Him to Whom she was destined to be at a subsequent period so marvellously conformed: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death."

This painful and wearing existence continued for several years, until Maria was nearly eighteen. She then fell dangerously sick, all the ailments from which she suffered in her childhood returning upon her with tenfold aggravation, in addition to painful cramps and convulsions so severe as to make her fearful to behold. For thirty days she could swallow nothing but a little lemonade, and though the attack gradually yielded to remedies, it left a permanent weakness behind, and she never again enjoyed an ordinary amount of health. She

one day asked her kind doctor if she could hope for an ultimate cure, and on his answering in the negative: "In this case," she replied, "I am ready to bear all God may see fit to lay upon me, and do not wish to continue the use of these costly medicines; so you see, my dear doctor, you will have to give me up." In answering thus, she was actuated not only by a spirit of heroic resignation, but also by the desire to spare her father's slender purse the expense involved in constant medical attendance. Her bodily weakness was rendered yet more trying by the incessant persecutions she had to endure from evil spirits; dark and hideous forms beset her by night and by day, filling her little room, surrounding her bed, assailing her on her way to church, inspiring thoughts of blasphemy, suggesting every sort of evil desire and imagination, and trying to persuade her that she was predestined to eternal damnation. Sometimes she saw a huge black cat, with eyes that glowed like living embers, sit for hours on the sill of her window, or dart uncannily from side to side of the apartment; and Father Capistran on more than one occasion distinctly heard the sounds it emitted, and seized a broom which happened to be near in the hope of driving away the creature. His fruitless efforts and the unearthly agility with which it eluded the blows aimed at it, impressed Maria as being so very droll that she could not help laughing aloud. All this continued without intermission for more than two years, and at one period reached such a climax, that she was, in accordance with her urgent and repeated entreaties to this effect, privately exorcised, and experienced the greatest relief in consequence. She shortly after joined the Third Order of St. Francis, and took a vow of obedience to her director.

It was about this time that the Emperor granted her a pension from a fund appropriated to the relief of gentlewomen in straitened circumstances. The sum was not large in itself, but it proved no small boon to Maria, who as will readily be imagined, spent no part on herself, but devoted the whole to the benefit of her numerous brothers and sisters.

We have thus brought the history of the Ecstatica down to 1832, a year destined to be for her more important and eventful than any other of her life, since in its early months her ecstasies began to assume a definite form and considerable duration, and in the autumn of the same year the Stigmata began to make their appearance. On the feast of the Purification, shortly after she had received Holy Communion, she folded her hands, raised



her eyes to Heaven, and all at once was lost to external objects and impressions, remaining for twelve hours in this state, until at length those about her, alarmed at her condition, summoned Father Capistran. He called her by name, saying: "Maria, cannot you answer me?" She looked at him with a smile, and was at once her ordinary self again, firmly believing that only a few moments had elapsed since she made her Communion, and appearing greatly astonished when she heard the facts of the case. From the month of June, the ecstasy became a daily occurrence, and though every effort was made to keep the fact secret, it gradually leaked out, and increasing numbers asked permission to visit Maria, whose physical weakness became about the same time so great, as to compel her to take altogether to her bed, which she was never again able to leave. We give an account of the ecstasy in the words of Görres, the celebrated writer on mysticism.

The first time I saw Maria von Mörl, I found her in the position in which she spends the greater portion of the day, kneeling on the lower part of her bed, towards the foot. Her hands were folded together before her breast, her face slightly raised, and turned in the direction of the church, her eyes uplifted and having an expression of rapt contemplation. She would remain thus for hours, impervious to all impressions from without, disturbed by no sound, unconscious of all that went on around, absolutely motionless, with the exception of gentle heavings of the chest, and resembling the pictures our imagination loves to draw of those blessed angels who are ever before the throne of God absorbed in gazing on His Divine beauty and matchless perfections. She is occupied in adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and in contemplation of the life and sufferings of Christ, following the course of the Church's year, the various events of which she acts out, so to speak, in a manner very striking to beholders. Thus at Christmas she appears to be rocking an infant in her arms, while an expression of delight beams from her features; on the Epiphany she kneels behind the Three Kings, her eyes fixed lovingly on the wondrous Child; at the Marriage of Cana in Galilee she reclines upon her side, as the Easterns are in the habit of doing at table; a circumstance all the more remarkable because she had never seen any pictures from which this posture could have become familiar to her.

These wonderful manifestations, as well as those greater marvels of which we shall presently have to speak, were of course made the subject of the strictest investigation by both the secular and ecclesiastical authorities. The Prince-Bishop of Trent paid a visit to the Ecstatica with a view to convince

himself of the genuineness of what was going on, and several magistrates high in office came to Kaltern for a like purpose; all being equally ready to attest at a subsequent period the supernatural character of what they had seen and heard. And God saw fit to set His own seal to the sanctity of His servant by visiting with condign punishment a graceless sceptic, who dared to make her the subject of a jest. One day a visitor, after having been permitted to see Maria while in ecstasy, derided her on his homeward way, protesting to his companions that he could do exactly as she did, and proceeding to imitate the posture in which she knelt upon her bed. This happened about five o'clock in the afternoon, and for seven hours the unhappy man remained in the position he had assumed, and seemed to be in a sort of lethargy, for he could not hear when called upon by name, or feel if violently struck; and when his hands were forcibly dragged apart by strong men, they closed again immediately. About midnight he became himself once more, and bitterly repented his rash conduct.

In the autumn of 1833, Father Capistran began to notice a slight depression in the centre of Maria's hands, his attention being first called to the fact by her complaining of a severe pain in the same spot, and also in the corresponding part of her feet. The true significance of this at once occurred to him, but he kept his own counsel; and so the winter passed away, until upon the Purification, 1834, he found his penitent when first he entered her room, engaged in wiping her hands with a linen handkerchief. He asked her what she was doing, and she answered with the utmost simplicity that she must have rubbed the skin off in some way, as her hands were bleeding. The experienced priest, however, comprehended at a glance that she had indeed been deemed worthy to bear in her body during the remainder of her sojourn upon earth, the marks of the Lord Jesus. The wounds of the feet and that in the side opened not long after. Those of the hands and feet were slightly oval and affected both the upper and under surfaces of the members; the wound in the side was seen only once, by a lady who was on terms of the most intimate friendship with Maria, and it cannot therefore be described. The blood distilled from them slowly drop by drop during the Ecstatica's meditation upon the Agony of our Lord in the Garden on Thursday evenings, and again on Friday, when she assisted in spirit at the closing scenes on Calvary; at all other times they were covered by a crust of

dried blood, without the slightest sign of swelling or inflammation being ever observable in the adjacent flesh. Maria strove most carefully to conceal the great and signal grace thus conferred on her, and for some months succeeded in doing so. But on Corpus Christi, 1834, at the moment the procession was starting from the church, her ecstasy assumed that form which is termed a jubilant ecstasy, and in which she floated in the air, suspended over her bed, touching it merely with the tips of her toes, whilst her hands, usually folded before her breast, were opened and her arms spread out wide, thus attracting the attention of all who were in her room at the time to the existence of the Stigmata. And the number happened to be much larger than usual, on account of the festival, many persons having availed themselves of the freedom it afforded them from their accustomed avocations in order to come and gaze upon the Ecstatica. Thus the wondrous tale was soon spread abroad, and so great was the desire to see her who may be rightly described as *gratia plena*, that from the end of July until the middle of September no fewer than forty thousand persons visited Kaltern for that purpose.

The object of all this interest and curiosity remained unaware of its extent, as the greater number of visitors were admitted to her room while she was in ecstasy, leaving again before she came to herself. But whenever on awaking she perceived that strangers were present at her bedside, she invariably hid her hands under the clothes. She never conversed except with Father Capistran, in pursuance of an intimation she had received from God, her intercourse with other persons being carried on by means of signs. She was at all times perfectly simple and utterly devoid of self-consciousness, mannerism, or affectation of any sort; this being no doubt partly attributable to the judicious manner in which she was handled by her wise director, and partly also the reward of the perfect obedience she invariably rendered him. For no one, perhaps, ever entered more thoroughly into the meaning of the awful words in which the High Priest of the Church declares that He considers any want of respect shown to His representatives as shown to Himself, and pledges Himself to ratify in Heaven the decrees they choose to pronounce on earth. It never occurred to Maria von Mörl to question even in thought the commands of her spiritual guide, much less to cavil openly at them. Whether he saw fit that she should receive Holy Communion once a

week, or even more frequently than that; or whether he withheld the privilege altogether, as he at one period felt compelled to do on account of a spasmodic affection of the throat from which she suffered, and which induced him to fear it would not be possible for her to swallow the Sacred Host, she accepted his decision as final, the constant attitude of her soul being the same as that which found utterance in the words of her Immaculate Mother: *Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*. At Father Capistran's desire, her ecstasies ever came to a prompt conclusion; and she told him that if she was, as she expressed it, "too far away to return at once," she was yet conscious of an instantaneous movement of her will in the direction of obedience.

And in order to appreciate this obedience aright, we must remember what it cost her who practised it with such perfection, and what a sacrifice it was to exchange the contemplation of Divine mysteries and of things so surpassingly beautiful that it was, as she said, "quite impossible to describe them," for the homely and prosaic occupations and interests which awaited her on her return to consciousness, and to which she devoted herself with cheerful readiness, never shirking even the humblest of them all. She kept the household accounts, arranged for the education of her brothers and sisters, superintended their wardrobes, entering into even the smallest details; and so thoroughly did she understand the art of making a little money go a long way, that she left at her death a considerable sum which she had accumulated for the benefit of such of her brothers or sisters as should survive her. She had, moreover, at all times a smile of greeting and welcome for visitors, although, as has been said, she never conversed with them except by signs; her marvellous power of reading their thoughts rendering this mode of communication more perfect than might at first sight be imagined. Upon one occasion she gave, according to her custom, a little picture with her autograph to a visitor, who was much delighted; and the thought at once arose in his secret heart, how glad he should be to have a few more such souvenirs of his visit to take home with him and distribute among his friends. Maria glanced at him, and then selected six additional pictures, which she handed to him with a smile full of meaning, appearing greatly to enjoy the slight confusion he could not help betraying.

Another time she used her power in a very different way. A religious who had unhappily fallen into a serious fault known

only to himself, came to see her, and commended himself to her prayers. She drew a psalter from under her pillow, opened it, and handed it to him, her finger pointing to a passage rebuking the very sin of which he had been guilty. He read the verses indicated, and burst into tears. She gently took back the book, looking at him with an expression of angelic pity the while. It is not surprising that she should have likewise possessed prophetic gifts, and at various times have foretold coming events of both national and individual interest, at home and abroad. She occasionally warned persons of impending danger with a view to their avoiding it. One autumn, for instance, she repeatedly begged her father to have the roof of the family abode repaired. He delayed, however, after the procrastinating fashion habitual to him, and put her off with one excuse after another. At last she showed herself so very much in earnest, that the workmen were sent for, who discovered upon examination that the beams of the roof were rotten, and must, if left in that condition, inevitably have given way during the course of the coming winter.

At another time Maria missed from her room a small silver vessel in the form of a shell, which she particularly valued as having belonged to her beloved mother, and which she was accustomed to use as a receptacle for holy water. The loss grieved her so much that Father Capistran suggested to her the idea of praying that she might recover it. The next time she saw him she joyfully exclaimed: "I shall get my dear vase back again!" He proceeded to inquire if she knew who was the thief, but she replied evasively that she had begged God to touch his heart, whoever he might be, and lead him to restore the ill-gotten spoil in such a way that he should not be put to open shame. About a week later the silver shell was found hidden among the cooking utensils in the kitchen. It had doubtless been abstracted by some visitor, for whose fragile virtue sudden temptation had proved too strong, and who had surreptitiously taken the elegant trifle from the little altar that always stood by the bed of the Ecstatica.

Her room was ever cheerful and scrupulously neat, and her own appearance was attractive and pleasing. She was of medium height and well-made, with very small and delicately shaped hands and feet; her eyes were dark and singularly expressive, and the paleness of her transparent complexion had nothing sickly about it, especially when her cheeks were, as was fre-

quently the case, tinged with a faint roseate hue. Her raven tresses fell in luxuriant profusion below her waist, remaining unchanged, either in colour or appearance, up to the date of her death. She never became emaciated, as might reasonably be expected, considering that she frequently passed several consecutive days without taking any food at all, and was not at any time able to digest more than small quantities of the lightest kind of nourishment, such as fruit, milk with a few crumbs of bread in it, and the like. She had a great love for flowers, and generally had a bouquet near her, and her love of birds was no less strongly marked. A pair of tame doves used to afford her much amusement from time to time ; as soon as the door of their cage was opened they would fly to her, perch upon her bed, and allow her to fondle and caress them ; always returning to their cage as soon as she expressed a desire that they should do so.

She was naturally very sensitive, and from her earliest childhood almost morbidly averse to the sight of suffering in others. This makes it all the more remarkable that, notwithstanding her nervous temperament and enfeebled health, she should have been able to contemplate week by week the awful scenes of the Passion, and yet survive the sight. How vivid that contemplation was, and how great was the effect it produced upon her, will be best described by the able pen of Görres, who was himself a witness of the spectacle.

Her contemplation of the Passion began each Friday morning, and as the hours went on and the dread climax approached, the sufferings which her mental eye beheld and the progress of which she watched with such rapt attention and intense sympathy, were, if we may so speak, reflected in her own person. The shadows of approaching death seemed to creep over her, threatening to overwhelm her altogether ; her breath grew more laboured and difficult, a cold sweat broke out upon her brow, and painful spasms from time to time contracted her limbs. At length she presented every appearance of imminent dissolution ; her nails became discoloured, her features pinched, her eyes fixed and glassy, while the death-rattle was distinctly audible in her throat. Finally her breath came only in gasps and at rare intervals, her eyeballs dropped, her head sank upon her breast ; and if those around had ventured to break the solemn silence which reigned in the room, they would surely have exclaimed *Consummatum est!* And indeed Maria more than once told her confessor that she used to hear our Lord distinctly utter those last words of His. She usually remained about a minute and a half in the condition we have described, presenting a

living image of death ; and then all that was unnatural gradually passed away, her limbs resuming their suppleness, and her countenance its normal expression.

In 1841 one of Maria's sisters died ; and four months later her father also departed out of this world. She felt that the time had now come when she could carry out her long-cherished desire, and finally relinquish those household cares and earthly anxieties to which she had hitherto been compelled to give her attention. Two or three of her brothers and sisters had died quite young, and those yet living were all provided for in one way or another ; her elder brother had become a Capuchin, and three of her sisters had embraced the religious life in different Orders. The home of her childhood was therefore given up, and she went to live in a house situated at the opposite end of Kaltern, and belonging to sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, who lived in community and managed the poor schools of the parish. She was at this time nearly thirty, and little indeed did she think, as she passed the threshold of her chosen abode, how many long years she was to spend within its walls before the time should come when she would be released from exile and admitted into her true country. From this date her life flowed in a uniform current for a quarter of a century ; her days being passed in ecstatic contemplation, in prayer for the welfare of Holy Church and her beloved country, and for general and individual needs, as well as in receiving the numerous persons who desired to see her.

Towards the autumn of 1867, her small stock of bodily strength began visibly to diminish ; and about the same time the malignant enemy of mankind made a last desperate attack upon her soul. During the closing weeks of this year her sufferings both interior and exterior, were indescribably severe ; equalling, if not surpassing in severity, those which she had been called upon to endure nearly forty years before. But since then she had learnt the love of the cross, and was thus able to rejoice in her sufferings, and in her mysterious and privileged vocation of filling up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ. On the feast of the Epiphany 1868, she all at once seemed much better, so that she was well enough to receive the Fathers who had been giving a mission in Kaltern, and were just leaving the place. With the delicate thoughtfulness and hospitable instinct which had always characterized her, she begged that some choice grapes, which had been sent as

a present to herself, might be set before her visitors in order to refresh them after their fatiguing labours in the parish.

She had never foretold exactly the time of her departure, though she had repeatedly expressed her conviction that she should die in the course of that winter, "when all was again white." These words were understood to indicate that her decease would take place at a time when the ground was covered with snow; but their true import became apparent when, at the date of which we are writing, those about her noticed the gradual disappearance of the marks in her hands and feet, of which in fact at last not a vestige remained, even the skin having resumed its original colourlessness. She was perfectly calm and peaceful during her closing days, and retained full possession of her senses until the very end; her last hours were free from any painful struggle; ever and anon she whispered the sacred name of Jesus, and once she was heard to say, "Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful!" as if already permitted to behold the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. At length, about half-past three on the morning of Saturday, the 11th of January, two hours after she had received the Viaticum, she gently breathed forth her spirit, and went to join the ranks of those who are privileged to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

Crowds visited the chapel attached to the convent during the two days her body lay there, prior to its burial in the family vault of the von Mörls in the cemetery of Kaltern; and no one could fail to be struck with the remarkably sweet expression of her marble features, and the happy smile which hovered about her mouth. But why should this seem surprising? For had she not heard and joyfully responded to those words of loving invitation: *Jam hiems transiit, imber abiit, et recessit; surge, amica mea, et veni.*

A. M. CLARKE.



*Dried Lavender.*

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Oh, the sweet dried lavender !  
Oh, the more than scent in it !  
The butterflies and bees astir,  
The pipe of linnets pent in it !  
Brick and smoke and mire have fled—  
Time and space between drop dead—  
Oh, the sweet dried lavender !  
I can hear the pigeons whirr—  
I can count the quarters chiming—  
I can watch the ivy climbing—  
Close it clings from eave to basement,  
Clasps and shadows all the casement.  
Within, against the raftered wall,  
The oaken press stands black and tall—  
I see its folded linen store  
Glean athwart its open door—  
I smell the lavender fresh-dried  
Strewing all the shelves inside.  
Unmade is yet your shroud, mother—  
Not yet you are in heaven—  
You count the sheets aloud, mother,  
And smooth and lay them even.  
Your jingling keys, with music low,  
Measure your steppings to and fro ;  
And, sorting, piling, still you croon  
Some soft, half-uttered cradle tune.

Oh, the sweet dried lavender !  
I hear the wise old tabby purr  
Curled on the window-sill asleep,  
Where winter's sunlights start and creep.  
I hear, without, familiar babel  
Of turkeys and of geese,  
I, perched upon the kitchen table  
In a smock above my knees ;  
My head is all a golden mop ;  
Upon my cheek the round tears drop ;  
The frosty morning weather nips  
My nose and toes and finger tips.  
Mother, so quick you leave your sheets !  
The shelf of sugars and of sweets  
So well you rifle for my meal,  
Almond and fig and candied peel !  
You chafe my little palms, mother—  
You kiss away their cold—  
You take me in your arms, mother—  
And I am five years old.

MAY PROBYN.

## *The Suppression of Poisonous Utterances.*

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IT made a vast difference in a man of the first century of our era, when he gave himself up to the preaching of the Apostles, and became a Christian. A vast difference indeed, not merely with the Corinthian sensualist, but with sober-minded, decent pagans, as was apparently the Proconsul Sergius Paulus. The new religion was the stripping off of old garments and being clothed all anew, and that in quite another fashion, from head to foot. It was more, it was the transfusion of new blood into the man, it was an alteration of his thoughts and affections, hopes and desires, and imaginations: it was all but the breathing into him of a new soul. His old pagan acquaintance knew him not again. He was become another man from them and from his former self.

And to this day the practical Catholic Christian stands differentiated from the rest of mankind. On the most momentous issues, all along the line, his thoughts are not their thoughts, and his ways are not their ways. For better or for worse he is apart from them, out of their sphere. He cannot link his thought with theirs; he cannot be their intellectual fellow without ceasing to be a Catholic. He may be very friendly with them, be their guest, join in their amusements, do business with them, argue with them, and go a certain way with their conclusions, but in the higher regions of practical thought the difference remains: there the strange element comes out, it is Greek conversing with barbarians, or barbarian with Greeks, which you please—the only thing it concerns us to remark is the depth of the difference.

It commonly happens, therefore, that a great practical question in moral and social science has an answer fitted to it on Catholic principles, an answer which cannot commend itself to any one, however upright and reasonable, who does not bow to the sway of the Catholic Church. A good example is found in the discussion, whether every man is to be allowed to utter and

make public whatsoever opinion he pleases about any person or thing whatever in this world or the next, or whether some utterances are to be restrained by human pains and penalties as being poisonous to the community ; and, if any, what utterances are to be restrained, and how.

The Catholic hangs upon the lips of One who said : " The words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life." Then the contradictory of those words will be corruption, miasma, and death. Therefore, if only we know for certain what our Lord's words are and what they mean, and if again there be any power on earth having authority to enforce those words, that power will be competent judicially to suppress as poisonous all utterances that contradict those words among the subjects of its jurisdiction. The Catholic hears from the Church what he holds to be for certain the words of Christ ; he takes the Church to be, not a mere school of thought, but a spiritual kingdom, whose rulers have authority given them by Christ over the religious belief and profession of His faithful, the members of that kingdom. Therefore, if the Church, or the Catholic State at her instance, restrains her children from apostasy by threats and punishments in this world, no Catholic need wonder. The thing may be overdone, it may be done cruelly or unwisely, but the principle on which it is done is a right principle. It is not persecution, it is an act of jurisdiction. The Church is as competent to punish apostasy as the State to punish arson. Arson belongs to the civil *forum*, apostasy to the ecclesiastical *forum* ; that is the difference. There must be such a thing as the ecclesiastical *forum*, or else the Church is not a spiritual kingdom.

But not all mankind are subjects of this spiritual kingdom, but only those who have been, at some time of their lives, professing Catholics. Over infidels and Jews the Church has no authority ; over ancestral communities of heretics her authority seems to have lapsed. Catholics only, or those who once were Catholics, can be brought up to answer for their religious profession at the bar of the Church's tribunal. Where there has been no personal apostasy from her fold, the Church cannot meddle with the Jew for being a Jew, the Protestant a Protestant, or the freethinker a freethinker ; she cannot punish or coerce them, or use violence of any sort against them, except in self-defence. In self-defence she resisted the Moslem profaner of her Lord's sepulchre. In self-defence, in a State wholly her own, as Rome once was, she has kept her Catholic children away from

Protestant services, and set guards for that purpose at the door of Protestant temples. In self-defence she may curb the free-thinker who tramples on the Cross. But she may not arraign decent, orderly non-Catholics for not being Catholics; she may not Catholicize them by force. On these principles it is hard to justify the *dragonnades* of Louis the Fourteenth, if common accounts are true.

All this is very evident to a Catholic who understands his position. It is very galling to other men, especially if their cast of thought is not more distinctively Christian than it is Platonist or Buddhist. It arches up their backs very high, and they spring at you fiercely for saying such things. But said they must be by a Catholic Christian, albeit denied by other men. By this appears the vast difference of which I have spoken, dividing a Christian faithful man from the rest of his fellows.

But the suppression of poisonous opinions may be discussed, abstraction being made from the Divine revelation of Jesus Christ, and from the Divine power which He has left vested in human hands to enforce the same. Under this abstraction the discussion is common to all reasonable men, to Christians, Mohammedans, and Positivists alike. There are poisonous utterances in the mere natural order. In the natural order we will henceforth dwell, and with these naturally poisonous utterances we will deal. The question is, how far the State is warranted in suppressing them.

Let us imagine that among an excitable southern population, some "oppressed nationality," an enterprising stage-manager calculates that a series of short interludes, representing assassinations of tyrants and tyrannical ministers may be depended upon to "draw." Accordingly, he gets up and sets forth in all the pomp and circumstance of his art, deeds of tyrannicide ancient and modern, Hipparchus of Athens and Philip of Macedon, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth of France, Rizzio, the Duke of Buckingham, President Lincoln, Alexander the Second, with much invocation of the shade of Brutus, much flourishing of bloody daggers and fizzing of bombs. Hard by, there is a lecturer wielding a masterful control over his audience on the question, How to destroy a tyrant. The pages of a monthly review are opened to a series of articles on "Suicide, the Last Refuge of the Unfortunate." A rival magazine competes with, "A Manner of Disposing of Old Relations, by Clinicus." Likewise there is set on foot an A.M.C. Society,

the duty of each member being yearly to deliver in some large town, and print for popular distribution, two lectures on the Abolition of the Marriage Contract.

It is one of the primary duties of civil government to suppress utterances like these, that they may not flow forth to stream in at foolish ears and disorder light heads. For the end of government is not speculation but practice, not philosophy but public tranquillity. Politically it imports little that the notion of "the divinity that doth hedge in a king" be estimated among the people for no more than it is worth; but it is all-important that princes and ministers be tolerably sure of their lives. It is more important that John Doe and Elizabeth his wife shall not part company on the first day of domestic disagreement, than that he and she on that unlucky day should have the clear vision of all the arguments that our imaginary A.M.C. lecturer could possibly allege, and should victoriously refute them all, before resolving to endure "till death do us part." Eighteen-twentieths of mankind are not philosophers, and never will do right on philosophical principles. They do right as they are led by those about them, who understand better than they do. They do right by reverence for custom. Their inheritance is the traditionary wisdom of mankind, but they live upon it, as an infant on his estate, not understanding how their sustenance comes in to them. They cannot justify themselves when they do right. It is dangerous to batter them with objections against the truth. You will overthrow them, not confirm them. It is dangerous to show them reasons for doing wrong, for they are led to do right, not by reason, but by authority and tradition. If you reason with them you will perplex their intellect, you will confound their good purpose, you may readily awaken their evil passions. John Doe will be moved to put away his wife, not because he has attained to any understanding of the *pros* and *cons* of the marriage-tie, but because he lusts after another, and he has your word, the word of a learned man and a man that wears a good coat, as a warrant to his evil desire. It is all very well in philosophical schools gravely to argue on this side and on that, why a tyrant should be slain and why he should not; how much there is to be said for rebellion and what is the reason against it; what is the exact ground of the sanctity of marriage, and what the strongest position that can be taken up for the freedom of divorce. These are scholastic

exercises, but the world is not a philosophical school, no more than it is a parade-ground. There are principles on which the edifice of civil society depends, and yet reason for them is very deep and mysterious, and reasons against them are obvious as they are frivolous, and vulgar as they are shallow; frivolous and vulgar, and therefore accessible to the many, while the answers are far to seek.

The proper ultimate ground for any belief has been said to be the fact that it can stand the freest possible discussion from every possible point of view. There are men who proclaim this assertion, not in the domain of science alone, but likewise in that of divine revelation. They have no idea of the nature of an act of faith, no idea of what St. John Chrysostom calls, "quelling arguments and yielding oneself up to the Master." They do not agree with the poet, who says of Reason :

For the spirit needs  
Impulses from a deeper source than hers ;  
And there are motions in the mind of man,  
That she must look upon with awe.

These men's way of regarding the things of faith is called rationalism, and it is inconsistent with the Christianity that St. Paul preached.<sup>1</sup> But we will keep clear of the domain of faith, and remain within that of pure science, and in particular of the sciences which bear upon moral action, as ethics, politics, and natural theology, for it is only here that the present discussion has any interest. And first I would ask, whether it is to be expected of the mass of mankind that their beliefs, moral, political, and religious, are all to be held on their proper ultimate grounds. Do the ultimate grounds of any right course of conduct lie so very much on the surface that all feet may tread there? Have all men sufficient time, sufficient intelligence, and sufficient love of hard thinking, to arrive at the final and adequate why and wherefore of their every duty? Is it desirable that no man should do right except he be a philosopher? And is it possible for the general public to be philosophers?<sup>2</sup> But surely it is of more consequence that right should be done somehow than that it should be philosophically done, especially as the great mass of mankind, though capable of doing right, are quite incapable of doing it

<sup>1</sup> 2 Cor. x. 5, 6.

<sup>2</sup> φιλόσοφον μὲν ἄρα, ἣν δ' ἐγώ, πλῆθος ἀδύνατον εἶναι; Ἀδύνατον (Plato, *Rep.* 494, A).

philosophically. By all means then let there be free discussion in philosophical circles, free discussion among competent persons. But free discussion of a subject among the incompetent and the incapable, and the passionate and the prejudiced, is not good for the cause of truth ; and if the subject be practical and momentous, it is not good for the disputants either, nor for the community. Few parents would wish to hear their children discussing the reasonableness of God's wrath against the Cities of the Plain. And if we allow that the science and practice of morality is not advanced by free debate of ethical questions in nurseries and boarding schools, we must bear in mind that a vast proportion of mankind remain all their lives long, for the purpose of such discussions, as incompetent as children. In morals, in politics, and in natural religion, as in medicine and engineering, the oligarchy of experts, the Few, must discuss and decide, and the Many must take their word and follow, in many things, without knowing why.

Here we seem to have come to the bone of the matter in contention. Why are utterances on social subjects and matters of religion to be guarded with external precautions more than the propounding of theories of medicine ? A man may write as he likes on the treatment of diseases : he may set up to give medical advice, and no authority will search his capacity, or restrain him for incompetence : why is not the like free trade to be extended to the profession of curing the diseases of the body politic ? If a Russian takes the house of Romanoff for a cancerous tumour, to be severed with fire and the knife, why does not the Czar rely on the simple force of truth to refute such a notion ? Why does he beat it down, or strive to beat it down, with strong hand and outstretched arm ? Is it not because he is afraid of the blind, ungovernable passions, which the Nihilist propaganda will excite ? But there are claims of morality and of religion, no less certain, no less indefeasible, and far more precious, than the right of the Romanoffs to rule in Russia. These claims it is well not to expose to the passions, which reckless and unbridled discussion is sure to arouse. Here then lies the difference between medicine and morality. Pride and lust, irreverence and insubordination, will not send a man off to the consulting-room of a quack doctor, but they send men in shoals to hear discourse of treason and lewdness, and rebellion against God and man. Truth is great and will prevail, in what Bacon, and Heraclitus before him, called a "dry light,"



away from the damp and steaming exhalations of passion. But the fact is, while physical science dwells mostly on such serene heights above, and there is the very atmosphere of free discussion — the battle of ethics and politics and religion is fought out in the swamps below ; and there we invoke the secular arm of force to interfere, very moderately, very judiciously, but very firmly at times, to stop some brawling disputant from troubling the atmosphere, and setting astir the fumes of passion to obscure some certain and vital truth.

We are told, sometimes that we must not, sometimes that we cannot, stifle sincere convictions. In this matter, it is said, force is no remedy. Now, the State has nothing to do with the inward convictions of any man. It is when he tries to impress these convictions on others that he comes under the State's consideration. If the State is sincerely convinced that the convictions professed and propagated by some one of its subjects are subversive of political order and public morality, whose sincere conviction is it that must carry the day in practice? The essence of government requires that the convictions, sincere or otherwise, of the governed should on certain practical issues be waived in the external observance in favour of the convictions of the ruling power. The now famous saying, that force is no remedy, is, like other proverbs, a compendious statement, that needs eking out with sundry additions to make it the base of an argument set in scientific form. Force is no sovereign and all-sufficient remedy, no panacea by itself to stay the spread of pernicious politics and unsound morality. He is an ill pastor who neglects to catechize and instruct his people, and then burns them for turning heretics. But that force is no element in a cure, no manner of prophylactic, amongst other prophylactics, against the dissemination of noxious doctrine, that is no tenable sense of the axiom. If the preachers of revolution and indecency and blasphemy believe that force cannot check or impede the spread of their sincere convictions, why do they deprecate the use of force? Is it to spare their adversaries useless trouble?

But this talk of sincere convictions, in the men with whom I am dealing, is merely the canting phrase of the day. One cannot argue upon it, because it is cant, froth, and flummery. There is not a desperado in any secret society who will *not* talk of his conscience and his sincere convictions. The phrase means simply his wild humour and his headstrong determi-

nation. There are regions of falsehood in which sincere convictions are impossible, except to an ignoramus or a fanatic, and surely both these sort of persons need restraint, or they will become dangerous. There are other errors into which an honest and upright truth-seeker may fall, errors about dogmas and high mysteries and complicated relations of man with God : hereabouts, sincere, though mistaken, convictions are common enough in those who have never heard the voice of an infallible Church. And herein, as the welfare of civil society is not bound up with these high doctrines, the State must not interfere to prevent these worthy men from floundering in the abyss : neither must the Church interfere with them, for they are not her children : she has the right to preach to them, but no right to force them, nor to restrain them by force, except, as I have said, in self-defence, when they do her a gross outrage. But consider these sort of propositions : "Religion is all a delusion : " "A man may in conscience do as he has a mind to do, so long as he gives no pain or trouble to other men : " "Tyrants are to be extirpated, and instruments of tyranny removed." Consider these propositions, not left in the abstract, where some of them might pass muster with the unwary, but worked out into their logical consequences and practical applications, then I submit that such teachings are not the teachings of men sincerely convinced ; they deserve no respect, consideration, or tenderness on that score. I do not say that the teachers of these things are not convinced, but that they are not honestly and conscientiously convinced : they have blinded themselves, and been the guilty authors of their own delusion : and if they would but enter into themselves, and seek the right, and be sincere, they would recognize their error, unless the criminal perversion of their own conscience has gone so far as to carry them into the region of insanity. Not all strong convictions are honestly come by or virtuously entertained.

Arraigned for their convictions, men protest their sincerity, as parties indicted for murder do their innocence. But government and law cannot set much store by such protestations. It is a question of evidence to come from other sources than from the accused person's own mouth. A man indeed must be held to be sincere until he is proved to be the contrary. That is the general rule. But there are what Roman lawyers call *præsumptiones juris* ; circumstances which, if proved, will

make the court take a certain view of a case, and give judgment accordingly, unless by further evidence that view is proved to be a false one. Now, when a man proclaims some blatant and atrocious error in a matter bearing upon human conduct (and it is for the restraint of these errors alone that I am arguing), there is a decided *præsumptio juris*, that the error in him, however doggedly he maintains it, is not a sincere, candid, and innocently formed conviction. The light of nature is not so feeble as that, among civilized men. Let the offender have instruction and time to think : but if, for all monition to the contrary, the wilful man will have his way, and still propagate his error to the confusion of society, he must be treated like any other virtuous and well-meaning criminal, he must be restrained and coerced to the extent that the interests of society require.

It is urged, that the interests of society can never require the suppression of any opinion : for it is a question of either zeal or no zeal among the people against that opinion : if they are zealous against it, suppression is superfluous, as the opinion can never spread among them ; while if they are lukewarm and careless, or in actual sympathy with the opinion, any attempt at forcible suppression will be in vain. I observe that in an individual, and much more in a nation, there are many degrees between zeal and no zeal. If the English people were not zealous for the doctrine of Transubstantiation at the accession of Elizabeth, a large section at least were enthusiastic for it, and the numerical majority wished to hold it : and yet that doctrine was stifled in the hearts of Englishmen, stifled in fear and in tyranny and in blood. There can be little doubt that much milder measures would have sufficed to keep Protestantism out of England than were requisite to bring it in. Suppression is not useless, when it is in accordance with the prevailing tone of public opinion. The silent force of that opinion is more valuable than the noisy machinery of penal law : that I allow, especially in our time, when no severities of law are encouraged ; still pains and penalties are a valuable adjunct to public opinion : I suppose it is a truism to say that in any matter. But when an error, however flagrant and pestilential, has ceased to shock and scandalize the general mass of a commonwealth, when the people listen to the doctrine without indignation, and their worst sentence against it pronounces it merely "queer," there is little hope of legal

restraints there enduring long or effecting much. No regulations, it has been well remarked, can be maintained except in a congenial atmosphere—not at least under a popular government. I make this addition, remembering that in an age when popular government in England was at its lowest ebb, the religion of the country was altered by regulations, as a statesman of the time said, “against the stomachs” of the majority. But where the many are not coerced and concussed by the few—and no sane man wishes to live in a country where that is done—restrictions upon the expression of opinion, to be effective, must be borne out by the approval of the many. For that purpose the many must have their intellects opened to truth and their wills formed to justice by education and religion, one ounce of which is worth many tons of suppression; and yet, it must be said, to much education and much religion a few grains of suppression of poisonous opinions form a valuable adjunct.

It has been my endeavour to place most of this discussion upon ground common to Christians, Mohammedans, and Positivists alike. It is difficult to see how even a Positivist, who looks to this world alone, can adhere to the principle of never interfering with any man for the public advocacy of any doctrine, no matter how revolutionary, sanguinary, or immoral. But when the special case of the suppression of blasphemy occurs, the Positivist takes up ground of his own. The only count against the blasphemer which he will allow, rests on the feelings of the multitude, who are not yet ripe for that sort of thing, and must not be scared and troubled before their time, that is, before they are well on the move of transition from the theological stage. With this sort of man I will not argue. He is probably in the right in saying that the punishment for shocking people's feelings, feelings of an archaic order especially, should be something very mild—a fortnight's imprisonment, say, for a gross and indecent blasphemy. I have little more contention with those theists, who worship a quiescent and, for this world at least, all-suffering, all-condoning Deity, cast in the image of those figments of Epicurus:

The Gods, who haunt  
The lucid interspace of world and world,  
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,  
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,  
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,  
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar  
Their sacred everlasting calm.

I must confine my argument to those who believe in a God "strong and jealous," "a God from near, and not a God from afar," one whose political action, so to speak, is set forth in the Book of Kings. I speak to such as believe with old Hesiod, touching the judgments of God in this life,

Often a city reapeth the fruit of one bad man,  
that is, unless the city do something to dissociate herself from him. To theists of this stamp, that saying of Tacitus has not a soothing sound: *Deorum injuriæ, Diis curæ*—"God will right God's wrong." It means in their ears: God will punish blasphemy, if man does not; and punish it in the community where it is uttered with impunity. If the Scriptures show anything, they show this, that God has some care of the honour of His Name even on earth.

JOSEPH RICKABY.

## *King Henry the Eighth.*

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### CHAPTER X.

#### ANNE BOLEYN AND MARY TUDOR.

HENRY prided himself upon being the King of the people, and availed himself of every opportunity of winning the admiration and applause of his subjects. He delighted to appear in public spectacles, especially those which brought him conspicuously before them, and afforded him the means of exhibiting himself to advantage. His handsome person, his lofty stature, his great bodily strength, his skill in all athletic sports and exercises were employed by him in earning the popularity which was so freely conceded to him in the earlier years of his reign. Even when he had reached middle life his delight was to take his place in the first rank among the challengers of the tournament, or the triumphal procession. The state ceremonial of the day is never more eloquent than when it describes the profusion of the jewellery with which it pleased him to bedeck his portly frame, or the splendour of the gold and silver plate which decorated the royal banquet. But there is one marked exception to this general rule by which he was guided, so marked that it invites our attention. How are we to explain the singular fact that at his marriage there were no public tokens of rejoicing, no religious ceremony, no breaking of lances in the tournament, no dances, no procession, no feast, nothing to mark the great event for which the nation had waited so long in such breathless anxiety? For Henry's marriage with Anne was the turning-point of the whole controversy. It was the final and conclusive proof that he had gained the victory over his great enemies the Pope and the Emperor. It was the inauguration of that new system of a national religion, as distinct from the Catholic religion, which yet holds its place in England. It was this, and much more than this; and yet the great hero of the day, the author and controller of the whole movement, he who by his own will and with his own hand had

overthrown "the Bishop of Rome," now, contrary to all precedent, shrouded the glory of his countenance from his people upon this auspicious occasion, and spent his wedding day quietly at home with his new wife, like one of the simplest of his own subjects. There is an air of mystery about the whole transaction which is puzzling. It has been a mystery from the beginning, and is a mystery still. It was kept a secret from Henry's own tool, Archbishop Cranmer, who, however much he knew of the previous history of Queen Anne, did not know when she became a married woman.<sup>1</sup> One thing, however, is certain. Happen when it might—if ever it did happen—this mockery of the marriage rite did not constitute a marriage. It did not change the position in which the guilty couple stood to each other. Anne could not become Henry's wife for the simple reason that Henry was a married man already.

Modern research has thrown some light upon this obscure question, and the result is too curious to be passed over without notice. Reference has already been made to a *History of the Divorce*, written by Archdeacon Harpsfield, a contemporary authority, which exists in a double form, in English and in Latin. The two narratives agree very closely in the account which they give of Henry's mock marriage, and the story which they tell us runs thus :

The marriage ceremony (such as it was) was said to have been performed in an upper room on the western side of York Place (Wolsey's sumptuous residence), which is now known by the name of Whitehall. None were present on the occasion but Norris and Heneage, two grooms of the Privy Chamber, the Lady Barclay being the only female who was admitted, for it was the King's opinion that nothing could be a secret if two women knew of it. The officiating priest was Rowland Lee, the King's chaplain, who afterwards, as if in recognition of his services, was made Bishop of Lichfield. Henry had told him some time previously that he had won his cause at Rome, and that the Pope had

<sup>1</sup> Hall and Holinshed agree in saying that the marriage took place on St. Erconwald's day (November 14), but this seems improbable, for that was the day on which Henry and Anne returned from France and landed at Dover. It was therefore ill adapted for the privacy which was considered necessary. Probably it was fixed upon at a later period in order to convey the impression that the coming child had been conceived in wedlock. Stowe fixes the 25th of January following for the date, that is, the festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, and says that the officiating priest was Rowland Lee, afterwards Bishop of Chester. Cranmer says that "she was married much about St. Paul's day last. . . . It has been repeated throughout a great part of the realm that I married her, which was plainly false, for I myself knew not thereof a fortnight after it was done."

given him a licence to marry another wife, yet, in order to avoid confusion, it must be done privately and without witnesses. Lee seems to have believed this at the time when he first heard it (for, remarks Harpsfield, he knew that kings ought not to tell lies), but when the time came for the ceremony, and he saw that every preparation had been made for Mass, "being in a great dump and staggering," as the English text gives it, he addressed the King thus: "I hope your Majesty has the Papal licence authorising you to marry and me to join you together in marriage." Henry having assured him that it was so, Lee returned to the altar and proceeded to vest himself. Yet he was not entirely satisfied, and in his perplexity he once more came to his Majesty, and said: "It is very important for the whole of us that the Papal licence should be read before all here present, for if this be not done we are all excommunicate—I for marrying you without the previous proclamation of banns and in an unconsecrated place, no divorce having yet been promulgated." The King looked at the chaplain very amiably, and said: "Why, Master Roland, do you think me to be a man of so small honesty and credit as to act so recklessly? you who have known my past life for so long, you who have just now heard my confession? Or do you think that I am of such slender forethought in the management of my affairs that I would venture on an undertaking so hazardous to both of us unless I had made ample provision for our safety beforehand? Assuredly I have the licence, but it is safely kept in a secret place where no one can come at in my absence, and if we had it here it would free the whole of us from all fear and danger. You shall see it presently; but as the day is even now dawning, if I were to go to fetch it I should be sure to be noticed, and my unexpected appearance at this hour of the morning and in this place would lead to reports and suspicions in the Court. You may safely trust my word, so please now to proceed with the matter in hand, for I will take upon myself all the responsibility." Lee was won over by these representations, and completed the marriage rite with the accustomed ceremonies.<sup>2</sup> So then, according to the account given by Harpsfield, the whole story told to Lee was a fiction, and Henry had acted with his usual disregard of truth and honour.

But if Anne Boleyn was not a wife, she was about to become

<sup>2</sup> MS. Arundel 151 f. 360 b, and Pocock's English edition, p. 234. Harpsfield does not tell us when this ceremony was performed.



a mother. Her condition could no longer be kept a secret. Her appearance at the coronation had revealed to the scandalized nation at large, what hitherto had been known only to the few, although suspected by the many. But the publication of the fact brought with it certain disadvantages. If Katherine was Henry's wife, what was Anne? The coronation just past, and the birth of the child, now close at hand, made it necessary to have this question settled; and Henry determined that Anne, and Anne only, should be recognized as his wife. He undertook to bring the proud Spanish woman to submit to his will and to confess that she no longer had any title to be considered Queen of England.

The coronation of Anne was a new attack upon Katherine's dignity, but she accepted it in silence. It was a cruel blow, for it was a proclamation to the world that Henry now disclaimed his former connection with the woman who for twenty years had passed under the name of his wife. It was a cruel insult, and Katherine felt the indignity as well as the injustice which it inflicted upon her daughter; but she bore it bravely, and as far as the outer world could perceive, she seemed to be unmoved. She made no complaint. She never referred to it in her correspondence with the Pope or the Emperor, nor did she allude to it in her conversation with the Spanish Ambassador. Yet she maintained with unwavering constancy that she was Henry's wife, and the nation supported her in this assertion of her right and her dignity.

The position thus taken by Queen Katherine was intolerable to Anne, and she urged Henry to interpose his authority. He did not dare to refuse, for it was safer to insult Katherine than to say No to Anne Boleyn. Accordingly about a month after the coronation he sent some of his nobles to explain to his banished wife the line of conduct which he wished her to pursue for the future, and he furnished them with instructions as to the way in which they should conduct themselves during the interview. They were to explain to her that his Majesty, finding his conscience "violated, grudged and grieved by that unlawful matrimony with her, which (as he tells her) had been declared to be detestable, abominable, execrable, and against the laws of God and nature,—his Majesty, being lawfully divorced from her, by the advice of his nobles spiritual and temporal and all the commons of the realm, had married the Lady Anne, who had been crowned Queen." Remarking that he cannot have two

wives, he tells Katherine that she must not persist in calling herself any longer by that title. She must be contented with the name of Dowager, as prescribed by Act of Parliament. If she is obstinate on this point, Henry will find himself compelled to punish her servants and to withdraw his affection from his daughter. Henry knew the power of this concluding argument, and he was in earnest when he threatened to use it. Armed with these instructions, the royal commissioners had an interview with her Majesty, a minute account of which was forwarded to Henry. The scene which it represents is so full of interest, and it gives us such a clear insight into the character and motives of this remarkable woman, that the attention of the reader is invited to the following abstract of the document.

The conference took place upon Thursday, July 3, 1533.<sup>3</sup> Katherine had pricked her foot with a pin, and being unable to stand she was compelled to rest on a pallet. "Also she was sore annoyed with a cough." Surrounded, at her own especial desire, by her servants, she set herself to listen to the instructions with which the commissioners had been provided by her husband. As each successive article was read to her, she made comments upon it, and as they have been fully and faithfully recorded by the lords who conversed with her, we may accept them as a trustworthy report of what actually occurred during the interview.

As soon as Katherine found that she was styled "the Princess Dowager," she took exception to the title. She was not Princess Dowager; she was the Queen, being the King's wife.

Replying to the arguments which had been used, she spoke as follows:

As for the divorce, said she, all the world knew by what authority it was done, much more by power than by justice. The matter was before the Pope; and while it yet remained undecided Henry had removed the cause from the Papal Court, and had ordered it to be settled within his own realm. Was that justice? As for the Universities, their votes were secured by bribery, and the most learned persons among the Doctors in them were on her side. As to the assent of the Lords and Commons, the King may do what he will in his own realm by his royal power. "And furthermore she saith (continues the report) that her matter depends neither to be determined by

<sup>3</sup> The documents here quoted are printed at length in the *State Papers of King Henry the Eighth*, i. 397, seq.

the Universities, nor by the authority of this realm, but in the Court of Rome before the Pope, whom she accounteth as God's Vicar and High Judge in earth."

Katherine had no difficulty in admitting Henry's truism that he could have only one wife, adding that she was the same, his lawful wife and queen. He says he is surprised that she should disobey his commandment; to which she remarks that she would rather disobey him than God and her conscience, and thereby damn her own soul.

It was showed to her by the commissioners, that by following the King's pleasure she might still enjoy her possessions; to which she answered that in the present matter she cared little about them.

The King had charged her with being vainglorious in desiring the name of Queen, and warned her that she was losing the favour of the people by her conduct. Her reply was that what she had done was for the saving of her right, and for no other cause. If she should lose the favour of the people, yet she trusted to go to Heaven through good report and evil report, "for it was not for the favour of the people, nor yet for any trouble or adversity that could be devised for her, that she would lose the favour of God."

The noblemen had advised her, from the King, to be obedient to his commands; she had always been obedient to him, she said, and so intended to persevere, not damaging her soul by acting directly against her own conscience.

The King had threatened that if she persevered in her opinion, he would be compelled to withdraw his whole affection from her, "and so conceive towards her some evil opinion of high displeasure." Her answer was, that there was no manner of offers, neither of lands or goods, in comparison of the cause that she had respect unto, and that as the suit was begun at Rome by his licence, so she trusted that in prosecuting it she should lose no part of his Grace's favour.

The deputies suggested that the course which she was pursuing would provoke the King against her servants to their utter undoing, and be an occasion for him to withdraw his fatherly love from her daughter. Katherine answered that her servants had served her as truly as any men might, and as truly would she recompense their labours, but in this case she would remit them to the King's goodness; and then she asked such of them as were present to be contented if she refused to put

her soul in danger for them. As to the Princess, she would render her unto the King as his daughter, to do with her as shall stand to his pleasure. And here she added, that neither for her daughter, nor family, nor possessions, nor any worldly adversity or displeasure that might ensue, would she yield in this cause so as to put her soul in danger. Before the commissioners left her she solemnly protested before God and man that she would never relinquish the name of Queen, save by the sentence of the Holy Father; and she asked to be furnished with a copy of these instructions, that they might be translated into Spanish and forwarded to Rome.

Her Majesty having required to see the report of the King's agents before it should be forwarded to him, they waited upon her on the day after their first interview, and produced a copy of the document which they had drawn up.<sup>4</sup> She asked whether in it they had spoken of her as "the Princess Dowager," and being informed that such was the case, she asked to see the paper. It was handed to her, "which had, she called for pen and ink, and in such places as she found the name of Princess Dowager, she, with her pen and ink, struck it out, as is apparent."<sup>5</sup> In other respects she admitted the general accuracy of their account of the conference.

In going through the document she made a few passing remarks as it was read. She protested that rather she would be a poor beggar's wife and be sure of Heaven than be queen of all the world and stand in doubt thereof by occasion of her own consent. If it could be proved that she had given occasion to disturb the King or his realm in any way, she desired to be punished according to the laws. She remarked that the King, after having consented that the suit should be referred to Rome, now wished it to be heard within his own realm, before a man of his own making, namely, the Bishop of Canterbury, whom she will not accept as her judge, thinking him to be no person indifferent in that behalf. The place also is much more suspect, the King here having declared himself the Supreme Head of the Church, and claiming as much authority as the Pope, or more. And she concluded by humbly requiring the King's

<sup>4</sup> It is the same as that which has already been referred to in the text and last note.

<sup>5</sup> In two places, namely, in the title of the report and at the beginning of that document, these cancels are still visible in the original in the Cottonian volume Otho C. x. f. 199 (See State Papers).

Highness that he would no further attempt her, neither by the present deputation nor by any other, with any message in this matter; for whosoever should come she would give him no hearing herein. And so terminated the interview.

When Henry understood the result of the mission he was furious, and had a conference with the envoys, as to the course which should hereafter be adopted with the Queen. He seemed resolved to act with greater severity than heretofore. Others however were of a different opinion as to the expediency of so doing; and even Cromwell was unable to refrain from saying that it was impossible to make a more virtuous and prudent answer than the Queen had done.<sup>6</sup>

We learn from Chapuys that about this time a quarrel of greater violence than usual took place between Henry and his "friend," as Anne is frequently described in the letters of the Spanish Ambassador. The miserable King was punished through his own sins and he did not take his chastisement meekly. Yielding to every passing temptation, his affection, such as it was, for Anne was on the decline, and it was surmised that he had already formed an attachment for another woman by whom she would ere long be supplanted. The palace became the scene of frequent brawls, for furious in her jealousy, Anne retorted in terms which were offensive to his Majesty, who, with brutal simplicity of speech advised her to be more prudent and to shut her eyes, as more deserving persons than herself had done before her. He reminded her that just as he had exalted her he could humble her. Anne retaliated, and a quarrel took place. For several days Henry did not address a single word to her.<sup>7</sup> But Anne comforted herself by the thought that she would recover her ascendancy over her lover by means of the child which she was about to present to him, an heir to his name and throne. She knew that no gift could be more acceptable; for Henry, always sensitive to any expressions of public opinion, had been alarmed of late by certain unmistakable signs of popular dissatisfaction. His subjects had begun to inquire into the history of the Tudor family and were specu-

<sup>6</sup> Brewer, 805. About a week after this conference between Katherine and the envoys Pope Clement the Seventh issued a sentence in which he declared the nullity of Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn, and pronounced that he had incurred the greater excommunication (Pocock, 11, 677; Brewer, 807). The door was left open however for the prodigal if he chose to return home, for the sentence did not come into operation until some weeks afterwards.

<sup>7</sup> Brewer, 1069.

lating curiously as to the legality of the steps by which Henry the Seventh had mounted to the throne. Anne was surrounded by a band of physicians, astrologers, sorcerers and sorceresses, whom she consulted as to the sex of the child which she was about to give to the nation, and they had assured her that she would become the happy mother of the future King of England. Great was her [disappointment therefore, and great the wrath of her husband, when upon September 7, 1533, the Princess Elizabeth was born into the world.<sup>8</sup>

The baptism was celebrated on the 10th of September, in the church of the Observant Friars at Greenwich. The font in which the child was christened was of silver,<sup>9</sup> to which she was carried, wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, by the old Duchess of Norfolk, supported on either side by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk. Cranmer was the godfather, and afterwards confirmed the child. Like the coronation, the baptism was a cold and dreary ceremony. The spectators were few and unmoved. There was little or no expression of popular sympathy. There were no enthusiastic shouts of joy, no bonfires in the streets, no prayers for the long life and prosperity of the little child presented for the first time to the sight of the people. But the day was marked by an incident which occasioned some indignant excitement. It was noticed that a change had been made in the armorial decorations which were embroidered on the coats of the servants of the royal household.<sup>10</sup> Hitherto the Queen's arms had been placed there in conjunction with those of her husband; now they were omitted. Henry had not the wit to learn that every act of unkindness or injustice done by him to his wife was sure to call out some corresponding expression of regard and respect for her from the people. Shortly before the baptism Katherine had been removed, much against her will, to Bugden, a house belonging to the Bishop of Lincoln. As she journeyed thither, every village through which she passed turned out its population to greet the persecuted woman. Great was the sympathy shown to her all along the route. Regardless of Acts of Parliament and Proclamations of Privy Council, they still regarded her as their Queen, and by that title they saluted her, and by no other. They wished her all joy, and all confusion

<sup>8</sup> Brewer, 1069, 1112.

<sup>9</sup> A modern author tells us that it was of gold, but this is an error.

<sup>10</sup> Of this decoration a memorial yet remains in the costume worn by the so-called "Beef-eaters" at the Tower of London.

to her enemies. Knowing that she had been deprived of her income, they assured her that they were ready to serve her without wages, or indeed any payment of any kind. If Katherine was gratified, Anne was much offended, and was anxious that such demonstrations should be punished. But Henry knew that it was easier and safer to persecute his wife than to silence his subjects, and he wisely refrained from attempting the impossible.<sup>11</sup> But if he could not close the mouths of his people he could wring the heart of the woman whom they respected, and he took an effectual mode of doing so.

When Henry warned Katherine that if she persisted in calling herself his wife, "it would be an occasion that he should withdraw his fatherly love from her honourable and most dearest daughter, the lady princess," she must have trembled at the thought of the coming trial, for that poor mother knew that he was in earnest. In reply to the threat, she remarked to the persons who brought it that she trusted to God that Mary would prove an honest woman, and that, for her own part, not even the thought of her daughter would lead her to yield in this cause, or act to put her soul in danger.<sup>12</sup> But Henry knew how much she loved her child. He knew the power of the argument which he was about to employ, and he quietly remarked "that this chiefly should move her, if no other cause did." He had seen that she was firm, and he felt that she was too strong for him. But he thought that probably he would be more successful in his attack upon the constancy of his daughter. His first step was to separate her from her mother, and Mary was sent to reside at Beaulieu, in Essex.<sup>13</sup> Her position was exceptionally trying. She stood alone; she was surrounded by hostile influences of all kinds; she had little experience; and she was a girl of seventeen years of age. But she had a brave heart, and much of her father's strong will and the deep religious convictions of her mother, and she was not left without direction and encouragement, for when the hour of conflict drew near she received a letter from Katherine, of which a copy has fortunately been preserved, and which is worthy of our notice. It is too long to be quoted in full, but the following abstract of its principal points will be read with interest:

<sup>11</sup> Brewer, 918, 1069, 1125.

<sup>12</sup> State Papers, i. 400.

<sup>13</sup> Or Newhall. She was removed from it in the following October, when it was given to Lord Rocheford, Anne Boleyn's brother (Brewer, 1207, 1296).

"Daughter, I have such tidings to-day that I perceive (if they be true) that the time is near when Almighty God will prove you. 'I am very glad of it, for I trust that He doth handle you with a good love. I beseech you agree to His pleasure with a merry heart, and be you sure that without fail He will not suffer you to perish if you beware to offend Him. I pray God, good daughter, that you offer yourself to Him. If any pangs come to you, shrive yourself. First make yourself clean, take heed to His commandments, and keep them as near as He will give you grace to do, for then are you sure armed. And if this lady do come to you, as it is spoken, if she do bring you a letter from the King, I am sure in the self-same letter you shall be commanded what you shall do. Answer you with few words, obeying the King your father in everything, save only that you will not offend God and lose your soul. Go no further with learning and disputation in the matter, and wheresoever and in whatsoever company you shall come, obey the King's commandments, speak few words, and meddle nothing. I will send two books in Latin. One shall be *De Vita Christi*,<sup>14</sup> with the declaration of the Gospels, and the other the *Epistles of St. Jerome*, that he did write always to Paula and Eustochium, and in them I trust you shall see good things. And sometimes, for your recreation, use your virginals, or lute, if you have any. I would God, good daughter, that you did know with how good a heart I do write this letter unto you. I never did write one with a better, for I perceive very well that God loveth you. I beseech Him of His goodness to continue it. And now you shall begin, and by likelihood I shall follow. I set not a rush by it, for when they have done the uttermost they can then I am sure of the amendment. I pray you to recommend me unto my good Lady of Salisbury, and pray her to have a good heart, for we never come to the Kingdom of Heaven but by troubles. By your loving mother, Katherine the Queen."<sup>15</sup>

The quiet confidence here shown by Katherine in the steadiness of her child's resolution in the hour of trial was justified by the issue. Articles drawn up under Henry's imme-

<sup>14</sup> Ludolf de Saxonia, the author of this *Life of Christ*, was prior of the Carthusians of Strasburg. He was born about A.D. 1370, and died at Mayence in 1370. His *Vita Christi* has frequently been printed, and has always enjoyed a high reputation. The Epistles of S. Jerome to Paula and Eustochium have often been published separately, and occur in the fourth volume of the Benedictine edition of the works of that Saint.

<sup>15</sup> Burnet, v. 563.



diate inspection, if not by himself, were presented to her, in which she was commanded to cease from usurping the title of princess, thereby pretending to be the heir apparent to the throne. The commissioners were instructed to point out to her the folly and danger of her conduct, and to warn her that by persevering in it she would incur the King's high displeasure and make herself amenable to the punishment provided by law. She knew that this punishment was death, and who would undertake to assure her that it would not be inflicted?

Mary's letter to her father has not been preserved, but Chapuys sent an abstract of it to the Emperor, and from him we are made acquainted with its contents. She promises obedience to her father's commands, but she has no right to renounce or to derogate from the titles which have been given to her by God, by nature, and her parents. As the daughter of a King and a Queen, she has a right to bear the title of princess, and she would not renounce it. Her father might do with her as he pleased; but by no act of her own, either expressly or tacitly would she prejudice her own legitimacy or the cause of her mother, following whose example she commended all to the hands of God. Chapuys tells us that none of the King's Council dared to say a word for Mary, for by so doing they would incur the hostility of the new Queen. Throughout the whole of this conference Mary stood alone. The deputies wished her to hear them in private before they left Beaulieu, but she refused, fearing that her words might be misunderstood or misrepresented.<sup>16</sup>

When the result of the interview was communicated to Henry he lost no time in putting his threat into execution. Mary had rejected the terms which he had offered to her and must be punished. Like her mother she was proud, and he would teach her humility. The household of the little Elizabeth was now formed with a due regard to her state, as the King's only legitimate child, and it was announced that she should be sent into Norfolk, where, right royally attended, she should remain in a position due to her present rank and prospects for the future. Henry next ruled that Mary's household should then be broken up, her servants were to be removed, and she herself was to be sent to wait upon the Princess Elizabeth as one of her domestic attendants. Such was Henry's plan, and it was carried out to the letter, not however without some difficulty.

<sup>16</sup> Brewer, 1186.

As soon as the necessary arrangements could be made on a scale consistent with the dignity of the Princess Elizabeth, she set out on her journey to her new home. There was no need why the procession should come round by London, but with the hope of creating some kindly feeling this route was chosen. The attempt was not successful, for the people looked on in silence. On the following day the Duke of Norfolk was sent to Beaulieu with orders that Mary should leave it and enter upon her new duties in the service of the Princess. Mary offered no opposition and professed her obedience to her father in all matters where it did not clash with a superior duty. The Countess of Salisbury, who until now had been at the head of the Princess's establishment, asked permission to accompany her, and undertook to provide an honourable train consisting of men and women who would think it an honour to serve her gratuitously. The offer was declined. Chapuys was alarmed for Mary's personal safety, and hints that she was passing into the hands of persons who were capable of resorting to any measures, however extreme, to attain their ends. The people were indignant and would welcome an invasion. The pedigree of the Tudors was discussed in no friendly spirit, and Henry had cause to tremble for the security of his throne. But there was no token of a return to a better mind, and the Ambassador concludes his letter with expressing his belief that "his sin carries him away, and he is bewitched by this accursed woman."<sup>17</sup>

When the Princess Mary arrived at the household of the little Elizabeth, she took her place among the other attendants. Norfolk, who seems to have accompanied her on her journey, asked whether she would like to pay her respects to the Princess, to which Mary replied that she alone was entitled to bear that designation, and that the daughter of the Marchioness of Pembroke had no such title. When the Duke left her, on his return to the Court, he inquired whether she had any message to send by him to her father. "Nothing," said Mary, "except to say that his daughter the Princess asks his blessing." Norfolk confessed that he did not dare to be the bearer of such a message, whereupon the Princess remarked that in this case he might leave it. When he reported his proceedings to Henry his Majesty told him that he had dealt too gently with Mary, and that he would tame the pride of both her mother and herself.

<sup>17</sup> Brewer, 1528.

When writing to her daughter, Katherine had said that ere long it would be her own turn to bear the cross, and her prediction was soon fulfilled. Shortly before Christmas the Duke of Sussex and some other of the lords presented themselves at Hatfield, a house to which she had recently been transferred, and announced to her certain messages with which they had been charged by her husband. He repeated his old demands, but with increased violence, and Katherine, on her side, was no less resolute in her vindication of her honour as a married woman. "Persisting in her great stomach and obstinacy she made answer, with an open voice," say the commissioners, "that knowing herself to be Queen and Henry's true wife, she would give no heed to any orders or instructions which were addressed to her under any other designation." The Duke and his fellows were directed to remove her to Somersham—she refused to move. They were instructed to appoint her a new household—she declined to accept the service of any who did not address her as Queen of England. Her old servants were true to her, and they too refused to take a new oath which was inconsistent with that to which they had already pledged themselves. Her chaplains, Abel and Barker, stiffly stood in their conscience that she was Henry's Queen and lawful wife, and that no man, sworn to serve her as Queen, might change that oath without perjury. As they persisted in this their opinion, the royal commissioners committed them to the porter's ward, and left it to the King to decide how they should be dealt with afterwards. They had been directed to remove certain of her chaplains, but as these were the only priests who could speak Spanish, and as Katherine was unable to make her confession in any other language, the objectionable ecclesiastics were permitted to continue in the household. Still the difficulty was not entirely removed even by such concessions as these. What were the commissioners to do, they asked, if in her wilfulness she should feign herself sick and keep her bed? What if she should refuse to dress herself? No such cases were provided for in their instructions, and the woman with whom they had to deal was capable of thus or otherwise ordering herself by some imagination which at that moment they could not call to remembrance.

Along with the letter addressed to the King went one in which they make the Duke of Norfolk acquainted with the troubles they have encountered in dealing with the most

obstinate woman that may be. They were mightily perplexed to know what to do for the best. They tell him plainly that if Katherine is to be removed it must be done by force, and they ask him to obtain for them the King's express pleasure. They beg for money to be sent with diligence, and also commissions for provisions. They wrote on the 19th of December, and did not relish the prospect of spending their Christmas in such quarters.

In such a struggle as this the woman is sure to be victorious. The patience of the commissioners was exhausted, and after remaining as long a time as they thought would convince Henry that they had done their best for him and their worst for his wife, they prepared to return to London. They had not made much progress. Two priests were sent to the Tower. They left behind them, for the sake of decency, the Queen's confessor, apothecary and physician, all of whom were Spaniards and could not do much harm, for they could speak no English. They dismissed the greater number of her servants; but as she refused to accept any of those whom they had brought with them, they permitted two out of the former number to remain with her. The new servants whom they directed to continue in the house were regarded by Katherine as keepers, not as servants, and she declined their help. After remaining for six days to see if the Queen's spirit would fail her, and observing no tokens of submission, Suffolk and his party left the besieged garrison in possession of their fortress. Katherine locked herself in her chamber, and when the commissioners came to remove her by force she told them, through a hole in the wall, that if they were resolved to carry her off it must be done by force. This they did not dare to do, for the people seemed ready to arise and resent their cruelty, and expressed their sympathy by their tears and lamentations. Though the Queen had gained the day, yet her position was wretched in the extreme. There remained with her only one woman servant whom she could trust. Her victuals were cooked in her own room, for she did not dare to eat any food which was dressed in the kitchen. As if to prepare the nation for her death, the report was circulated that she was in failing health, which was not true. It was not forgotten, however, that a similar device had been employed shortly before Wolsey's death. "And the detestable malice of the lady will never rest until she sees the end of both mother and daughter."

Such then was the position of affairs at the beginning of the year 1534. It was anything but satisfactory to England. The country had lost much of the weight which it had acquired in Europe during the time of Wolsey, and its voice, if it attempted to make itself heard in the adjustment of the politics of the continent, was all but disregarded. As a monarch and as a man Henry had fallen to the lowest depth in the estimation of his own subjects. His morality had never been remarkable for its purity, but now he had made himself ridiculous and contemptible. The unmanly brutality of his conduct towards his wife and his daughter aroused the indignation of his people, and at the same time the brawls between him and his female friend, which were too frequent and too violent to be concealed, made him the mark at which every ale-house jester aimed his coarse ribaldry. The terror-stricken clergy, the cowed nobility, and the respectable men and women of the middle classes, shrunk from crossing the path of this embodiment of evil, in whom it was difficult to say which predominated, the spirit of lust or the demon of cruelty. If we may believe the indistinct foreshadowings of a coming scandal, the woman for whom he had bartered his soul, had already begun to play the traitor to him, and was listening to the addresses of a younger and more attractive lover. The people of England looked on in contemptuous disgust, and lamented the evil day on which they had given their allegiance to such an alien from the traditions of their earlier monarchy. The only fragments that remained out of the shattered glories of the past were the two women whose privilege it was to be persecuted by Henry because they represented in their lives the principles and the practice which were most opposed to his own character, purity, truthfulness, honour, and the love of God. It fared hard with them at the time of which I speak, and before them was a gloomy prospect. The few friends whom they had in England were poor and powerless. The cloud had already begun to gather over the head of Bishop Fisher, who, brave to the death in all that regarded himself and his own conscience, did not consider it his duty to push his way into Henry's privacy and warn him to dismiss the domestic abomination. Chapuys had found, by a long and painful experience, that every attempt which he made to better the condition of the Queen only exposed her to more cruel insults, and with Katherine's approval, he ceased to intercede for her. The Emperor, Charles the Fifth, held back from giving the help

which he might, and ought to have given, restrained by political considerations. The French King, a selfish voluptuary, encouraged Henry by word, by writing and example. Of the two women, the mother and the daughter, each was left to fight her battle alone, singly and apart from the other. Henry knew how much they leant upon each other, and he attacked them separately. It seemed an unequal contest, for in addition to the open violence of Henry they were henceforth about to be exposed to the secret and more dangerous machinations of an unscrupulous woman.

JOS. STEVENSON.

<sup>19</sup> State Papers i. 415, 418; Brewer, 1571.

## *Alessandro Manzoni.*

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IT is just ten years ago at the present time since one of the most remarkable men of whom this century can boast, one of the greatest poets and novelists which Italy ever produced, died at the ripe age of eighty-nine years. Alessandro Manzoni was not only a man of exalted genius, but one who had consecrated his genius to the Catholic Church. Catholicity is not only incidentally introduced into his works when the subject leads to it, but the works themselves were undertaken to advocate all the ennobling principles of Christian teaching.

Manzoni was born at Milan, March 8, 1784. He was the child of noble parents, his mother being a daughter of the illustrious Marquis Cesare Baccaria, who, in his little book entitled *Crimes and their Punishments*, which has been translated into almost every language, exposed the enormity and barbarity of inflicting torture on men and women who were very often innocent, to extort from them a confession of misdeeds which in hundreds of cases they had never perpetrated. Manzoni received his first education from the Regular Clerks of the Congregation of Somasca, amongst whom was Father Francesco Soave, the distinguished philologist and philosopher. His intellect was rather slow in arriving at maturity, but at the age of fifteen he manifested a great taste for poetry, and wrote two sonnets of considerable merit. Having lost his father in early youth, in 1805 he went to join his mother, who was living in Paris, and who was herself devoted to literary pursuits; there he spent two years, mixing in the society of the so-called ideologists and other philosophers of Voltairian tenets. If such intercourse did not corrupt his mind, at any rate it involved him in serious doubt and perplexity, and for some time his life was perhaps not altogether in accordance with the religious education he had received. In after life he always spoke of this time with great sorrow and deep repentance, and when in old age some of his fellow-citizens were thanking him for the

services he had rendered to his country, he abruptly replied : "Listen to me ; my name does not deserve the weight you attach to it. Perhaps you do not know that I have been an unbeliever and even an apostle of unbelief, and worse still, for some time my life was in keeping with the doctrines I held. If Providence has granted me a long life, it is only in order that I may ever remember the aberrations of my youth." But it is evident that Christian humility and the fervour of his imagination led Manzoni to exaggerate his own errors. The poem which he wrote in 1806, on the death of his friend and benefactor, Count Carlo Imbonati, is an evidence that even at that time the aspirations of his heart were noble and pure. In fact, the words he puts into Imbonati's mouth as embodying the maxims and rules on which his own life should be modelled, betray the most elevated sentiments, and are besides characterized by sound practical sense.

It is said that during this period of mental anxiety and distress, Manzoni happened one day to be present at a *conversazione* where every one was speaking against Catholicism, as was the fashion in Paris at that time, when a learned Piedmontese nobleman rose and uttered his solitary protest in favour of religion, exclaiming : "But I believe in it" (*ed io ci crede*). The courage, the accent of conviction, the calm determination with which these words were pronounced, went to the heart of young Manzoni, and affected him so deeply that all hesitation was immediately at an end ; he resolved from that moment to be a Catholic in reality and not only in name. Others assert that one day entering a church to implore from Heaven light to illumine the darkness of his mind, he heard a sermon from a French preacher, and was so struck by the force of his arguments and the warmth of his eloquence, that his former indifference to the religion of his fathers was changed into deep attachment, and he vowed to employ all his powers to dispel from the minds of his countrymen the chilling mists of indifference and scepticism. In 1808 Manzoni married a young, beautiful, and highly gifted lady, Enrichetta Luigia Blondel, the daughter of a Genevese banker. She was by birth a Calvinist, but her love for her husband led her to embrace his creed and share his zeal for religion. They led a retired life, dividing their time between the pursuit of literature and the practice of good works. Owing to the dishonesty of an agent, Manzoni unfortunately lost the greater part of his fortune, and was compelled to sell



his paternal inheritance, including, to his great regret, the villa at Galeotto where he spent his childhood, and which he afterwards immortalized in his works. Although possessed of a very modest income in consequence of these losses, he invariably replied with great liberality to appeals made in behalf of those who were in misfortune, endeavouring meanwhile as far as possible to keep his good deeds secret. A true Italian at heart, he was deeply grieved to see his country crushed and smarting under the oppression of a foreign rule; but as there appeared to be no immediate prospect of redress and relief for his suffering countrymen, he exhorted them to patience and resignation to the will of God and confidence in His mercy.

It is in Manzoni's religious poems that we meet with the noblest thoughts of this most Catholic of Italian bards. They are far superior in originality of conception and elegance to any other of his compositions, and have for their subject the chief solemnities of the ecclesiastical year and the most sacred mysteries of our redemption; warmth of love and deep devotion breathes in every line. These lyrical effusions are little known in England. It was in reference to them that Goethe was compelled to acknowledge "that an argument oft repeated and a language almost exhausted by the use of many centuries may regain their first youth and freshness, when a young and vigorous mind enters upon the subject and adopts the worn-out language."

Curiously enough, when the author published these hymns at Milan in the course of the years 1815—1822, they remained unnoticed by the Italian literary world; but when the famous ode *Cinque Maggio* on the death of Napoleon appeared, although this poem was inferior in beauty and grandeur to the hymns, every one in Italy and throughout Europe greeted Manzoni as one of the greatest poets of the age. It is not generally known that the *Cinque Maggio* was first published in German, the author having sent it in MSS. to his friend Goethe, who, delighted with it, immediately produced a German version, which he printed and published previous to the appearance of the original Italian. Lamartine, although no friend to Italians or their country, which he was accustomed to call *la terre des morts*, when he read this ode, proclaimed it to be a masterpiece, and said he should be only too glad could he claim it as his own. It has been frequently translated into English, and will undoubtedly attain the immortality its author ventured to hope for it, when he spoke of it as *un cantico che forse non morrà*.

In the field of drama Manzoni was not less successful. The subject of his first tragedy was the death of the celebrated Piedmontese Condottiere, Count di Carmagnola; who after having faithfully served the Republic of Venice in many glorious campaigns, was, in consequence of some slight reverses, condemned to death and beheaded. This drama produced a great sensation; in it Manzoni introduced on to the Italian stage for the first time the chorus after the model of the Greek plays. The following stanzas give a vivid picture of the battle between the Venetians and Milanese in 1427: they form part of a chorus in the *Conte di Carmagnola*. We give them in their English dress.

Woe to the victors, and the vanquished woe!  
 The earth is heaped, is loaded with the slain.  
 Loud and more loud the cries of fury grow;  
 A sea of blood is swelling over the plain.  
 But from the embattled front already, lo!  
 A band recedes—it flies—all hope is vain;  
 And vernal hearts despairing of the strife  
 Wake to the love, the clinging love of life.

As the light grain disperses in the air,  
 Borne by the winnowing of the gales around,  
 Thus fly the vanquished, in their wild despair,  
 Chased, severed, scattered, o'er the ample ground.  
 But mightier bands, that lay in ambush there  
 Burst on their flight—and, hark, the deepening sound  
 Of fierce pursuit!—still nearer, and more near,  
 The rush of war-steeds trampling in the rear!

The day is won!—they fall—disarmed they yield,  
 Low at the conqueror's feet all suppliant lying!  
 'Midst shouts of victory pealing o'er the field,  
 Ah! who may hear the murmurs of the dying?  
 Haste! let the tale of triumph be revealed!  
 E'en now the courier to his steed is flying;  
 He spurs—he speeds—with tidings of the day,  
 To rouse up cities in his lightning way.

Why pour ye forth from your deserted homes,  
 O eager multitudes around him pressing;  
 Each hurrying where his breathless courser foams,  
 Each tongue, each eye infatuate hope confessing?  
 Know ye not whence the ill-omened herald comes,  
 And dare ye dream he comes with words of blessing?  
 Brothers by brothers slain, lie low and cold!  
 Be ye content! the glorious tale is told!

I hear the voice of joy, the exulting cry!  
 They deck the shrine, they swell the choral strains;  
 E'en now the homicides assail the sky  
 With pæans, which indignant Heaven disdains!

But from the soaring Alps, the stranger's eye,  
Looks watchful down on our ensanguined plains,  
And with the cruel rapture of a foe  
Numbers the mighty stretched in death below.

The political events of 1821, the death of some friends, and the imprisonment of others by the Austrian Government, weighed so much on Manzoni's mind that he retired from Milan and repaired with his family and his beloved friend, Tommaso Grossi (the well-known author of *Marco Visconti*), to a country house not far distant, where he sought distraction in historical studies. Whilst reading the history of Milan by Ripamonti, he was struck by the narrative of the life and conversion of the *Innominato* (Bernardo Visconti), one of the haughty feudal nobles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who feared neither God nor man, and respected neither right nor law; who was converted and won to an orderly pious life by Cardinal Frederigo Borromeo, nephew and successor in the see of Milan to the great St. Charles. This he wove into a romance, which he entitled *I promessi Sposi*, and wherein he offers a graphic sketch of Italian social life in the seventeenth century, set in the framework of the simple history of the joys and sorrows of two country lovers, parted by the intrigues and villany of a depraved nobleman. This novel is like a panorama where the reader sees passing before his eyes the various classes of society, with their ideas and manners, with the peculiarities of the age and the country, with the different passions and feelings of humanity. The language is wonderfully varied and adapted to the position and character of each of the personages, and is by turns solemn and eloquent, humorous and pathetic, simple and ironical. The book would be well worth reading if only for the study of the characters introduced: each is perfect in his way, and drawn with a masterly hand. The description of the plague which ravaged Milan in 1630 is unequalled.

In 1833, five years after the publication of the *Promessi Sposi*, a great grief befel Manzoni in the death of his wife, the faithful partner of all his pains and pleasures, to whom he owed some of his best inspirations, and who had always aided and encouraged him in his literary achievements. In dedicating to her his tragedy *Adelchi*, he speaks of her many virtues, asserting that she had known how to fulfil in their highest perfection the duties of a devoted wife and prudent mother, whilst preserving the utmost simplicity and purity of mind and character. As if

this bereavement—which the poet felt most deeply—were insufficient to test his resignation and try his fortitude, in less than a year he was called upon to part with his eldest daughter, who had not long been married; and her death was quickly followed by that of two of her sisters, and of the aged mother of Manzoni, to whom he had ever been a most affectionate and dutiful son. Under these repeated blows, he sought consolation in that divine religion which was the guiding star of his life, and shortly after published the *Osservazioni sulla Morale Cattolica*, which were translated into English under the title of *A Vindication of Catholic Morality*. In this work Manzoni put forward in a systematic and dogmatic form the principles which he had zealously advocated in all his works, refuting the charges brought against Catholicism by Sismondi in his *History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages*. This was the last work of any importance which came from his pen. In 1838, Manzoni married again, but his second wife, as well as seven out of his nine children, preceded him to the grave. During the last forty years of his life he took no part in political affairs, and lived in absolute retirement. In 1860 he was made a Senator of the kingdom of Italy, and he assisted, at the advanced age of eighty-four, in drawing up a statement of the best means of abolishing separate dialects, and establishing throughout the whole of Italy an uniform language, of which the Tuscan dialect should be the basis.

Manzoni's presence was dignified and imposing, his language graceful and well-chosen, and his conversation so instructive that one who was himself a writer of no small merit, declared that he had learnt more from listening to him than from all the books he had ever read. His private character was an unblemished one, and his life quite in accordance with the lofty standard proposed in his works. Seldom has so much intellectual power been united to so much modesty and humility of mind and manners.

The death of his eldest and favourite son, which occurred on April 28, 1873, was a blow from which Manzoni never recovered. In less than a month he followed him to that better life which was the continual object of his aspirations. Italy mourned his loss as a national calamity. His funeral was worthy of a monarch, no less than one hundred thousand persons coming from all parts of Italy to be present at it; and as a tribute to the merits of the departed poet, Verdi composed a Requiem Mass expressly for the occasion.

A. O.

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## *Birds and their Homes.*

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A COMMON object of man's futile ambition is the power to transport himself from one part of the world to another without the necessity of climbing mountains and traversing deserts, or being tossed on the billows of the dangerous sea. Attempts without number have been made to construct balloons or parachutes capable of being steered by some ingenious machinery in the teeth of opposing winds. Experiments, which had for their object to devise some kind of wings which might carry men aloft into the blue heaven, have amused over-sanguine mechanicians from the time of Dædalus till now. In the desire to participate with the feathered tribes in the power of flight, men have forgotten that they do not share with birds the indispensable requisite of an anatomy suited to the purpose. Man's ponderous frame clings to its native earth. He is not provided with an organism enabling him to rise up on what the Greek poet calls "the swift oarage of pinions," whereas every part of the anatomy of the bird is calculated for swiftness. Being more or less designed to rise upon air, all its parts are proportionably light, in order that it may spread itself over a surface large in comparison with its weight.

The general form and the body of birds (and under this name we include all animals which have an internal skeleton and are covered with feathers) are adapted to rapid motion through the air. Most birds have under their skin great air passages which open into the lungs, and which, when the bird is moving quickly, do, to a certain extent, the work of supplementary lungs. A careful observer says that they also lessen the bird's specific gravity, and in diving birds, which drop from a great height into the sea, they lessen the shock on striking the water. The *grebes*, for instance, have the power of breathing out all spare air and sinking almost out of sight, as a balloon sinks when part of the air is let out. Great spaces in the bones of the birds of rapid flight are also filled with air. Indeed, the

bird has been well said to be little more than a drift of the air, brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, and it breathes through its whole frame, and glows with air in its flying like a blown flame. It rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, and outraces it.

The shape of the body is sharp in front (to enable it to pierce and make its way through the air), it then rises by a gentle swelling to its bulk, and falls off in an expansive tail, that helps to keep it buoyant while the fore-parts are clearing the air by their sharpness. From this conformation it is often compared to a ship making its way through water, the trunk of the body answering to the hold, the head to the prow, the tail to the rudder, and the wings to the oars, from whence poets have adopted the metaphor of *remigium alarum* in describing the wavy motion of a bird in flight.

The feathers, when they begin to grow, are like little grooved pimples upon the flesh that gradually sink down till a hollow is formed, and into this kind of cup, the soft layer under the outer skin sends out fibres, which afterwards form the pith. Round these fibres, horny rings begin to form, and it is within these rings that the true feathery barbs, then the shaft, and lastly the quill appear, as the feather grows from below.

The quill is fed by an artery running into the pimple. When full-grown, it is drawn in at the base, and rests complete and firm in the socket. The position of the feathers is much to be admired. Lying all one way, they answer all the purposes of warmth, speed, and security. They generally tend backward, being laid over one another in regular order, furnished with softest down next the body, and curiously closed externally to fence off the injuries of the weather. Lest, however, the feathers should be spoiled by their violent friction against the air, or imbibe the moisture of the atmosphere, birds are supplied with a gland behind, which contains oil that can be pressed out by its bill and laid smoothly over each feather as occasion requires. Each feather is composed of a quill, with its lateral filaments terminating generally more or less in a point at the extremities of the quills, lying over each other like the tiles of a house, allowing the wind and rain to pass over them with the least possible resistance, and forming a protection alike from the heat and the cold. In structure, feathers much resemble the scale armour assumed by man for very different objects; they are in fact exactly intermediate between the fur of beasts

and the scales of fishes, having the minute division of the one, and the armour-like symmetry and succession of the other, each in its most perfect form.

In birds that fly, the wings are usually placed where they can best poise the whole, and answer to the fore-legs in quadrupeds. These instruments of flight are provided with quills, which differ from the common feathers, in being very much larger, and also in springing from the deeper part of the skin, their shafts being embedded in the bone. What models of beauty and lightness are the wings of a gull! The bones are composed of the hardest possible kind of bony material arranged in a tubular form, combining the greatest possible lightness and strength. If we examine the wing of this bird or of an albatross, we shall find that it is a hollow cylinder, like a wheat-straw, but in order to increase the strength it has many little pillars of bone about the thickness of a fine needle, extending across from side to side. These buttress-like pillars are in themselves very strong and do not easily break under the fingers. Again, at the top of the bone we find two or three holes which communicate with the interior, through these pass tubes which are connected with the lungs, so that when the bird starts for a flight, he fills his wings with air, causing them to act somewhat like a balloon on each side of the lungs.

In order to move the wings, birds are provided with two very strong pectoral muscles, which lie on each side of the breast-bone. By means of these a bird can move its wings with a strength which, in proportion to its size, is almost incredible. The flap of a swan's wing, for instance, would break a man's leg, and a blow has been known to kill a man on the spot. No inventions of human skill are capable of imparting such force to so light an apparatus.

In all birds, except nocturnal ones, the head is smaller in proportion than in quadrupeds, and their eyes are more flat and depressed. A circle of small plates of bone is placed scale-wise, under the outer coat of the eye, attached to each pupil to defend it from injuries. Birds have also a kind of skin called the *nictitating* membrane with which, as with a veil, they can cover their eyes, though the eyes continue open. This membrane serves to wipe, cleanse, and also to moisten its surface. The eyes almost equal the brain in size, whereas in man the brain is twenty times larger than the orbit of the eye. The configuration and special mechanism of the bird renders the

impressions of external objects exceedingly vivid and distinct, so that the sense of seeing is in birds infinitely superior to that of other animals. A hawk, for instance, perceives a lark at a distance which neither men nor dogs could spy, and a kite darts down on its prey with the most unerring aim, from an almost imperceptible height in the clouds. The superiority of the eagle's sight would be realized by man if he were able, when seated in an express train going sixty miles an hour, to distinguish a grasshopper on a grassy bank.

A keen observer calls our attention to the unique adaptations of the beak of the bird, which is not only its mouth, but its hand, or rather its two hands. For, the arms and hands being turned into wings, all it has to depend upon, in economical and practical life, is its beak; which is in fact its sword, its carpenter's tool-box, and its dressing-case; partly also its musical instrument, and besides all this, the beak has to seize and prepare the food, in which function it becomes a trap, carving-knife, and teeth all in one. It is this need of the beak being a mechanical tool which regulates the form of a bird's face, as opposed to a four-footed animal's. If it were only a question of food, we might wonder why there were not more four-footed creatures living on seeds; or why those that do—field-mice and the like—have not beaks instead of teeth. But a bird's beak is by no means a perfect eating or food-seizing instrument. A squirrel is far more dexterous with a nut than a cockatoo; and a dog manages a bone much better than an eagle. The beak, however, has to do a great deal more. Pruning feathers, building nests, and the constant discipline in military arts, have all to be attended to, as well as feeding. Soldiership is especially a more imperious necessity among birds than quadrupeds. Neither wolves nor lions habitually use claws or teeth in contest with their own species, whereas birds are constantly fighting for their mates, their nests, their hunting-grounds, &c. Indeed, their courage is unequalled by that of any other race of animals. They are singularly capable of comprehending danger, and their pertinacity and endurance have in all ages made them an example to the brave and an amusement to the frivolous.

Birds are essentially musical, and though possessing no external ear corresponding to that visible in other animals, have yet a highly organized ear for music; on gently parting the feathers behind the eye, we may perceive a little orifice with



convolutions of delicate skin turned inwards. A recent writer states that the feathers are so planted round a bird's ears that however ruffled or wet they cannot be driven in, and probably they conduct vibration. Birds have no need to turn the ear to catch stray sounds, as they can turn the whole head wherever they please in the twinkling of an eye. They do not produce their sounds as we do, just below the back of the mouth, but at the lower end of the windpipe, exactly where it divides into two branches, one going to each lung. At this point, where the air rushes most rapidly, there is a complete apparatus moved by a whole set of muscles upon which the bird plays, and his whole body being so full of air, he is not exhausted by his song however long continued.

The sense of smelling is very acute in most birds, many of them scent their prey at an immense distance, while others are protected by this sense against their insidious pursuers. The legs and feet are both made remarkably light for easier transportation through the air. The toes are in some webbed, to fit them for the waters; in others they are separate, for the better holding of objects or clinging to trees for safety. Those that have long legs have also long necks, otherwise they would be incapable of gathering up their food. Long necks are found with fishers in more or less shallow water—that is long-necked—non-swimming birds must necessarily have long legs. But long-necked swimming birds like swans need not have long legs.

Every external part is as much adapted to the life and situation of the animal as are the inward organs. Not only are the bones extremely light and thin, but all the muscles, except those which move the wings, are particularly slight and compact. But the muscles of a bird's breast often weigh more than all his other muscles put together, as we see in the flesh or muscle of a pigeon or sparrow's breast. It is the great mass of muscle in front of the breast that works and pulls down the wing, while another smaller one, ending in a cord or tendon, passes like a pulley over the top of a bone that draws it up, thus by using these, one after the other, the bird flies. The tail, which is composed of quill feathers, serves to counter-balance the head and neck, and guides the animal's flight like a rudder, at the same time that it greatly assists it in its ascent or descent. The wings for their functions require to lie and to adhere, as it were, close to the ribs or sides of the chest,

consequently the trunk itself is lightened in weight, not only by the end of the wind-pipe opening indirectly into the bones, but by this pipe also opening into the cavity of the belly, and conveying the air drawn in by breathing into receptacles like bladders running along the whole length of the body. Thus a bird's lungs are continued into several large air-sacs, which in their turn open out into tubes which carry air actually into the bones, most of which are hollow. All birds have, properly speaking, one stomach, though it differs much in the various kinds of birds. They are peculiarly formed in those living on animal food, as well as in some of the fish-feeding tribe, the gullet in them being found replete with glandulous bodies, which serve to masticate the food, as it passes into the stomach, which is large in proportion to the size of the bird, and generally wrapped round with fat, to increase its warmth and powers of digestion. In the granivorous birds, the gullet dilates just above the breast bone forming itself into a pouch, called the crop. This is furnished with salivary glands, which serve to moisten and soften the grain and other food which it contains. After the dry food has been masticated it passes into the belly, where it is ground between two pair of muscles, called the gizzard, the coats of which, rubbing against each other and against the small gravel and stones swallowed by the bird for the purpose, grind the hardest substances.

The webbed feet of the swimming birds are the principal agents by which these birds propel themselves through the water, upon the surface of which most of them pass a great portion of their time. Their feet are generally placed very far back, a position highly favourable to their action in swimming and diving, but which renders their movements on land anything but elegant. Most of these birds live in societies, which are often exceedingly numerous, and inhabit high latitudes.

Birds are subject to few diseases, but most of them suffer more or less during the moulting season, and many of the weak ones die at this time. No feeding can maintain their strength during this process, they cease to breed, and the nourishment necessary for the production of the young is entirely absorbed by the demand required for supplying the coming plumage.

Birds, in common with all vertebrate animals, except mammalia, produce their young in an incipient state of development, enclosed within a brittle calcareous shell, and are hatched by the heat of the parent's body during *sitting*. Most of the

globular yellow mass within, called the yolk, becomes gradually absorbed into the bowels of the chicken for its nourishment.

NIDIFICATION.—In order to economize the animal heat while the mother is sitting, and to prevent rapid cooling when she is obliged to leave the eggs, as well as to protect them from accidental injury, that beautiful piece of workmanship, the *nest*, is constructed, which is entirely the result of untaught and unpractised instinct. Various materials are used for this purpose, and different degrees of care and skill lavished on the structure.

Each species of bird has, in building its nest, its own architecture, adapted to the number of eggs, the temperature of the climate, or the respective heat of the little animal's own body. Where the eggs will be numerous, the nest is made warm, that animal heat may be equally diffused.

Among birds there are many remarkable kinds of nidification. *Petrels* and *puffins* make their nests in burrows, which they excavate in the earth. The name of *petrel* has a singular derivation. They are said to run upon the surface of the waves with their wings closed, and have in consequence been compared with St. Peter's miraculous walking upon the Sea of Genesareth. Hence a diminutive of the Apostle's name was applied to the bird.

It is said by travellers that in Guadaloupe the great sulphur mountain is all bored, like a rabbit-warren, with the holes these birds excavate. Both the male and female petrels assist in this work, but among the *puffins* it is all performed by the male bird, who throws himself on his back in the tunnel he is making, and digs it longer and longer with his broad bill, and at the same time casts out the mould with his webbed feet. These burrows have usually several passages in them, and are about ten feet deep. *King-fishers* and *land-martins* also excavate burrows in which to build their nests.

*Ostriches* scrape holes in the sand to serve as nests, into which they drop their eggs, and cover them with a light coating of sand, for their incubation the sunbeams are sufficient to warm them during the day, the male bird sitting on them by night. But sometimes several female ostriches deposit their eggs in one common nest, and sit on them by turns. The *house-martin* builds its nest of clay, which it sticks on the side of a wall, and to make it firm and tough, works into it bits of straw and splinters of wood. Mr. White, of Selborne, says, in order that this work may not, while it is soft and green, fall

down through its own weight, the provident little architect has foresight enough not to advance his work too fast, but by building only in the morning about half an inch, and devoting the rest of the day to food and recreation, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. Thus, careful workmen, when they build mud-walls (having perhaps taken a hint from these little birds) raise but a moderate layer at a time, and then stop, lest the work should become top-heavy, and be ruined by its own weight. In the course of ten or twelve days the martin forms a hemispheric nest, with a small opening towards the top, strong, compact, and narrow, perfectly fitted for the purposes for which it is intended.

The *missel-thrush*, which derives its name from the mistletoe, the berries of which it is very fond of, places its nest generally in the fork of a tree. Outwardly it appears a mass of coarse stems of plants, moss, withered grasses and lichens, within it is strewn with mud and clay, and then lined again with most delicate grasses. This bird is very apt to avail itself of any soft materials for building its nest. A lady lost a lace cap one day in the spring; next autumn, when the leaves began to fall, something whitish appeared in one of the trees, which proved to be the missing cap, which had been used by one of these birds in constructing its nest.

The *orchard starling* suspends its nest from the branches of a tree, with materials of any tough kind of grass, weaving the blades curiously together. These blades have been found to be twelve or thirteen inches long, woven in and out about thirty times. The *weaver* intertwines slender leaves of grass, and thus produces a net strong enough to protect its young. Mr. Gould had a *bull-finch's* nest which had been set in the fork of a sapling tree, where it needed an external foundation, and the bird had built the first story of its nest entirely of withered stalks of clematis, interweaving the twigs lightly, and leaving the branched heads all on the outside, thus producing an intricate Gothic boss of extreme grace and quaintness, apparently arranged with triumphant pleasure in the art of basket-making in definite ornamental form. The *larks* and *warblers* sew together the leaves with which they make their nests, actually using for this purpose cotton and thread, whenever they find it. Professor Forbes, describing how the *tailor-bird* of the East Indies forms its nest, says, he saw it choose a plant with large leaves, then gather cotton and regularly spin

it into a thread by means of its bill and claws, and afterwards sew the leaves together, using its beak as a needle, or rather an awl. A quantity of soft downy cotton is next pushed between the leaves, and a convenient hollow scooped out in which the eggs may lie and the young birds rest at their ease. There are birds in India that hang their nest from a projecting bough, twisting it somehow into the shape of a bottle with a prolonged neck; the opening is inverted, so as to prevent the entrance of tree-snakes and other reptiles. According to H. A. Severn, "the Indian *bottle-bird* protects her nest at night by sticking several glow-worms round the entrance by means of clay." He mentions watching three rats on a roof-rafter of his bungalow, when a glow-fly lodged very close to them, and the rats immediately scampered off, so that the bird's device is no doubt effectual.

Some birds build in wood, the *tom-tit* and the *wood-pecker* excavate a hole in a tree, carefully carrying away the chips, that there may be no indication of the whereabouts of their nests. The American *wood-pecker* makes a tortuous excavation five feet deep, to keep out wind and rain. The common *wren*, after it has completed one nest, generally constructs another before the eggs are laid, and sometimes the first nest is preferred, sometimes the second. The *sociable* *beavers* excel any of the feathered race in the extent of their habitations. Usually selecting a large lofty tree, they find under its ample shade and strong wide-spreading branches a good shelter and support for their erection. Having chosen the site, the framework is constructed by the combined efforts of the fraternity at large, who will derive from it a common advantage. The nest is always firmly interwoven with the branches of the tree on which it rests, and often a large part of a principal branch is included within its substance. This being done, each pair of birds proceeds to the construction of its own special nest, which, like the roof, consists of grass. M. le Vaillant, in his *Travels in Africa*, says :

I observed, on the way, a tree with an enormous nest of these birds, whom I call Republicans. Arrived at my camp, I sent a few men for it with a waggon. When it came, I cut it to pieces with a hatchet; the chief portion of the structure consisted of a mass of Bushman's grass, without any mixture, but so firmly basketed together as to be impenetrable to rain, under this canopy each bird builds its particular nest. Imagine a huge, irregular, sloping roof, all the eaves of which are

completely covered with nests crowded one against another. As all the nests are in contact with one another, they appear to form one building, and are distinguishable from each other only by a small aperture, which serves as an entrance to the nest, and even this is sometimes common to different nests, one of which is situated at the bottom, and the other two at the sides.

Those living jewels of nature, the *humming-birds* of America, build beautiful delicate nests of leaves, grass, and spider-webs, interwoven together like fairy cradles. The *swift* makes a yet stronger nest of hair and feathers, grass, and moss, all glued together with saliva from his mouth, and fastens it under the eaves, or on the top of some high water-spout. The Indian and Chinese *edible-nest swiftlets* construct their nests entirely of saliva, and they are eaten as a delicacy by the natives.

The *brush-turkeys* and *megapodes* of Australia scratch together all kinds of rubbish and dead leaves, carrying them in their long-curved claws, and adding them to the heap till they have raised a mound sometimes more than seven or eight feet high and twenty feet across at the base. Yet these brush-turkeys are not nearly as large as a good-sized turkey, and the megapodes not larger than a common hen. To these mounds the female bird goes every ten days to lay an egg *upright*, and when they have each laid about eight or nine they go no more, and after a few weeks the little ones work their way out fully fledged. The reason of this curious habit of *mound-building*, says Mr. Wallace, is, that the eggs are so immense that the mother can only lay one in ten days, and that if she sat upon them she would be exhausted by fatigue and want of nourishment before they were hatched.

A curious instance of the eccentricity of some birds in the choice of a site, and their determination to return to the same spot, is given by Mr. Bingley, who states that a pair of swallows built their nest upon the body of a dead owl, which was hanging from the rafters of a barn so loosely as to sway about with every gust of wind. The owl, with the nest upon it, was sent to the museum of Sir A. Lever, who directed that a shell should be hung on the rafters in the place previously occupied by the dead owl. The following year the swallows returned to build their new nest in the cavity of the shell. Mr. Waterton thus describes the great peculiarity in nest-building of the *domestic*

*swallow*:

When it lays its first egg its nest is of a very moderate size ; but as incubation proceeds, we see it increase vastly in height and breadth. Every soft material, such as pieces of grass and fragments of sedge, is laid hold of by the sitting swan as they float within her reach, and are added to her nest. This work of accumulation is performed by her during the entire period of incubation, be the weather wet or dry, settled or unsettled, and it is perfectly astonishing to see with what assiduity she plies her work of aggrandisement to a nest already sufficient in strength and size to answer every need. The swans generally form their nests in an island quite above the reach of a flood, and still the sitting bird never seems satisfied with the quantity of materials which are provided for her nest, already very large, and not exposed to destruction had the weather become ever so rainy.

The *ravens* build their nests in the crevices of rocks, or on the summit of an isolated tree. They are composed exteriorly of branches and roots, bones of quadrupeds or fragments of hard substances form the second coat, and the interior is lined with moss, wood, &c. In the vicinity of these nests may generally be found a considerable accumulation of grains, nuts, fruits, and other things which they hoard together.

It is believed that a permanent change of climate causes many birds to modify the form or materials of their nests, so as better to protect their young. Mr. Wallace states that many facts have been observed which show that birds adapt their nests to the situations in which they place them, and the adaptation of eaves, chimneys, and boxes by swallows, wrens, and other birds, proves that they are always ready to take advantage of changed conditions. Among the strangest of the special instincts shown by birds is that of the cuckoo. Many of them are parasitic, that is, instead of building nests for themselves they deposit their eggs in the nests of others. Besides the cuckoos, there are several other species of parasitic birds. The American *melothius*, which is allied to our starlings, never lays more than one egg in a foster-nest, so that the young bird is securely reared. Humboldt gives an account of some nocturnal birds which had a remarkable taste in selection of a site. They built their nests in the cave of Carife, in New Andalusia, in the funnels with which the roof of the grotto is pierced like a sieve—living in fact in the chimney, not of a house, but of an Egyptian sepulchre. The cavern is fifteen hundred feet out of daylight, they have consequently the trouble of carrying in the seeds to feed their young, and the

floor of the cave is thus covered, by the seeds they let fall, with a growth of unfortunate pale plants which have never seen day.

There are about five hundred and fifty species of *birds of prey*, which are distributed tolerably evenly over the world, being, however, more abundant on continents than islands. They are almost exclusively meat-eaters, but some feed altogether on dead animals. The most destructive characteristics of these birds are their bills and feet. The bill is always rather short and strong, with the upper mandible strongly hooked and very sharp at the point. The feet are short and powerful, with four toes armed with long curved sharp talons. With these they seize their prey, holding it while they feed on it. Their wings are always large in proportion to their bodies, and they are very powerful birds of flight. D. G. Bennet says of the *griffin vulture*—

When it has once made a lodgment on its prey it rarely quits the banquet while a morsel of flesh remains, so that it is not uncommon to see it perched upon a putrifying corpse for several successive days. It never attempts to carry off a portion even to satisfy its young, but feeds them by disgorging the half-digested morsel from its maw. Sometimes, but very rarely, it makes its prey of living victims, and even then of such only as are incapable of offering the smallest resistance; for in a contest it has not the advantage which the falcon tribe possess, of being able to lacerate its enemy with its talons, and must therefore rely upon the force of its beak alone.

The *carrion-crows* are carnivorous in the fullest sense of the term, and will poke their beaks into everything they can find, from a boiled potato to a dead horse. The same author also in his *Gatherings of a Naturalist*, in Australia, says of the *king-fishers* of that country that, "in the stomach of specimens he had dissected he found the remains of lizards, snakes, and small mammalia, together with caterpillars, gold beetles, and other coleopterous insects, which constitute its usual food. Unlike other king-fishers they were never observed procuring food from the water." Frank Buckland writes :

One of my pets, now sitting beside me, has just eaten three mice which the cat has caught but disdains to eat herself; he is an Australian king-fisher—the giant king-fisher. Raw meat and fish seem to be equally palatable to him, he would eat almost anything, any amount of sprats or little birds. One day a friend brought me a canary-bird



that was a wonderful singer. The little bird-cage was left open for a moment, but that moment gave my king-fisher an opportunity. He instantly seized the canary and swallowed him right down, feathers and all. When he first came my monkeys made terrible faces at him, and shook their cage at him. The parrot also ruffled up her feathers and looked double her age; she can tolerate any number of quadrupeds in her room but no birds.

The most carnivorous among the insect-eating birds are the *shrikes*, which in their attacks upon small birds, manifest a ferocity and daring scarcely inferior to the falcons. Perched upon a projecting spray, they sit for hours patiently watching for some large beetle or grasshopper, or perchance some small bird, on which they dart suddenly, seize it with their strong, sharp beak, and strangle it instantly. They have the remarkable habit of impaling the prey thus taken upon thorns, where it may occasionally be seen remaining, the bird often leaving it. From this habit the genus has obtained the name of *butcher-bird*. The object of this singular habit being to fix the prey, while it is torn into morsels with the beak. Mr. Selby, in his *Illustrations of British Ornithology*, tells how he watched this operation of the shrike upon a *hedge-chanter*, which it had just killed.

After killing the bird it hovered with it in its beak for a short time over the hedge, apparently occupied in selecting a thorn for its purpose. Upon disturbing it, and advancing to the spot, I found the chanter firmly fixed by the tendons of the wing on the selected twig.

The *fly-catchers* also form another of the great branches of this numerous family. In habit as well in form they resemble the shrikes, as sitting on a post or the summit of a bush, they sally out, upon passing winged insects, capture their prey by a snap of the beak, and immediately return to the same spot to eat it. In this peculiarity of alighting to eat the captured prey, they differ from the *swallows*, which eat on the wing and resemble the dragon-flies among insects. This bird moves as a consuming and cleansing power; it is said that one thousand flies a day is a moderate allowance for a baby swallow! The *warblers* also are fly-catchers, but instead of watching for their prey, they seek it most industriously among the twigs and leaves of trees. Extended over the whole globe, their office is to keep down the myriads of little insects, so small as to be almost invisible to man, but which, from their numbers would otherwise

be very injurious to vegetation. The chief peculiarity which runs through this numerous family is their very small size and delicate structure. Excepting the humming-birds they are the smallest birds in creation.

Our English *robin-redbreast*, which feeds on worms and insects, takes an earth-worm by one extremity in its beak, and beats it on the ground till the inner part comes away. Then it seizes it in a similar manner by the other end, and entirely cleanses the outer part, which alone it eats. The reason of this very unpleasant operation for the poor worm on the part of the fastidious robin is, that as a worm lives by passing earth through its body, the bird finds it necessary to get rid of this indigestible matter. The robin's beak is a most formidable instrument, he can kill an adversary of his own kind with one blow of it in the throat. "It is so pugnacious," says Linnæus, "that no single tree can hold two cock-robins," and for precision of seizure, the little flat hook at the end of the upper mandible is one of the most delicately formed points of forceps which can be found among the grain-eaters.

In the *woodpecker* every part of its structure points to a single instinct, and is marvellously adapted for it. The food of these birds is almost exclusively of insects, which dwell safe from all other enemies in the solid wood of trees. To obtain these many contrivances are necessary and many deviations from the ordinary form of birds. The large and strong toes which are arranged in pairs give them great power of maintaining their footing on a perpendicular surface, while the body is additionally supported by the stiff and horny tail, composed of very strong feathers ending in sharp points, which, being thrown in against the tree, act as a prop. The woodpecker, instructed—no doubt by the sense of hearing—of the presence of his prey, comes to the scene of operation and sets to work to dig it out. For this purpose he has a beak shaped like a wedge, almost as strong and hard as steel, terminating in a fine edge like a chisel. With this admirable instrument, moved by the powerful muscles of the neck, he taps the tree in rapid succession, and in a short time having chiselled a hole, he lays bare the small grub. The worm has then to be extracted, and for this purpose another beautiful piece of mechanism shows itself. The tongue is projected far out of the beak, by means of a slender elastic bone, which passes round the back of the head, and it terminates in a horny point which is also furnished with little barbs pointing

backwards, and moreover is covered with a thick glutinous secretion.

Wilson says of the *ivory-billed woodpecker* :

He may be called the king of his tribe, and nature seems to have designed for him a distinguished characteristic, in the superb carmine crest, and bill of polished ivory, with which she has ornamented him. . . . Even his manners have a dignity in them superior to the common herd of woodpeckers. Trees, shrubbery, orchards, rails, fence-posts and prostrate logs are alike interesting to him in his humble and indefatigable search for prey ; but the royal hunter scorns the insignificance of such situations, and seeks the most towering trees of the forest, seeming particularly attached to those prodigious cypress swamps, whose crowded giant sons stretch their bare and blasted arms midway to the skies. In these almost inaccessible recesses, amid ruinous piles of impending timber, his trumpet-like note and loud strokes resound through the solitary savage wilds, of which he seems the sole lord and inhabitant. Wherever he frequents, he leaves numerous monuments of his industry behind him. We see enormous pine-trees with cart-loads of bark lying around their roots, and chips of the trunk itself in such quantities as to suggest the idea that half-a-dozen axemen had been at work there the whole morning. The body of the tree is also disfigured with such numerous and large excavations that one can hardly conceive it possible for the whole to be the work of the woodpecker.

The following interesting account is given by a sportsman of a *nuthatch* which he had shot.

The bird fell and concealed himself in holes at the bottom of a ditch so long as he heard the noise of motion, but when all was still he tried to scud out and to make his escape. At length I got hold of him ; he was small but very fierce, and his bite would have made a child scream out. The elbow-joint of his wing being shattered, I cut off the dangling limb, and put him into a large cage with a common lark. The wound did not in the least diminish his activity, nor yet his pugnacity ; he instantly began to investigate all means of escape, he tried the bores, then tapped the wood-work of the cage, and produced a knocking sound which made the room re-echo, but finding his efforts vain, he turned upon the lark, and so alarmed his gentle companion that they had to be separated. The nuthatch was put into a smaller cage of plain oak-wood and wire ; here he remained all night, and the next morning his knocking or tapping with his beak was the first sound I heard, though I occupied a distant apartment. Food was given to him—minced chicken, bread-crumbs, and water. The moment he had satisfied himself, he turned again to his work of battering the frame of his

cage. He had a particular fancy for the extremities of the corners ; on these he spent his most elaborate taps, and though he only occupied the cage a day, the wood is pierced and worn like a piece of old worm-eaten timber. He must have had an idea, that if these main beams could only be penetrated, the rest of the superstructure would fall and free him. Against the doorway he had also a particular spite, and once succeeded in opening it ; and when, to interpose a further obstacle, it was tied in a double knot with a string, the constant application of his beak quickly unloosed the knot. In ordinary cages, a circular hole is left in the wire for the bird to insert his head to drink from a glass. To this hole the nuthatch perseveringly went ; not for the purpose of drinking, but to try to push out more than his head, but in vain, for he was a thick bird heavily built, but the instant he found the hole too small he would withdraw his head, and begin again to dig and hammer at the circle, where it is rooted in the wood, with his pickaxe of a beak, evidently with the desire to enlarge the opening. His efforts were incessant, and his hammering was peculiarly laborious, for he did not peck as most other birds do, but grasping his hold with his immense feet, he turned upon them as upon a pivot, and struck with the whole weight of his body, thus assuming the appearance with his entire form, of the head of a hammer, or, as I have sometimes seen birds in mechanical clocks, made to strike the hour by swinging on a wheel. We were in hopes that when the sun went down he would cease from his labours and rest ; but no ! at the interval of every ten minutes, up to nine or ten at night, he resumed his knocking. At length an awful fluttering in the cage, now covered with a handkerchief, announced that something was wrong ; and we found him at the bottom of his prison with his feathers ruffled and all turned back. He was taken out and lingered for a short time in convulsions, with occasional brightenings up, till at length he expired.

The *brown creeper*, which in winter associates with the woodpecker, the nuthatch, and the titmouse, is an extremely active, restless little bird, and follows in the rear of these birds, gleaning up those insects which their more powerful beaks had exposed and left, its own slender incurvated bill being unequal to the task of penetrating into wood though it does into holes and behind the scales of the bark. As the other birds advance through the woods from tree to tree, says Wilson, "our little gleaner observes a good deal of regularity in his proceedings, he alights near the root of the tree, directing his course very nimbly upwards to the higher branches, moving rapidly and uniformly along, with his tail bent to the tree, and not in the hopping manner of the woodpecker, whom he far surpasses in dexterity

of climbing, running along the lower side of the horizontal branches with surprising ease."

Calculations have often been made to ascertain the probable number of insects consumed by a single bird—some of them are almost incredible. Mr. Bradley tells of a friend of his who watched for one hour a pair of birds that were rearing a young brood. They went and returned continually, bringing every time a caterpillar to the nest. He counted the journeys they made, and calculated that one brood eat about five hundred caterpillars a day, so that the number destroyed in thirty days at this rate by one nest would amount to fifteen thousand. Supposing that every square league of territory contained a hundred nests of this species, there would be destroyed by them alone in this space one million five hundred caterpillars in the course of one month!

But here we must take leave of our little friends for the present, hoping in our next number to have something more to say of their many interesting characteristics.

MARIANNE BELL.

## *French Diplomacy under the Empire.*<sup>1</sup>

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DISUNION and unstable government at home are the certain forerunners of a weak and vacillating policy abroad. This is one reason why France, with its chronic changes of *régime*, has had for the last fifty years so few names of any mark to show in the diplomatic profession. Credit and influence are not to be had here except by long use and familiarity with the art, and constant change of government, entailing as frequent change of Ministers, is not a favourable condition for the production of diplomatists as eminent as were Nesselrode and Metternich, Palmerston and Gortchakoff, in their respective countries. The French statesman who in later times has come the nearest to these distinguished statesmen is the late M. Drouyn de Lhuys. Diplomacy was the staple of his life, and he passed through all its grades before attaining to its high places. His tastes, natural aptitude, and varied acquirements, all tended to draw him to questions of foreign policy. For thirty years his house was the rendezvous of men of all parties, who had taken part directly or indirectly in the management of the foreign policy of their country. His society was courted and his opinions were listened to with deference even by those politicians who differed most widely from him in home and foreign politics. He held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs at four distinct periods, but his influence was scarcely less great when he was out of office than when he was in it, for the agents of the Foreign Office continued to seek his advice even after they had ceased to take his orders.

A few dates, sometimes a single date, will sum up the life of a politician. That of M. Drouyn de Lhuys is comprised, as we have said, in the four periods during which he held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. These the Comte Bernard d'Harcourt,

<sup>1</sup> *Les Quatre Ministères de M. Drouyn de Lhuys.* Par M. le Cte. Bernard d'Harcourt, Ancien Ambassadeur. Paris: E. Plon et Cie., Imprimeurs-Editeurs, Rue Garancière, 10, 1882.

himself a distinguished diplomatist, has judiciously selected as the outlines of a work in which, with the help of notes and correspondence left behind him by the Emperor's Minister, he has thrown not a little light on some of the principal events of the Second Empire. M. Drouyn de Lhuys was, during a long political career, actually in office only seven years, but during those seven years he was concerned with the Expedition to Rome in 1849, with the Conference of Vienna in 1855, with the Convention of September in 1864, and last, but not least in importance, with the negotiations which preceded or followed the Battle of Sadowa in 1866, the results of which have weighed so heavily on the destinies of France.

To follow M. Drouyn de Lhuys' able and agreeable biographer over so wide a field is obviously impossible in a necessarily short article. Briefly it may be said that Drouyn de Lhuys was a link between contemporaneous French diplomacy and the men, who in previous generations have made for themselves a great name in the direction of foreign affairs. His political career coincides with the more fortunate times which marked the opening of the Imperial reign, and with its decadence dating from the fatal campaign of Sadowa. From 1852 to 1855, M. Drouyn de Lhuys gave a remarkable impulse to the foreign policy of France. In these three years he established the closest union between France and England, made considerable advances towards Austria, and laid the foundation of a triple alliance so solidly that Prussia, fearing to find herself isolated, made every effort to be admitted into it. As the result of the Crimean War Russia though beaten was not alienated from France, who now and henceforth found herself endued with so much power and consideration, that no great European question was settled or even discussed without reference to her. But the acceptance by the Emperor of M. Drouyn de Lhuys' resignation in 1855 marks a notable, not to say fatal, change in the policy and in the ideas of the Emperor. His ambition was now no longer confined to assuring the greatness of his own country, but aimed at giving life to another. The dream of Italian unity began to haunt the Tuileries, of which Cavour availed himself so adroitly to give a definite shape to hitherto vague aspirations. Then followed the campaign of 1859, ending in the Peace of Villafranca. From that day dates all the subsequent trouble which came upon the Empire. The Treaty of Zurich and the plan for an Italian Confederation

were set aside, every ruler of the Peninsula was either threatened or actually dethroned, the Piedmontese took armed possession of a portion of the Pontifical States, and the French Government was made the accomplice in an invasion which it did not prevent. The diplomacy of France, which of old had been so careful to preserve the balance of power in Europe as an essential condition of her own political existence, took little notice at the time of this wiping out of the lesser Italian States; it was only in later years that men discovered how vital their preservation was to the security of France.

But the Emperor was not altogether so indifferent about the temporal power of the Pope. He was clear-sighted enough to perceive that the French Government would incur a grave responsibility, if it permitted a campaign started by the Emperor to end in the overthrow of a Power, whose importance the greater part of mankind were in the habit of considering as inseparably linked to the greatness of France itself. So when Napoleon the Third found that the movement he had set on foot was advancing further than he had anticipated or wished, he once again sent for M. Drouyn de Lhuys, not certainly as a Minister who was agreeable to him, but as a man of experience and capacity, able to furnish him with a means of escape from a situation which was becoming daily more and more embarrassing. It is only just to Drouyn de Lhuys to bear in mind, when we speak of the September Convention, that, on his return to power, he was called upon to meet a set of difficulties in Italy which he had done nothing to create, and which he had never had the means of preventing. The adviser of a sovereign who is harking back is forced to use no ordinary amount of circumspection, if he is to exercise any influence at all. The measure of his power is, moreover, determined alike by what the present moment permits and the past forbids him to do. No Minister would have been able to persuade Napoleon the Third to take back from the Italians in 1864 the provinces, which they had invaded without any opposition on his part in 1860. Drouyn de Lhuys was therefore constrained to accept accomplished facts, and, with a view to preventing greater mischief, to look for the solution of the Roman question in an arrangement with the Italians themselves. The result was the well-known Convention signed on the 15th of September, 1864. It was at best but a poor compromise, although it was sincerely intended by Drouyn de Lhuys as an effectual means for keeping Italy



out of Rome. For its efficacy in this respect it depended on the stability of the Imperial Government, public confidence in which was, at the time when these stipulations were made, practically unlimited. But the least check to the policy and power of France had a baneful reaction on the good faith of Italy, which let no opportunity slip by to wriggle out of its engagements. Every blow to the prestige of France lessened the value of the guarantees given by her to the Pope. The events of 1866 shook the Convention of September by diminishing the influence of France in Europe ; her disasters in 1870 dealt it its death-blow.

As to the great events of 1866, the Emperor has been censured by his critics as well for having permitted the treaty offensive and defensive to be concluded between Prussia and Italy, as for not having taken up from the first a more decided attitude in presence of the differences which had arisen between Austria and Prussia. The treaty between Prussia and Italy was regarded by the Emperor with secret satisfaction, by Drouyn de Lhuys with indifference. The former still clung to his dream, the foundation of the Kingdom of Italy ; the latter was anxious to secure perfect liberty of action for his country in the present and for the future. But when the successes of Prussia had taken the world by surprise, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, judging that the time for action had arrived, decided upon making a military demonstration, not as a beginning of hostilities against Prussia, but as a protest against the redistribution by a single Power of German territory settled and guaranteed long ago by European treaties. Napoleon the Third appeared to yield to the advice of his Foreign Secretary, and at a Council of Ministers, at which he presided in person, it was determined, that a decree should appear in the *Moniteur* of the following day convening the Corps Législatif for an extraordinary session. No decree, however, appeared. The Emperor had in the meantime listened to Rouher and Lavalette, who had talked him into the belief that to send an army of observation to the Rhine was equivalent to a declaration of war. Drouyn de Lhuys was of a contrary opinion, stoutly maintaining that it was only one of those decided steps which in ticklish times so far from compromising, insure peace. The more timid counsels prevailed, and the opportunity was lost, never to return.

Every fresh document coming to light tends to establish the soundness of the view taken by Drouyn de Lhuys at this

critical period, that the formation of an army of observation on the Rhine would have resulted, not in an attack of Prussia upon France, a proceeding which would have been fraught with danger to the former in her then difficult position, but in immediate overtures on the part of Bismarck with a view to an understanding between the two countries. The Imperial Chancellor himself bore witness to the embarrassment which a military demonstration on the part of France would have caused at Prussian head-quarters, when alluding to the events of 1866 he told a German audience in Berlin in 1874, that a by no means considerable army would have sufficed to force the Prussians at once to fall back upon Berlin and abandon all their successes in Austria. Unfortunately for France, the final determination rested with a man whose will was paralyzed by a cruel disease. A prey to physical suffering, Napoleon listened to his advisers, but could never make up his mind to decisive action. The communications which passed between him and his Foreign Minister present a curious spectacle in the six weeks which elapsed between the beginning of July and the middle of August, 1866. The Emperor, on the one hand, incapacitated by illness, leaned invariably to the course which would entail the least effort. Drouyn de Lhuys, on the other, with a view to future contingencies at a time when events were marching with terrible rapidity, consented to be his master's tool for the execution of a policy of obvious feebleness, formulated notes the futility of which no one understood better than himself, took bravely and loyally upon himself the responsibility of a vacillating conduct which he deeply deplored, and waited patiently either for a turn in European affairs or a glimmering of returning energy in the Emperor, which might have restored France to her old position of prestige and influence in the counsels of Europe. Neither expectation was realized. The balance of power once disturbed, the natural consequences soon followed. The sequel has shown how well grounded and patriotic was the policy which Drouyn de Lhuys had advocated. The French Government signed away the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine in 1871 : she had lost them in the July of 1866.

The insecure tenure of office which is the lot of heads of department in France must be taken into account in gauging the merits of a Minister who held power altogether for only seven, and those not continuous, years in a department which has suffered most of all from the chronic political vicissitudes

of his country. These seven years are marked by alternate diplomatic success and failure. It must nevertheless be allowed that M. Drouyn de Lhuys, both under the Second Republic and under the Empire, upheld the interests of France in her foreign relations, with an ability which entitles him to a high place amongst French diplomatists, because he represented, so far as the character of his times allowed, those sound traditions which, the same under all *régimes*, are the basis of national influence abroad. The part he played under the Napoleonic dynasty was that of a counsellor, respected rather than relished, whose powerful help could always be invoked and relied upon at critical moments. His warnings, which not unfrequently proved to be predictions, tended invariably to lead the Emperor back into those paths which experience has proved to have been the safest and the surest. Napoleon the Third turned his back upon fortune on the day when he separated himself from the Minister, who had borne a very large part in some of the best and most honourable transactions of his reign.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

## *A Husband's Story.*

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### CHAPTER XII.

NEXT of Kitty. She entered on her new duties. She was a handsome, high-spirited creature, and with some hesitation ventured to make a stipulation that no hindrance should be put in the way of her religious duties. On Sundays and other festivals she would ask to be allowed to practise devotion; she had been brought up so strictly. This was considered by Doreen of the highest promise; but in my mind it started the gravest doubts. However, both said that we should see, and so we *did* see eventually.

The first thing that I saw, three weeks after engagement, was the spectacle of Kitty returning from church. I rubbed my eyes. She was fashionably attired, with parasol, black silk, veil, flowers—bonnet as inappreciable as any worn by her betters—chignon (or “sheenon,” as she always called it), and, above all, a not at all unsuccessful imitation of what was then called a “panier.” But this was not all. She was in an animated conversation with two gentlemen belonging to different services of the country; one being in her Majesty’s Guards, the other in the police force of our city.

It was evident that the conversation was of a rallying kind, the two gentlemen dealing in rough and noisy gallantries, which were met with a readiness of repartee that must have come from long practice. On stern interrogation she had a story ready. Surely he was my brother’s old regiment. “I thought,” she added, “I should have dropped! And when they began to talk of old times, and ask questions about the old people,” &c.

All this story was set out with a richness of detail that conveyed everything—excepting conviction.

We had a very young but steady cook, and a composed but intelligent man-servant, of whom more presently, who seemed to concentrate himself on his business with an ascetic devotion.

These elements, we thought, *must* insure steadiness, acting as a sort of ballast. Within a short time, however, sounds of hilarity would ascend boisterously through the house, clearly to be traced to a sort of story-telling gift which the new Kitty possessed. Indeed, her influence in this direction was appreciated by her mistress, who confessed to me, with some hesitation, that "it was *really wonderful how clever Kitty was*;" how she would, when arranging hair or otherwise decorating, humbly beg leave to be allowed to spin a short yarn, or relate the diverting adventures of some friend or acquaintance. One night at the theatre we had been amused by the antics of a certain Miss Fitz-Smith, who wore blue satin trousers and a velvet jacket, and whose entry, I perceived, was greeted by Doreen with something like pleased recognition. I was then told that before this young person had reached her present high position, she had been on probation at some country theatre—a most excellent, well-brought-up girl, with a hard-working mother and sisters—the father a drunkard, who had run away—the girl the prop of the whole family, a model of propriety under the usual temptations, with other details of the fullest kind, related with some little confusion, yet not without a certain pride.

"Why, how on earth," I asked, in amazement, for I had hitherto plumed myself on a monopoly of theatrical information, "do *you* come to know all this?"

She answered, "Oh, Kitty told me all about them. She has often taken tea with the Fitz-Smiths—is quite intimate, indeed."

It then transpired that most of the Scherazade tales with which she used to beguile the three hundred and sixty-five nights and mornings of hair-dressing, &c., were usually based on legends of the stage; and this, too, accounted for a certain familiarity with the lives of actors and actresses which I had lately noted in Doreen. I was henceforth a prey to doubts, to uncertainties. Who, what was this Kitty? It really looked as though she had been herself on the boards, or perhaps had tried to secure entrance there without success. There was a theatrical air about her. The worst was, she had gained over her mistress, who thought her "a very good girl," full of a proper spirit, all heart and real affection. And once indeed, when Doreen was taken with a sudden faintness, the first object seen on recovery was the faithful creature on her knees with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

Yet there could be no doubt but that she was introducing

the reign of license and pleasure into the house. A little remark of hers, "how curious it was that *we were all, every one of us, in the house, young—cook, maid, and man, master and mistress,*" made a deep impression, conveying that we were made for life and jollity, and that work was more for the aged. She always conveyed the idea of being an old retainer, and though with us only a few weeks, had contrived to exhibit this in a highly ingenious way. She discovered little anniversaries—my birthday, the mistress's birthday, a festival of the Church, her own birthday, the "anniversary of master and mistress's marriage;" and on such occasions, as I descended to breakfast, I would find a little bouquet in a breakfast cup filled with water, with a little scroll attached. On the scroll was a legend, "*Many happy returns to master, who will excuse the liberty.*" These little artless tributes delighted mistress, though master, it must be confessed, always accepted them with only a grimace. It was the too sure prelude to an elaborate banquet and jollification—in our honour be it observed—and to which we were expected to contribute a quart of spirits to be made into the punch with which our health, "many happy returns," and the rest of it, was to be drunk. What excited my distrust in all this was the wedge-like fashion in which progress was being made, for I was acute enough to see that repetition would soon make precedents, and that precedents would make right. Punch and jollification, after all, lose half their charms when celebrated in a comparatively private and domestic fashion. You really want a friend "and a bottle to give him," to insure the true festivity. "Poor Susan," the cook, pleaded Kitty, had influential relations in the bacon business out at Clapham. She was an orphan, we were reminded; the poor girl's worldly prospects depended on those potentates being conciliated, and would it not be permitted that they be invited? In a weak moment this was granted, and, as I foresaw, was to be made precedent of. Accordingly the apartments below were filled with an invited party—a country person in a blue coat and brass buttons, with his "missus," and the rest of his family, and a person who was suspected to be a member of the Force, though he came in plain clothes, and a female acquaintance or two. The sounds of solo singing presently arose, each being called on in turn, and required to name some one else, the member of the Force giving "Red, White, and Blue," with effect, and full chorus; "Our Sue," "Come back to Erin," in high sentimental style,

Blue Coat and Gilt Buttons nothing; but the feature of the night was the irrepressible Kitty, who gave "I love the Military," from the *Grand Duchess*, with extraordinary vigour and effect. Shuffling sounds were then heard, attended with obstreperous applause and delight, from which it was almost a certainty that she was giving the company an idea of the rather indecorous dance that succeeds the melody. The Kitty, it must be said in justice, seemed to be the life and soul of the party. She, indeed, described the whole scene later with an extraordinary vivacity. In vain I warned. It was, according to my favourite illustration, the small end of the wedge. The creature would grow demoralized and demoralize others. But I was not listened to.

We had to go abroad the following winter, and with us went abroad the indomitable Kitty. In the very packet she displayed her foibles, and was discovered behind the funnel engaged in a flirtation—if her rustic advances deserved the name—with a person she called "a gentleman;" but this she ingeniously justified on the pretence of picking up foreign information for us. At our destination, which was a lonely, rather unfrequented spot in the south of France, supposed to have great healing virtues, she had an ample field for the exercise of her qualifications. There was a large fishing population, and a number of gay young shopkeepers, and the good-looking young English "mees" or *bonne* was much esteemed. She set to work almost at once. She would come in with a complaint of the dreadful attentions to which she was subject, but at the same time never relaxed a moment in decorating herself with finery to invite what she affected to deprecate. She received letters in broken English—so she told us—from innumerable gentlemen (all were "gentlemen" that came within her net), and would come with something like tears in her eyes to beg protection from their attentions. There was some truth in her statements, though she could embellish—a habit she had unconsciously learned from her story-telling. It was remarked, too, that at this time began that invariable postponement of her regular duties to the incidents of the various little romances in which she lived—the regular service, as she seemed to suppose, for which she drew her wages. This delusion would have been amusing were it not that it was attended with inconveniences. Dress, finery, perpetual expeditions, and "slipping down" to some corner or other, these things were incompatible

with anything like the business of a servant. She was treated with amazing indulgence, and the artful hussy knew that she could always extenuate her neglect by an amusing tale or delineation of some admirer clumsily making known his devotion. But presently she was actually to become a sort of heroine, and after that it seemed as though the question were not so much whether we would keep her, or whether she would keep us.

A young grocer, who supplied us with groceries—such as wine, and indeed he would have resented being described as a mere *épiciér*—had, strange to say, become a genuine admirer. He came every morning for orders, a custom not at all familiar to the place, and generally brought some little present selected from his stock. He was really a worthy youth, hard-working, money-making, and prosperous. We little knew, however, that our burly landlord's niece—a plain and somewhat elderly virgin—had long marked him for her prize, and that the burly uncle and the virgin herself had, previous to our coming, been paying him such honourable attentions as in other countries and ranks are supposed to lead on young men to hymeneal offers.

A perfect storm of fury burst upon the Kitty's head when the young man's homage became conspicuous. It was the one topic in the little place, and the whole town took the side of the deserted niece. The Kitty relished it with a mischievous enjoyment, and purposely used to take her way through the market-place for the purpose of inflaming the fish-women and others who congregated there, and greeted her with fierce glances, squared elbows, and noisy denunciations. Fearful scandals were set abroad about her; the supplanted maiden would have torn her eyes out. The stout uncle came to me mysteriously to speak about what he called "a very grave matter," namely, that "the young girl" had been seen in the dark walking with *all* the young fellows of the place. Every one was talking of it. His was a respectable house, and he wished it to be so. Though never feeling indulgence for Kitty's vagaries, this speech put me on her side, or it may have been that the old national antagonism was roused. I replied, with dignity, that if he felt any scruples we would be glad to leave. This alarmed him, and he hurriedly explained away what he had said. It was in the girl's interest; the young man was gay, as we all had been when young (though he had no warrant to include me in his compliment); but as for marriage, why—here the burly landlord made a sound with his lips like "Pouah!"



At last we left the place, taking with us our Kitty, who had contrived to embroil all the natives. The young man attended us at the station, and could not conceal his tears. This was all very well in an international or holiday view, but for the work-a-day purposes of life it was now to be discovered that our Kitty was of no use. What could be expected from a heroine? She began to complain of her nerves and to languish. She was found gazing abstractedly in the glass, when she should be "doing" her mistress's hair. When it was announced that a servant-acquaintance was going to be married, our Kitty declared with ineffable conceit, "I declare, ma'am, *I think I'll take away her lover from her.*" This, in fact, she seemed to think was the service for which she was engaged, mere vulgar humdrum attendance or labour being outside the contract. It was to be all romance, agreeable anecdote, parties of pleasure, with such few moments as she could reasonably spare to be devoted to those low offices of hair-dressing, &c. She lay in bed of mornings, and came down undecorated and ungarnished, grumbling at being disturbed. A heroine has her privileges. This was endured for a time, but at last came the straw which broke, morally speaking, both our backs. She demanded leave to attend a junketing. "Oh, ma'am," she added, "there's Lady Judkins's own maid to be there, with the groom to whom she's to be married, and I'll have such fun, making her jealous!"

This proposal was coldly received, and it was strictly ordered that the heroine should forego the promised luxury. I foresaw what was coming, and enjoyed the opportunity which I had longed for. With this view I proposed going out, as if to the play, thus baiting the trap as it were. Kitty fell into it. When we returned she was absent at Lady Judkins's, and on the following morning was informed that we could not any longer treat ourselves to the privilege of maintaining a heroine. She wept a little, but it was in vain. That failing, she took leave with some indignation, as though her talents had been rather thrown away on such like.

Oh, these weary mornings, and the aching chill when it was announced that there was a fresh breakdown, and all was wrong below once more. The series of "faithful maids" turned out the worst. All "went to the bad" regularly, as it is called, one after another: the more faithful, the worst the issue. There was the original faithful maid, "reared on the place," foster-sister almost, who began to be afflicted with sleepiness or lethargy in the day,

and had to lie down after—fits that were curiously connected with the disappearance of bottles of my French wines, an odd taste in one of her condition. This lady I had eventually to escort in person in a cab to the hospital. I found myself lecturing Doreen seriously on our catastrophes, exactly as Copperfield did: "I am persuaded we have no right to go on in this way. We are positively *corrupting* people." Certainly it was a serious responsibility, and I fear it was from not holding these people in check that this wreck came about. But, as usual, it was hard to lecture her seriously—she was not made for a solemn pragmatic household.

But, *en revanche*, there was one who was certainly "faithful amid faithless found"—our trusty and trusted henchman, Drinkwater, who entering the mansion some thirteen years ago, set himself to his avocation within an hour, as though he had been there a month, and with an air of confidence in himself, which often goes to make a great man. As I write, I hear him now pursuing his work precisely as he used to do then, without change in mode or manner. He kept unflinchingly to that standard of excellence. It was nothing to him the vagaries of the women below—their loud laughs and frivolities, which bespoke their vacant minds. "England expects every servant to do his duty" was on his flag, nailed to the mast.

It was astonishing, too, the esteem he gained from visitors and others, in whom he contrived to inspire respect and even esteem. There was a good-nature and friendliness about him in matters of small offices, and it must be said a deftness and certainty in anything he undertook. If there was anything to be "found out"—the best way of doing a particular thing which involved trouble—it had only to be put into the hands of Drinkwater, who immediately sallied out and soon returned, with everything that could be ascertained. You might rely on him with perfect certainty and leave your case in his hands. All, I fancy, he required was confidence and trust. Any cooperation of your own, by way of making the matter sure, seemed to enfeeble his efforts, if not to wound his feelings. There are other servants who profess to be "handy" and efficient. They know many things, as they think; but they are generally smug impostors, and servant-information is generally unreliable. I have known one who never confessed to ignorance on any question put to him. He would have been shocked had he been called a liar, and was really a truthful

person in all serious matters ; but this seemed to be an appeal to his imagination. I think he fancied things ought to be as he described them.

Such was our Drinkwater, faithful, honest as the sun, giving no trouble, saving trouble to others, and desiring most to be let alone and not "encumbered with help." At this moment I am looking at him, as he has come up on one of his periodical visits to *poke the study fire*—knowing, cautious fellow ! that his master is certain to let it go out, and thus entail a formal re-lighting.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

As I look back and see these days, it is hard for me to give an idea of the spirit, energy, and gaiety with which Doreen entered on her new life. She saw nothing difficult and nothing troublesome. Whereas *my* tendency was to forecast that things no bigger than a man's hand must to a dead certainty grow into a cloud ; likely enough in most instances. When this was gravely—nay, solemnly—pressed, she would answer quietly that "all would come right," and so it generally did. No anxiety, indeed, but that arising from neglect or unkindness seemed to weigh on her. At serious things she would be overcast a moment, *trying* to be serious ; but on the slightest invitation the smiles *would* come : "of course all would be right again." Her flowers, in *which* she delighted—a few pots often satisfied her desires—and her dog, her old dog Toby—a faithful, ugly, splay-footed, large-headed, solemn looking creature, black as a coal, with the most unearthly gamut of expostulating tones to express his enjoyment or attachment—these were her familiars. Toby was content to snooze all day on the rug, and detested low life, save *in her* absence, when he condescended to go below for company—a right trusty fellow. As some one sang :

Who flies aloft, as if on wing,  
 Whenev'r he hears the welcome ring,  
 A welcome genuine to bring—  
   My Toby !

Who strolls unchecked from floor to floor,  
 Unbidden enters every door,  
 Or by the embers loves to snore—  
   My Toby !

During the pressure of these first few months, the great object, so necessary, somewhat languished. One, looking on at our little *ménage* from afar off, who loved both dearly, affectionately cherished Doreen with a watchful tenderness. It seemed like the solicitude of Miss Trotwood for Dora, in *Copperfield*, whose character Doreen seemed to reproduce in the most marvellous way. This person was unwearied in her warnings and wholesome counsels, and, if anything, tended to the side of Doreen, well knowing that I was always secure in her own affections :

My dearest [she wrote to me],—I know you do write, and most kindly ; but I like a letter to myself best. It is the only thing I look forward to with anxiety and interest during the weeks and months since you left. You know it was always so when you were away. Your affection for me is now the only bright remembrance, and sometimes the longing I have to see you is the greatest pain to me. Six months is not long enough to make any change, nor as many years, so you will not grudge me a letter very often. I do not see that you have any reason to be depressed, as you are getting on so well, and you are as yet only two. No one expects newly-married people to entertain during the first year of their marriage—rather, they are to be entertained—and in the quietest way it is always expensive. You never tell me the time at which you propose to leave your house. I am most anxious to know, as it will be something to look forward to, and we may *then* see you. My dearest, you say nothing of Father — coming, or of D.'s ideas on that most important of all matters. Of course you can do nothing but give her every opportunity, and above all your own example. It is a constant weight upon my mind, but it seems to me I hear less of it now than some time ago. It is really all that is wanting in her. Every letter she writes makes me think more of her. You are especially called upon to be good, and have not one excuse to be otherwise ; and, besides, you have new studies and new cares which require God's help to get through them.

A wise and affectionate letter, as affectionate as sensible.

But all the while the serious matter was going on. The little head was often sorely strained poring over books of controversy, and there used to come a serious cast over the gentle face. She was determined "to see her way" before taking any step. There was in her, indeed, a quaint vein of Biblical piety, that seemed to belong to some pretty Puritan maiden. But I know she longed for "the truth," and, what came in aid a little, a wish "to be the same as you"—an aspiration often repeated in a devout way. It was touching to hear her earnest, simple prayer

for light in this great matter. She had from the first given up going to her church, and used to repair diligently to the Catholic church, where she used to follow the services with a kind of mixed awe and curiosity, though she declared that she "never could keep the place." Once or twice indeed when I was somewhat out of humour, at some outside crosses, she found a mode of punishment. She would repair to her *own* church, with a little air of triumph—"How would I feel *this*!"

At last, however, one day she came bounding in, all brightness and delight, with such news—a surprise for me—a *bonne bouche* indeed: she had been received into the Church that morning!

In starting on our "wild career," never was there found such a pair, so happily careless, and so determined to look on everything as *couleur de rose*. Perhaps indeed all who start as we did take something of the same view, more or less. This may be owing to the air of good-natured indulgence and encouragement assumed by all around—friends, neighbours, tradesmen particularly: the truth being that most of these persons have a sort of pity mixed with contempt, or contempt without pity, for those whose smiling course must so soon bring them to grief—or bring grief to them. This was a truth to be gathered from instructive examples in our own neighbourhood. In our street there was much to be seen, and Doreen, who was quick and lively at observation, having marked particular characters, used to follow them up, like the chapters of a story, repeating in a keen, vivacious style, pleasant and piquant details picked up through underground channels or noted by herself. To this hour I have an interest in all these people of our street, whom I know by sight, and who know me, though we have never spoken. Thus, one day the long-vacant house near us, it was announced, was taken! There was great new furnishing, and new doing up. A pair just married—he dark, good looking, and young; she rather plain and older—came into residence. We soon learned all about them. He was in one of the public offices on £90; but his bride was a dowry in herself. Was she not niece of Lord —, then high in office, all-powerful in the Ministry. He would necessarily provide sumptuously for his niece and her husband. Friends came: it was evident what congratulations were given, with pokes in the ribs, and "sly dog!—you know how to feather your nest." Then followed charming, happy little dinners. One to my lord himself, who came in a stately way—

the windows thrown open, the softened lamp within, Mrs. — seated on a chair in a balcony, the gentlemen smoking around, and probably thinking "sly dog," &c. Nothing could have been more promising. Suddenly the Ministry fell with a crash, the lord went out of office abruptly (never got in again to this hour). Without hearing anything officially, we saw what a blow this was. A short time after arrived an infant. There was a long illness, carriages with red wheels waiting every day, the young man with a hopeless and crushed air; then a flight to the country, the house let—after a short reign, or "rig" as the profane call it, of fifteen months.

Against some of these unknown, nameless neighbours we had prejudices: for others a partiality. There was a boarding-house, which was christened "Todgers," and we knew every one in it by sight, followed their flirtations, &c., with much interest. But all this I saw through the eyes of Doreen, whose pleasant fancy invested these characters with many little touchings of her own, which imparted vitality.

We, of course, appeared to others much as the unlucky pair had appeared to us. We had our little dinners, and sittings on the balcony, and softly shaded lamps, &c. It was "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm,"—pleasant sailing always, while it lasts. It amazes me as I look back and see the happy unconcern, the carelessness as to the future, and cool assumption that all must go right, and contrast it with my later caution and needless dread that something must occur. "There they go! They fears nothing because they knows nothing," the sagacious remark of the Brighton tar as he gazed at the foolish tourists in a sail boat, applied perhaps to us. Yet who does not envy the happy *insouciance* and sense of irresponsibility of the spendthrift, who jokes about duns!

How delightful was this delusion, yet how incomprehensible. I suppose it is only experience that can teach us after all. It never dawned on us, that art of measuring your mode of living with your resources. I even recall myself one day gravely announcing to a wise, long-headed friend, who spoke his mind freely, that we proposed "setting up our brougham."

"Pooh!—folly, nonsense! Put such stuff out of your head!" he answered. "You *can't* keep a brougham. You don't know what it is. Don't, my dear boy, *begin* with too much. There is time enough to add; but it is mortifying to have to lay it down or subtract."

However, in these flourishing times we had plenty of ready money, and cash payments were the rule—for all *menus plaisirs*, at least, but not for tradesmen and necessities of life. On this system it was wonderful how much cheaper living in London appeared to be, in opposition to what people in the country suppose. We had “books,” of course, for everything: very nice little red, gold-lettered things—the items neatly entered—and Doreen took a vast pleasure in “going out” with a packet of them, as if to prayers, not with a view of *paying* them. Thus they “ran on,” as it is called, and ran on uncommonly fast, too. Nice little carts came regularly every day to get orders. But at the end of the first six months the total amount seemed rather serious, and caused me a sudden start. We were certainly living beyond our means. The inconveniences, however, of this course do not declare themselves for a long time. It is like the progress of a dire disease. So shutting our eyes, we went on merrily as before. There was still cash for the amusements. We were tremendous play-goers, which we enjoyed largely, going about twice or three times a week, a very costly pastime it may be said, when you add up your cabs and stalls and little “dinners out” for convenience. I suppose no one takes the trouble to add up their “cab money” in London, but it is incredible what a sum may be disbursed in these shillings. There seems to be a strange fascination about the London “gondola” and its handiness. People “take a Hansom” almost for the pleasure of taking one. And a young fellow who used to visit us, and who enjoyed but a slender income, actually took pleasure in detaining his vehicle at the door for hours—half a day often—scarcely getting off under half a sovereign, though he might have been quits for a couple of shillings. His was not indeed that class of *viveur* who declare that they cannot *afford* to go in Hansoms, and are forced to keep a brougham to travel about in—on the ground that the former entails cash payments, the latter only credit: and is therefore *within their means*. But here is enwrapped a system, philosophical after its kind, akin to that of the gentleman who was heard to boast that he had dealt for twenty years at a certain eminent fishmonger's, and without making him a single cash payment. He explained it that, after a certain number of years during which he indulged, the stake embarked in by the tradesman became so serious that he could not afford to let him go. The only chance of payment was waiting, as there were fair prospects of payment.

But if he waited, he must continue to supply. "Hope thus springs eternal" in even a fishmonger's heart, and it led him on and on, till all was hopeless.

Pleasant junkettings were those! Doreen was the most agreeable companion in the world, never out of humour, never unreasonable, never requiring comforts, but roughing it as though we were two *bourgeois* cits out for a holiday. Her small but undaunted spirit showed itself all through the same to the last. She had always that little bright smile in reserve, to put on when she was looked at, as if to say, "It is very pleasant; I am enjoying it." It was extraordinary, this constant amiability and sweetness. Thus she was liberal, generous, prodigal even in money matters; but when it was a transaction or anything like overcharging, her spirit was up in arms. Often from my study I have heard her arrive in her Hansom, plunging with flashing eyes and flushing cheek into hot debate with the driver. The point in dispute was but a sixpence, but she would have fought to the death on it. Indeed, in many points she recalled, and with an amazing similarity, Dickens' little heroine, Dora Spenlow—so strongly that I once went carefully through the whole of that pretty and touching episode, marking carefully all the innumerable points of likeness. Her little elaborated fits of economy were quite of that pattern: as when on special occasions she would order a brougham, partly for visits, but partly to give a surprise in this direction, and show "really and truly" the way to save. There was some mystery about this, but it usually came out to be that afar off, at the remote end of London, there was a marvellously cheap shop. We should see—leave it to her! My poor dear wise head could not grasp these things. Accordingly, late in the evening she would drive up, after such a day! the brougham freighted. Meanwhile it had been some four or five hours on this expedition, and the charge had to be fairly added on to the price of the articles. When this was gently pointed out, her face fell. But she contended the principle was right. After all, only a pleasant contribution to the study of character.

At this early festival time, too, set in the usual compliments, "post-nuptial" festivities, taking the shape of dinners, when Doreen was "led out" before all the world. Very brilliant she looked in her choice costumes, diamonds, and other decorations.

often think of her, as she would come down before starting,



arrayed in all her finery, and it was one of the prettiest and most natural and unaffected too, to see how with what bird-like pride she displayed her attractions. She smiled and laughed with delight, as she received the expected compliment: "You like me? really now? I thought you would. Do you think me nice?" It was as though she had done something specially for *me*, and expected praise and reward. We had our own little dinners, too, when she would deck herself out with great pains, and at the end of which the same praise would be invited. "You liked me, dear? Really now?" On these occasions of gala, balls, dinners, &c., a curious flutter came upon her, a sort of gentle excitement, that mantled over her face, a smiling to herself, an almost child's delight. And this was not excited by the prospects of diversion, but a genial sense of happiness, and that she was going to give happiness, as she fancied, to others. Later, when Madame Whilemena—"Wheeler-meaner" she was called below stairs—sent in very long bills for dresses and decorations, and a cloud fell on the mansion—sometimes a storm—she would plead gravely: "Now, now it was *all* to please you." A plea, I confess, received with doubt. Yet I recall her assurance, made solemnly: "O *do* listen to me. I know you think me dreadfully extravagant. But I declare, really and truly, all I *ever* wish is to set myself off in your eyes! I don't care *that* how I look to any one else." Of course, after this pretty and earnest affirmation, there was nothing to be done but to hint at less expensive modes of showing regard. I do believe it was all perfectly genuine, perfectly true, and formed part of her own pretty faith.

Among our other jovialities, we broke out into "private theatrical," and for beginners in society in London were really surprisingly successful. We had the street blocked with carriages, the link-boys, the *Morning Post*, man in the hall, the neighbours well distracted and kept away—all just as well as if we had been old, practised party-givers. Our heroine performed herself, with much spirit and grace. I remember that among our audience was the author of *Pelham*, that charming, interesting man—one of his last appearances in public.

But life, as it has been coarsely but intelligibly put, "is not all beer and skittles." Our beer and skittles was to go on for about a year or eighteen months, when the inevitable troubles and crosses were to set in. We had set off on a visit to *some* relatives—a long journey—where various galas and "dinners of

honour" were given. At one of these she was very silent and *distrain*, and next morning the reason was revealed in a severe attack of sickness. She was always delicate—her chest very frail, and tender as her nature—and some years before had to make a voyage to Madeira. Indeed, all through her short married life a regularly recurring incident was a visit to one or other of the eminent medical personages who were at the head of the profession in London. It was always pleasant to see the manner of these eminent professors to her: grave smiling reproof and lecturing—especially "Sir William," of whom she was a favourite. "We must take *great* care. There is nothing serious at present; but you are very incautious." She would return laughing and pleased, as if complimented. This, however, proved to be a very serious attack, borne with great sweetness and patience. After a few weeks she began to mend. I was called away on some business, which detained me some three weeks. This is but an ordinary domestic incident or trouble, common in much more serious shape to every household; but any little incident associated with her somehow falls into the shape of a picture more or less dramatic, or at least characteristic. And this one of her, as she presented herself on my return, is often before me. On getting out of the railway at a seaport to which she had been ordered, I noted a little spare figure, which I scarcely recognized. She was in black, having just lost a relative: but alas! so changed! Her face grown small and thin; her eyes bright as ever, but full of a delight she could not restrain; her little hands were fevered, and there was a nervous tremor all over the frail form.

"Don't think of me," she said; "I am well now, as I have got *you* back again."

But I felt a pang as I saw this change. It was plain that the illness had struck on her chest, and she was never the same again. But in our seaside home she soon rallied her old spirit, and after a month or so we were back again in our old house, and in the old way.

These "old ways," new enough then, did not, as I have shown, conduce to thrift. But the amazing part, as I have also said, is that there was no anxiety or hesitation as to the future in the person who was to be responsible. Wise people shook their heads. "Your style of living is beyond your means: your house too large, your servants too many." So it was, so they were. But how were we to go back, or set our limbs free from

the octopus that had wound itself about us : the tradesman with his daily cart and book. Pay him off, of course, was the only mode : otherwise he was to come as before.

"I *do* wish we could pay off Jinks," Doreen would say, despairingly, "going over" the books—"and Jones, and—Shapland, and—Jackson."

"And Jones and Whilks, and all the rest!" I said.

This "going over," or into the books, was what I was ever inculcating on Doreen. She should learn to control them, "go into" them. This she made desperate efforts to do—heaping them into a pile before her. But, as I might have seen, however well the books might have been "gone into," it would have made no difference, and would not produce economy. The candle was burning all the time. Her own little embarrassments were serious. The bills to Madame "Wheeler-meaner" and other ladies had run up with "leaps and bounds." I always knew when one of these claims was presented, by her anxious, wistful look ; and then came the old explanation—"Now, really and truly—and I know you won't believe me—but it is all for you, to look well for you!" This excuse, however flattering and affectionate, when often repeated, I must confess, made me sometimes impatient. However, there was always a promise of reformation and of turning over a new leaf.

After a serious and solemn expostulation, a new system was determined on, and a solemn engagement entered into that, on condition of a fixed allowance, everything should be paid in cash, and no debts "run up." Madame Whilemena, Madame Marie, and Madame Felice (I notice it is the pursuit of these romantic appellations to supply bonnets) should be cleared off. And *apropos* of this operation I again seized the opportunity to inculcate habits of order, of balancing accounts, of "making a Budget," as I called it : so much for dress, so much for this and that ; and to encourage this, I bought a "nice" little book, and showed how on one side was to be entered all receipts, on the other all payments, and on this system "she would see at a glance how she stood." She was quite delighted with this, as she was also with the notion of a diary, begun during the last year of her life. But as I look at the little account-book, both have only an entry or two. The truth was, as one who knew her well, and knew human nature even better, would often impress on me, "you could lead her with a thread, if you would only *take her* properly—on the side of her affections." And

nothing was more true. But these things were not in her way. Affection was her only arithmetic. If she was extravagant, it was because she cared little for money in comparison with what was *her* wealth. She had an instinctive dislike to ready money payments, and really delighted in the state and dignity of "ordering on credit."

When quarter day came, and she was to receive her allowance—always an occasion of some solemnity—there was a pleasant little anticipatory flutter about her, especially when the moment came for counting out the notes. Now was the season for a few words of "advice" or even examination. A grave beginning—"Now,——"

On which a little serious air of disturbance would come on her face.

"Now, won't you set down in your book exactly what you owe? Give so much to each: so much to Madame "Wheeler-meener?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," with infinite eagerness.

"If you'd only make a *Budget*—put down on one side all the debts, on the other."

There were earnest protestations, as she trotted away in delight with her spirit. Indeed the carriage was ordered purposely to go round and pay the bills. But it was too much for her. She was not made for the Gradgrind school.

In this state of things, I confess to looking rather ruefully on the prospect before me. So gradual is the progress in such cases, that disasters rarely come with a shock. A disappointment opens the eyes more effectually. Had I reflected seriously, and gone through the disagreeable office of carefully measuring liabilities, I fancy it would have seemed certain that by that time next year we should, like our young neighbours, have found ourselves in a modest house in the suburbs, living on a new and better regulated scale. But one of those extraordinary turns of fortune, which have somehow attended me through life, was now to occur, at what is called the "nick of time." It almost seemed to belong to one of the last chapters of a novel.

I had a cousin a very few years older than myself, who enjoyed a good estate of £2,000 a year. He could scarcely be called a bachelor, for he had been on the point of marriage more than once, and was now approaching the age when others would be said to marry him, instead of his marrying them. His health was not very good, and he was one of those who was ill

all his life, more or less, and was likely therefore never to be seriously ill. He lived by himself, and I was his nearest relation. We were on very affectionate terms, but he lived in a special *coterie* of his own.

One evening, after a hard day's work, I determined to give myself a treat, or "shoemaker's evening." On this occasion I would go and dine by myself at "The Cock Tavern," and fancy myself Will Waterproof, studying reflectively and dreamily the curious Temple faces and figures that come here, like myself, solitary and meditative, and following the curling fumes of a pipe. That night there was a dreamy sort of play at the Adelphi Theatre—Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*—in which the monk, I see him now, with a sort of pre-Raphaelite head, flitted through the scenes of the piece. The house was full and overflowing. Seated in the dress circle, I followed it with much interest. When the first act was over, I saw a rather unusual spectacle, a gentleman's servant introduced by the boxkeeper into the stalls, the tenants of which he scrutinized carefully. This attracted the attention and comments of my neighbours, as well as my own, and it was not until he had left that the reflection occurred to me that he much resembled my own faithful henchman. It seemed an odd coincidence, and it is a singular proof of the fashion in which we are led, even against the evidence of our senses. It *was* my own servant, looking for me in vain—but I never expected him in such a situation. So I gave it no more thought.

On coming home late, I found that a telegram had arrived from some friends, saying that my cousin was seriously ill, that is, *more* seriously ill than usual, and that I ought to be with him. My little woman, conceiving this to be of much importance, had sent after me in this melodramatic manner. I confess that I "poohed" and "nonsensed" all this a good deal. A journey of twelve hours, in this sudden fashion, needless and not necessary as I knew it would be, was a serious expense and interruption. She was eager that I should go, and at a late hour I agreed, not without grumbling.

Accordingly, I was up betimes, at five, and in the cold steel blue of the morning was trundling away to Euston Station, as dismal as could be. Even under the happiest auspices, this season induces depression, and the spectacle of the coffee-stalls and the rueful beings who are snatching their penny cup and treacled slice, and loom out of the fog, seems a sad sort of

opening for the day. I had a real regard for my cousin ; but I said to myself, as we drove along, "These are luxurious tributes of affection for rich men. Here is a ten-pound note clean thrown away, and which I can ill spare. This is only crying 'wolf' once more. My poor friend will get over this, as he has done over all the others during his long life."

The long day went slowly by. I had the carriage all to myself. After a long and weary day, by six o'clock precisely I was in a cab at his door. As I entered the house, I was met by gloomy figures and told he had expired just half an hour before. Shortly after a hint was conveyed to me that he had left me heir and successor ! with a comfortable rent roll, a country seat, library, plate, pictures, statues, with all easements, and appurtenances whatsoever !

## Reviews.

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### 1.—MARY STEWART.<sup>1</sup>

WE live in days in which history is being made ; and this not only in the sense that our time is full of the events that history cannot fail to record, but also with respect to the past—every fragment is being carefully sought out and fitted into its proper place, and day by day history is being rewritten. The time will soon come, no doubt, when all our earlier historical treasures shall have been brought to light, and from our ancient records the last witness shall have been produced, and the last piece of evidence be given. There will still be abundance of room for diversities of judgment on the value of the evidence and in appreciation of the facts, but the day of discoveries and surprises will be past. We have still the interest of the freshness attaching itself to the unexpected production of authorities long forgotten, or hitherto unknown.

Father Joseph Stevenson is a veteran worker in the field of history, and our readers have often profited by his researches. Some portions even of the important and interesting narrative of Claude Nau, which forms the nucleus of the stately volume before us, first saw the light in our pages. The narrative is a discovery of the highest interest. It has lain, like a nugget of gold on the surface of the ground, accessible for many years to the multitude of students who frequent the national library at the British Museum ; but Father Stevenson is the first who has been at the pains to identify, decipher, and transcribe it. The manuscript has been protected by the fact that it is in French, that it is but a fragment, having neither beginning nor end, that the handwriting is far from easy to read, and that a colourless

<sup>1</sup> *The History of Mary Stewart, from the Murder of Riccio until her Flight into England.* By Claude Nau, her Secretary. Now first printed from the original manuscripts, with illustrative papers from the Secret Archives of the Vatican and other Collections in Rome. Edited with Historical Preface by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J. Edinburgh, William Paterson, 1883.

entry in the Museum Catalogue gave no clue to its authorship or value. Father Stevenson's perseverance has placed it in the hands of all, and historians have to thank him for one of the finest additions that has been made for a long time past to their collection of materials.

Nau's narrative, as we have said, is fragmentary. It begins, of course, abruptly, for we have but half of the first sentence, in the midst of the discussion of the Scotch lords by whom David Riccio had been murdered. It ends with the escape of the Queen of Scots from Lochleven, and her unfortunate retreat from Scotland into England: The story, therefore, tells the events of about two years of her eventful life, which two years contain the turning-points of her history. We have them now, we may almost say, recorded by herself. Nau was her secretary for full ten years of her imprisonment, and this narrative, which was seized at Chartley in 1586, on the well-known occasion when Mary was decoyed out under pretext of a hunt, must have been written, if not from Mary's dictation, at least while her account was fresh in the writer's mind, and whilst he had every opportunity of recurring to the Queen herself for explanations or further details. The two years here recounted include the flight from Holyrood, the birth of James the Sixth, the murder of Darnley, the imprisonment in and escape from Lochleven Castle, with the miserable episode of Mary's marriage to Bothwell.

Father Stevenson has not contented himself with printing Nau's narrative in the original French and in an English translation, but he has also carefully written the whole history of this period, working into it all the materials furnished to him by Nau, and availing himself further of other very valuable documents from the Vatican Archives and elsewhere that his researches have brought to light. He has done this in a most interesting Preface in seven chapters, occupying with the supplemental notes and illustrations to each chapter, more than two hundred pages. Nau's narrative is followed by five other documents arranged as Appendices, all of them absolutely new to historians, and all derived from various Roman sources. To this part of the book, as well as to the former, the Barberini Library, the Archives of the Society of Jesus, and the Secret Archives of the Vatican, have been laid under contribution.

We have said enough to show our readers that Father Stevenson has published a volume, the fruit of laborious research



of very unusual extent. A lifelong familiarity with the sources of history has given us in Father Stevenson the very fittest man for this undertaking. It is but the literal truth to say that no other living man could have produced this volume. We are naturally proud of it, and our earnest hope is that we may have from his diligent pen not less weighty contributions to English as well as to Scottish history. The chapters relating to the times of King Henry the Eighth that it has been our privilege to publish, are an earnest and a promise of volumes in preparation that shall lay writers of English history under as great an obligation as Scotsmen have here received.

## 2.—IRISH HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

That curiosity as to the past, and willingness to pore over its musty old documents which is characteristic of our age, has begun to turn itself at last, and not at all too soon by the way, to the eventful and little-known history of Ireland. Indeed, we must regard it as little less than a national reproach that while Irishmen have won distinction in so many of the walks of literature, and bear so large, perhaps even the lion's share in the formation of opinion through the English public press, they should have left the history of their own country almost uncultivated, uncommented on, untold. Unhappily, others, no lovers of the race, have been too ready to seize on the opening thus afforded them; and if Mr. Froude by his *English in Ireland* has not thrown much light on the subject of which he treats, he has at least put upon record a memorable warning of how far passion may overpower the judgment, and how a brilliant style can trick out error in more than the graces of truth. However Mr. Froude has done this service to Irish history, although of course against his will, that he has sent to it several able men to refresh and enlarge their acquaintance with it in order to refute him, and we observe that Father Murphy, who has no quarrel with him at all, and who desires to live at peace with all the world, is led, nevertheless, in the plain course of his narrative, to convict him of two misstatements of not unimportant facts (pp. 86, 105).

<sup>1</sup> *Cromwell in Ireland, a History of Cromwell's Irish Campaign.* By the Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J. With maps, plans, and illustrations. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 50, Upper Sackville Street.

But since we have mentioned Father Murphy's name, we are glad to turn to him and to his recent book, and we only wish it were possible for us to invite our readers' attention to it in as much detail and fulness as its subject requires. Such monographs are at once the forerunners, and almost the necessary conditions, of any complete history of Ireland which should be worthy of the name. The materials now thrown open to the inquirer are so complex and abundant that no one of even first-rate ability can hope to master and order them without aid from others, and even if a genius able to embrace the whole without losing sight of the parts were granted to our wishes, it is far from likely that he would be equally great in every division of his work. At any rate, the less must always yield to the greater, and he would have to sacrifice, if need be, the interests of particular parts to the harmony, the proportion, the symmetry of the whole.

The work before us, however, recounts the history of no more than nine months—from August, 1649, to May, 1650—nine terrible months, indeed, which more than nine score years since past have not wiped out of Irish memory, and it is therefore able to treat its subject with a fulness in which the reader's mind finds contentment as though it had its due, without any feeling of satiety. Indeed, various as are the sources from which Father Murphy has drawn in order to complete his narrative, we have been much more tempted to crave for more information on the many interesting points which start up in his story, than to repine at what is given us. Any one who wishes to follow Cromwell from Dundalk in the north (where Lord Plunket, a Royalist officer, is said to have flung a naked sword at him as he watered his horse at a ford, and wounded him in the face,) as far south as Skibbereen, can do so in the pages of this volume, along a route laid down for him on an excellent map showing every turn and double of the wily strategist, with capital plans too of the strongholds attacked, and prints of famous places. But what are we to say of the narrative itself, to which these are only the aids, though most useful ones? Father Murphy has shown both modesty and judgment in allowing the actors in its tragical scenes to tell their story in their own words wherever it was possible. Then most of all we appreciate his skill when we forget the compiler in the smooth flow of the narrative, and never pause to think how many rivulets rising in far-off mountains must have fed the brimming stream

which we are now borne so swiftly down. Assuredly the horrors of the Cromwellian campaign do not need to be heightened by any of the rhetorician's art; their darkness is thick and palpable, a frightful night in which the lights of mercy, of generosity, even of common humanity were quenched altogether, and the awful sanction of the Divine good-pleasure was invoked upon the riot of sectarian hatred and the antipathies of race. It is hardly possible that the deeds ascribed to Cromwell's soldiery during those frightful months could ever have come to be believed by sober men, if we had not his own reports and approval of them in his letters, mingled with frequent thanksgiving to God for these "great mercies" vouchsafed His servant.

It is difficult by short extracts to give the reader a true idea of a book of which the chief merit lies in its skilful mosaic of materials pieced together out of many different authorities. The research necessary before the accounts of the siege and capture of Drogheda (two chapters), or of the capture of Wexford, could have been written, cannot be fully estimated by the number of references in the notes. Places mentioned are fully described, and their state at the time of the siege and now—in fact the details are almost as full as we look for in topographical guides or county histories. Thus Sunday's Gate (at Drogheda) suggests a note to explain its name and give the history of the Dominican priory after which it was called.<sup>2</sup> The "country disease" often mentioned in Cromwell's letters, and of which Carlyle vaguely speaks as "a pestilence, raging in the rear of famine and the spoil of war,"<sup>3</sup> is shown to have been a kind of dysentery as fatal to natives as to strangers. Peter Lombard is then quoted for the remedy commonly used. "Against this disease," says Peter Lombard, "they employ a remedy which is common and easy to be had, as is well known, viz., a certain most excellent liquor which they call usquebaugh, so well mixed that it has the power of drying up, and does not inflame, like that which is made in foreign countries."<sup>4</sup> These are slight matters, but they will serve to show the care and labour which has been bestowed on every point belonging however indirectly to the general subject of the book. The horrors attending the treacherous capture of Wexford, lightly touched by Cromwell in his despatch to the Speaker of the House of Commons, are set before us with terrible vividness

<sup>2</sup> P. 89 footnote.

<sup>3</sup> *Cromwell's Letters, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 78.

<sup>4</sup> *De Hibernia Insula Sanctorum*, p. 38.

in a narrative of Father Francis Stafford (a MS. in the Arundel library, Stonyhurst,) and in the letters of Dr. French, Bishop of Ferns, who, after the destruction of the city, lived for five months in the woods, and showed his safety at last to the swiftness of his horse when his pursuers had tracked him to his hiding-place. We may quote Father Murphy's description of one memorable incident in the sack of the city, and his vindication of its genuineness against the scepticism of some writers.

A tradition still current in Wexford says that three hundred women were put to death in the public square. They had flocked round the great cross that stood there in the hope that Christian soldiers would be so far softened by the sight of that emblem of mercy as to spare the lives of unresisting women. But the victors, enraged at such superstition, and perhaps regarding their presence there as a proof that they were Catholics, and therefore fit objects for their zeal, rushed upon them and put them all to death.

M'Geoghegan, who published his history in 1758, was the first writer who made special mention of this incident of the siege, and from the silence of contemporaries, some of our historians have inferred that the tradition refers only to the general massacre of the inhabitants in the market-place. In reply it may be said that no one of the contemporary writers whose works have come down to us intended to give an exhaustive account of all that took place. Besides, it must be borne in mind that M'Geoghegan had special opportunities of learning the traditions on such points; he was chaplain to the Irish Brigade in the service of France at a time when probably it had in its ranks the children and the grandchildren of those who were witnesses of what he relates. "Some have questioned the accuracy of the statements made by M'Geoghegan and Lingard," writes the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, "as to the massacre of these three hundred females round the cross at Wexford; they say Dr. French and other contemporary writers could not be silent in regard of this particular. But these contemporary writers sufficiently describe the wholesale massacre of the inhabitants without mercy being shown to either age or sex; and any particulars that are added have a special reference to themselves."

We are firmly persuaded, indeed, like Father Murphy, that as Cromwell's rule was no true remedy for Irish ills two hundred and fifty years ago, so would it fail even more signally now, if any one were inclined to repeat it. We are not surprised to be told that after the lapse of so many years, the name of Cromwell lives in the vocabulary of the Irish peasant to-day as a synonym for fiendish cruelty.

3.—PATRON SAINTS.<sup>1</sup>

Every one who is fond of children must regret the comparatively small number of attractive Catholic books suitable for the young. Children's stories indeed abound, stories of every description, goody stories, stories with a moral, stories of young converts, stories of boys and girls of wonderful piety, stories of early struggles and ultimate success, stories in which virtue is rewarded and vice punished with a retributive justice which does not appear quite so clearly in actual life. But such stories, unless painted with a master-hand, are rather harmless than effectual in implanting a solid love of virtue. What we want is books which tell of realities with no element of fiction in them, books that will leave their impress on young hearts, and arouse in them the same enthusiasm for supernatural virtue as is excited in favour of natural courage and hardihood by the countless tales of adventure, heroism, and daring that are so justly popular with our boys and girls. Yet the Catholic Church has heroes unequalled on the battlefield, heroines whose courage is unapproached by all the brave women who have distinguished themselves by their unselfish devotion to child or husband, to mother or to father. Her roll of saints exhibits every phase of heroism. No story can surpass in interest the story of deeds of valour which her heroes performed; no life of self-sacrifice can equal the perfect sacrifice of themselves that they made to Him Who had bought them with His own Blood; no tenderness of human devotion can come up to the lifelong devotion that priests and religious, missionaries and nursing sisters have shown to the sick and to the outcast, to little children and to feeble men and women in their querulous old age. How is it, then, that so comparatively little interest is taken in the lives of the saints?

We believe that hitherto the saints have in some cases been very unfortunate in their English biographers. Most saints' lives in English are translations, and often inferior translations, from French or Italian lives, either in themselves inferior, or else quite unsuited to the taste of English-speaking nations, sometimes consisting in great measure of a long and tedious string of miracles worked after the saint's death. For the most part, too, saints' lives in English are not written for the young. There is

<sup>1</sup> *Patron Saints.* By Eliza Allen Starr. First and Second Series. Baltimore: John B. Piet and Co.

a want of that simple picturesqueness of vivid detail which is so pleasing to children. There is a want of ease in the style and of grace in the mode of telling the touching tale of their lives. Very often they are abridged from larger works, and who is there, especially school-boy or school-girl, to whom the very name of abridgment does not suggest a dull compilation of condensed facts?

In the Preface to *Patron Saints*, Miss Starr remarks on this deficiency, and in the book itself she sets her skilful hand to remedy the evil. In the two volumes she has already issued, she chooses out a number of the best known of the saints, and tells their story just as we believe it must be told if such books are to take their place among the favourite books of youth. She tells it with an unpretending simplicity, a freshness of manner, a wise appeal to present facts and modern ideas that helps much to make the saint a reality to the children and an influence in their lives. Take, for instance, the following extract from the Life of St. Antony of Padua. She is telling of a little girl in Philadelphia who had a great devotion to the Saint :

Little Mary not only loved St. Antony, but St. Antony dearly loved little Mary, as was proved by the ready way he had of getting her everything she asked for.

One blessing little Mary was always begging of St. Antony, which was to find lost souls, the souls of sinful or of unbelieving people, and especially of Catholics who believed but did not practise their religion. Many such souls were saved by the prayers of St. Antony, urged on by the prayers of little Mary. Now comes a wonderful part of this devotion practised by our little friend. She only lived to one month of thirteen years, dying in the odour of youthful sanctity, her holy confessor declaring that he "believed she passed straight from earth to the immediate presence of God," the object of her love. To her parents and friends she left her devotion to St. Antony; and the Novena of Nine Tuesdays to this Saint, and a medal in his honour, have through them come into general use. Favours and blessings beyond counting have been given in answer to the faithful practice of this novena to those who asked St. Antony to find not only lost watches, lost health, lost goods of all sorts, but above all lost souls. Bishops, priests, monks, and nuns have caught a new love for St. Antony, and a fresh confidence in the intercession of saints, from the example of this little girl, to whom St. Antony has shown so many favours even since her death (vol. i. p. 206).

The idea of praying St. Antony for lost souls is a very beautiful one, one likely to enlist children in the holy practice.

It is suggestive without directly advising, and the advice thus indirectly suggested is far more likely to be followed.

We will take another life, almost at hap-hazard, that of St. Barbara. Who of our readers knows the history of St. Barbara? or has heard of the letter she wrote to Origen, and of the Christian philosopher's reply? or of her father's discovery of her conversion by the three windows she had built into the tower in honour of the Blessed Trinity? This story, so little known, is beautifully told by Miss Starr. We quote a few lines describing the Saints early doubts when she was living, a young maiden, in the Temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis:

When she looked forth from her high tower at early morning, she could see the sun rising near the tall obelisk east of the city covered with hieroglyphics that told the history of her country and the worship of its gods. As she looked forth the same high tower at evening she saw the same burning sun setting behind the three mighty pyramids that stood in a cluster beyond the Nile, towards the west and toward the vast Libyan Desert. "The one who created that sun must be greater than the sun itself!" Barbara would say as she watched the last rays disappear behind the lower hills on the horizon. "Why then do we worship the sun instead of Him Who created it?" (vol. ii. p. 457).

If our readers wish to learn themselves more about the saints, or want some book to read to their children to which they will listen with interest and certain profit, we cannot do better than recommend these two beautiful volumes. We only regret that the illustrations are not equal to the text. The artist's pen and the graver's tool have done but scant justice to Miss Starr's artistic and life-like descriptions.

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#### 4.—HYMNI USITATI LATINE REDDITI.<sup>o</sup>

In these days of fading versification a little volume of amateur verses is a pleasant sight, and we are glad to think that Trinity College fosters in her children a taste of so much practical utility as translation of English poems into Latin verse. Dr. Lawson has chosen some of the best modern hymns and rendered them now into classic, now into fanciful metres, and he has done his work with care and ability. We think that some

<sup>o</sup> *Hymni Usitati Latine Redditi*, with other verses. By J. A. Lawson, LL D. Trin. Coll., Dublin. Kegan Paul and Co.

that he has chosen do not suit the genius of the Latin language very well. The same is true of some too literal renderings. For instance, in the well-known Protestant hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," it is a correct idea in English to say, "E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me." But to translate this *Etsi crux me levet*, is to give to *crux* a metaphorical meaning inadmissible, or at least unclassical. Sometimes, too, his Latinity a little at fault. In the following stanzas, which are a version of the opening of Keble's hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,"

Morare mecum, vesper adest cito,  
ne me relinquas, iam tenebrae ruunt,  
fallunt amici, et spes recedunt,  
Tu, miserans inopes, maneto,

exception might be taken to several words and phrases. *Moror* is not used in classical Latin as equivalent to *manere*, any more than in English we could say, Delay or linger with me. So *miserans inopes* does not mean "Help of the helpless," but in general, "In thy present pity for us who are helpless," and if Dr. Lawson meant to individualize it, he ought to have written *inopem*. *Maneto* is used as if it was simply identical with *mane*, and *nesciens mutare mentem*, in the following stanza, as an equivalent for "Thou Who changest not," is in itself weak, and is open to the same objection as *miserans*.

Another criticism that occurs to us is, that Dr. Lawson shows no acquaintance with the mediæval Latin hymns. We miss their phraseology and their magnificent rhythm. The result of this is, that he is compelled either to be more classical than his subject admits of, or to reproduce the English in a Latin dress which somehow sits unsuitably on it. In the inferior hymns he generally chooses the former course, and we must say that his Latin is sometimes better than the English. Thus

Ast infideles mentibus insciis  
frustra Supremi conspiciunt opus ;  
Ipse Auctor Interpretæque nobis  
cuncta Deus manifesta reddet

seems to us superior to the verse of Cowper's of which it is a translation—

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain ;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.



In those hymns, which breathe true poetry, he is generally drawn almost into the metre of the original, *e.g.*,

Hark, hark, my soul ! angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
Angels of Jesus,  
Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome  
The pilgrims of the night.

which he renders

Audi, anima, exaudi, haec carmina angelorum,  
per virides campos, et maria agitata,  
quae dulcia, quae vera hi chori ministrorum,  
de nova vita referunt maculis purgata.  
Angeli Jesu,  
Angeli lucis,  
voce vocantes  
nos nocte vagantes.

This sort of translation is perfectly legitimate, but the result is English poetry Latinized rather than Latin poetry.

One set of verses not by Dr. Lawson himself we think was hardly worth insertion. It is Mr. M'Kay's translation of "Lead, kindly Light." It is very literal and will construe, but beyond this there is not much to praise, as the reader may judge by the two concluding lines,

. . . donec  
nox abit, et mane angelicae facies mihi rident  
quas, dudum venerans, amisi per breve tempus.

which are a sad perversion rather than version of

. . . , till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

But while we notice these individual blemishes we are pleased with the little volume as a whole, and are well aware of the difficulties of translating modern words and ideas into the language of classical antiquity.

5.—ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE ROSSI.<sup>1</sup>

The thought that naturally occurs to us as we read the *Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi* is one of surprise that he was not raised to the episcopate. As a rule, an exceptionally holy and zealous secular priest is sure to be made a bishop. His ecclesiastical superiors will bestow upon him, force upon him if necessary, the lofty and responsible office of one of the chief pastors in the Church of God. We can only account for the exception in Rossi's case by the fact that God desired to give a confessor and a model to the secular clergy as such. We cannot imagine anything more calculated to inspire the parish priest with a high conception of his ordinary every-day duties than the study of a life spent in these ordinary every-day duties, but yet the life of a great Saint. It requires a higher sanctity to labour and suffer in obscurity and in a life of monotonous routine, like that of our Saint, than in some position where the stimulus of renown combines with natural energy and enthusiasm of character. It is a characteristic of the saints to hate renown and to love obscurity; and as they love obscurity, so they love the obscure rather than the rich and the great. St. John Baptist de Rossi's work was essentially among the poor, the fallen, the outcasts. He had drunk deeply of the spirit of His Master, of the "wine that inebriates the dearly beloved" of God, and makes them intoxicate with the love of souls, and ever thirsting for more. Among the most miserable of the sojourners in Rome are the "Fienaroli," the poor who come into Rome for the haymaking during the summer months, just as the inhabitants of Mayo and Kerry come to England for the harvesting. To these nomads Rossi turned his thoughts of anxious love and concern.

Night after night, accordingly, John used to crawl into their wretched hovels, and talk to them kindly and lovingly, while he never interrupted their different occupations. Some were already in bed, others eating their supper, while a few would sit down by him. They were always glad to see him, for he made himself quite one with them, talking first of their work and their homes, and then going on to speak of the greatness and mercy of God, of the sufferings of the Divine Redeemer of mankind, of the holiness and the use of the sacraments, and of the

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi.* Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert. With Introduction, on Ecclesiastical Training and the Sacerdotal Life, by the Bishop of Salford. Richardson and Son, London and Derby.

happiness reserved for the just in a better and eternal life. This gentle but earnest voice, coming out of the dark, as it were, for there was hardly any light in their poor dwellings—and he generally contrived to hide himself in a corner out of sight—had a most marvellous effect on these wild, uncultured minds. They used to listen eagerly, hanging upon the words which fell from his lips, especially when he spoke of the magnificent promises of the Gospel, and the way to obtain their fulfilment. What surprised them still more was, that a man and a priest, unknown to them altogether, should so love them as to seek them out in this way, unrepelled by the dirt and misery of their surroundings.

John never wearied of this work. He seemed to forget all the fatigues of the day, and night after night renewed his apostolate, having but one thought—how he could bring back these poor souls to God (pp. 110, 111).

Of his missions, his confessions, his sermons, his faith, his mortification, his humility, his last sickness, his death, and the vision of his glory seen by one of his friends at the moment that he breathed his last, we would fain tell did our space allow of our doing so. We hope we have said enough to whet the appetites of our readers for the perusal of the book itself. Secular priests especially ought to have this Life upon their shelves and its contents written on their hearts. Their first Confessor Saint claims their loyalty, and the lessons he teaches them by his life are worthy of a Saint.

To the secular priesthood Dr. Vaughan gives, in the Introduction, much valuable advice, founded on the life of the Saint. He insists on a careful training, a study of the Fathers, a spirit of mortification and obedience as essential to all priests. He speaks with the authority of one who knows by experience the needs of the clergy, and the best means of leading men on to perfection. On one point we must venture to differ from him. He advocates the introduction of selections from the Fathers as classical text-books for the young, in the place of at least a portion of the masterpieces of Pagan times. Such a change we think would (we say it with all respect) be an unfortunate one. Already the Protestant clergyman is better trained in written rhetoric, in style and turn of phrase, in versatility of language and of thought, than the Catholic priest, and derives his advantage mainly from his study of the exquisite models to be found in the Pagan classics. Those who write when a language is in its decline have not the same educational power as those who lived at the acme of its glory. There is no Christian writer in

Greek or Latin who approaches Æschylus or Thucydides, Tacitus or Horace, in the power of imparting a vividness and brilliancy of style, an accuracy of thought, a skill in tossing words about like counters and placing them where they produce the most telling effect. He who has made his own the intricate speeches of Thucydides is far more likely to read and far more sure to appreciate the beauties of St. John Chrysostom than he who has had to practise his knowledge of grammar and of the rules of syntax in the Panegyrics of the Saint. The Catholic tradition is in favour of a careful study of the ancient classics: to maintain this tradition seems to us more important now than ever. It is true that a beautiful style is possible without a study of the classical models. Lady Herbert herself, whose English is full of grace and easy elegance, is an instance in point. But for those whose talents are ordinary, and whose literary style needs every aid that can be given by education, we think it would be a misfortune if any part of their classic training were abandoned.

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#### 6.—THE SUPERNATURAL IN NATURE.<sup>1</sup>

After what we in our last number said about another work by the same author we have nothing substantially new to add about the present volume. The fact of its reaching a third edition shows that it has appealed to the wants of a number of persons, and we can well believe that the author has had the satisfaction of doing some of that good which he laudably desires to do. Still we have to repeat our regret that his arguments have not, for the really scientific mind, more power of carrying conviction. They may put away the difficulties of those whose objections were never very deep-lying, but they would not satisfy the doubts of the more penetrating sceptics. For example, when trained intellects come to the second chapter, entitled, "The Supernatural," they will still have in mind the full title of the book, *The Supernatural in Nature, a Verification by the Free Use of Science*; and they will begin to have strange misgivings when they read in the opening paragraph, and in its first sentence, "We are apt to forget, in listening to denials of the supernatural, that they enter into a region of thought where absolute demonstration, in a scientific sense, is impossible." The writer, however, begins with such proof of the supernatural as he supposes possible, by an

<sup>1</sup> *The Supernatural in Nature.* By J. W. Reynolds, M.A. Third edition. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1, Paternoster Square, 1883.

argument from the First Cause. We subjoin a sort of analysis of the argument, and the reader will see that the course of thought pursued is (we are sorry to have to say it) far more calculated to promote than to check the spirit of scepticism.

(1) Atheism cannot be proved ; for even if no God were seen in the world, "God might hide Himself." The Absolute cannot strictly be known, being incomprehensible to all but God ; therefore, the Absolute cannot be denied. No rational being can properly deny the existence of that concerning which, essentially, he knows nothing.

(2) We must assume the existence of a First Cause : "The evidence of matter or of energy from eternity is incomprehensible, even as in the existence of God from eternity ; nevertheless, despite the impossibility, we cannot enter into any inquiry concerning causation without eventually postulating some First Cause. We are forced to do this from sheer inability to follow out an infinite series of causes."

(3) "This First Cause must be infinite, for if not we must think of a region beyond its limits and uncaused, which would be virtually to abandon causation. This First Cause must likewise, to be independent, have no necessary relation to any other being ; for if the presence of anything else is necessary for completeness, *quod Deo minus est, Deus non est*, it is dependent and not the First Cause ; therefore the First Cause is infinite, is independent, is supernatural." This position is said to be impregnable, and from before it the enemy are reported to be in retreat !

(4) We must conceive God as a Person. "It is possible that there may be a mode of being as greatly transcending intelligence and will as these exceed mechanical motion ; but our minds are utterly incapable to form even an approach to, conception of such a Being, and we are not responsible to any Being, whoever and whatever he may be, of whom we cannot know anything. We are to think of God as transcending all thought, yet dwelling in our thought ; as without parts and passions, yet manifested in our every limb, and abiding in all our affections." And we are to pay Him, not only internal reverence, but external worship likewise.

Mr. Reynolds' arguments logically pursued would land him in agnosticism pure and simple. Happily for himself, but unhappily for his readers, he does not see the conclusion to which they infallibly lead.

7.—A WOMAN OF CULTURE.<sup>1</sup>

The modern *Kulturkampf* has given a new and unwelcome meaning to the word culture. It is no longer a term for the refinement and cultivation not merely consistent with, but intimately allied to Christianity and practical piety, but is applied to designate that vague philosophy which would place enlightenment and progress of thought in direct hostility to the truth, making religion consist in the worship of the beautiful and emancipation from superstition, and setting up the so-called duties of humanity instead of the obligations of God's revealed truth. In this sense the word is employed in the novel before us, a *roman de tendance*, it is true, but one displaying such rare power and striking ability that the interest of the narrative—and this is of no common order—is never interfered with by the undercurrent of opinion which gives it life. The reader is shown the sad shipwreck made by a human soul, a fair vessel indeed, but sailing without rudder or compass, disdaining the assistance either of helmsman or pilot; the mental history of Nano M'Donell, whose father, originally a Catholic, left the faith from the love of wealth, power, and high standing; robbed the helpless orphans of his friend; and forgetting everything but the golden calves worshipped, abandoned his only daughter to the care of her "religious hybrids," "disciples of culture," "transcendentalists." The lively affection she naturally felt towards her father was early chilled by ill-training and neglect, and the impulsive, talented girl submitted to the moulding process of her teachers with wonderful meekness. The worship of self supplanted the worship of the Deity, and a disastrous moral blindness followed. Her state of mind at the age of twenty-four years is best described in her own words:

"What reproach is it for me if I have no religion—in fact, despise all creeds? The mummeries of Romanists and the quarrellings of Protestants—what have they that can allure any but the most ignorant minds or the most bewitched? I have no religion, if to despise the world's superstitions be that; but my heart is human, the love of my race is my religion, the religion of humanity, of culture, of refinement.

"I would peril my soul to retain my wealth? I have no soul in the sense which is theirs—a part of me which is to live in eternity, and as it has lived in time, so to suffer or rejoice when time is ended. *That* the

<sup>1</sup> *A Woman of Culture.* By John Talbot Smith. 1 vol. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1883.

mightiest intellects of the world have looked upon as a myth. I **peril** nothing, for I have nothing to peril. . . . The God of Christians **is an** impossibility, beautiful, but unapproachable and intangible. Mine **is a** reality which begins and ends in time—myself. . . . I have no **God, no** religion, in the bad sense moderns have given these words. I **love** wealth and power, and despise and dread poverty and weakness. **What** if they should ever claim me, who detest them so much?"

In the whirl of distressing thought which this idea brought **upon** her she allowed her head to sink low on her breast, and said no **more**. Later the servant entered quietly, and lighted the lamps in the **rooms**. She then rose and stood before the mirror. The face and form **reflected** there, in spite of the suspicion of care that rested on the brow, **were** very, very beautiful, and she smiled her approbation.

"Let them speak of you as they may," she said with a harsh **laugh**, "let them think of you meanly or kindly, you have that which **will** subdue the fiercest of them—beauty, and birth, and wealth, **and** intellect. You may be wicked, an atheist, unprincipled, but **those** qualities can gloss over so-called defects. And yet, poor figure! **you** have no stability. You want a soul. There should be an immortal **part** of you to preserve that which is so frail and beautiful. Would that **this** much of the Christian superstition had some truth!" (p. 16.)

Temptation was not long in coming to one so ill prepared to resist it. M'Donell's physician, a needy adventurer, having obtained a clue to the secret of his patron's past life, hoped by use of this knowledge to rise at a single bound to wealth and station, by obtaining the hand of the brilliant and haughty heiress. And when the old man, stricken with sudden paralysis, desires in his terror and remorse to do what religion requires of him, and restore his ill-gotten gains, the doctor schemes to prevent this, and preserve the dowry of his hoped-for bride intact, by working on her morbid love of power and wealth and her intense dread of poverty and humiliation, and thus obtaining her consent to seclude from the world a parent for whom she cared but little.

A gentle restraint might be employed, and lunatic asylums **were not** yet without abuses. It would be a severe strain upon Miss M'Donell's virtue to stoop to things so eminently at variance with her **education**. Culture had no principles, however, to face necessity, and he **felt sure** she would reason wrong right on the present occasion.

So the doctor argued, and his surmise proved right. **As** strength and health returned, the price of confession seemed too tremendous, and the merchant postponed the intended **restitution**, though he did not dismiss the obligation, and **Nano saw** the glitter of the mental Damocles' sword over her head.

Any moment might ring the knell of her grandeur and present state, unless she provided against it. Like a discrowned queen she was to come down from her throne, and have the world point at her and say: This was once our mistress, who is now a nobody. She was wealthy long ago, whose estates are now so sadly diminished. Then she was proud enough, who is more than humble now. There was her stumbling-block—pride! Since her babyhood that had been nourished with as much care as if it had been a virtue. It was become a deadly parasite, twisted round her soul in horrible folds, sucking her life away.

How was she to battle with the danger that menaced her? . . . There was no escape, unless — And she put up her hands to her forehead with a moan of dreadful anguish.

“Oh! that I should ever dream that,” she whispered with pallid lips. “Whither am I drifting? What crimes will yet stain my soul? Unhappy me! Wretched woman, that meditates lifting her hand against her father! O God, Thy bitterest curse is not too bitter for that sin! God!” she repeated with a scornful smile. “There is no God. The cant thoughts and phrases of these people have poisoned me a little.”

The dalliance with temptation reached its natural result. By little and little the strands of the rope were formed, and the links of the chain forged together (p. 89).

The mental conflict of the old man is admirably depicted. His conscience leaves him no rest, and he at last resolves on making a clean breast to his daughter, and she who might have been his good angel in that hour preferred the opinion of society, the love of money, to the eternal welfare of the man who gave her life.

“And you would give the wealth,” she rejoined, “which for twenty years you have guarded, increased, and grown grey and paralytic over, to the beggars in the streets, or to the priest whose debts demand such windfalls; and you would leave me, your daughter, brought up in the splendour which this house displays, to be laughed at and lorded over by the rich vulgar rabble of the city! Father, are you dreaming, or are you mad?”

“I wish it were one or the other,” he said, in a feeble way, “that I might awake to know it was not my daughter who uttered those words. My honesty was brittle enough, God knows, but it had life. Yours seems dead.”

He bowed his head in his hands, like one stunned. Her emotion was not less severe, but her determination was invincible. She had begun the hideous drama, and would carry it out to the end.

“Do not excite yourself, sir,” she said, “over a phantasy. But it is as well for you to know that I will not submit to any such disposal of



your property. It is yours to do with as you please, but I shall make strong opposition, and if the world says rightly, I shall be successful" (p. 151).

We have not space to give the conclusion of this forcible scene. This was the punishment of the man, to be accounted mad, debarred from access to a priest, and confined in an asylum by his only child. He accepts his punishment, however, acknowledging its justice, and bearing with sublime patience and penitence every trial, and embraces the opportunity of atonement, until such time as it should please God to release him, by death or otherwise, from his imprisonment. Meanwhile the heartless, godless Nano, felt no uneasiness. Free from troubles of conscience, prospective mistress of a large estate, surrounded by friends and admirers, she fancied herself as happy a woman as the world knew, as happy as one could be with a ghastly skeleton in her closet.

The story is extremely well worked out. All the characters brought upon the stage revolve round the principal actors, and are necessary to the whole. They serve, moreover, to brighten what would otherwise be a painful picture. The cheerful pure lives of the young doctor and his sister, the heirs to the stolen property, shows how true religion brightens humble circumstances, and sheds over them a sunshine which gilded atheism can never know, though it mistake a temporary calm for settled peace. Clouds soon gathered, and the storm, when it broke upon the unhappy heroine, was terrible indeed. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they ground in this instance exceeding small. The old man escaped from the asylum, and died a confessor's death, at peace with God and the world. In the time of the evening there was light. But the fate of his daughter was, as the reader of this powerful novel will see, the logical outcome of her character and circumstances, and justifies our most mournful predictions. Poor Nano! wrecked in mid-ocean, whilst barks less fair, less fortunate, and more careless, go on in serenity to the haven, she so full of promise and so beautiful, founders on the way. But we are allowed to hope that in her greatest desolation she was enabled at that last hour to recognize and make a dying act of faith in that God whose mercy stretches far out to the suffering.

8.—THE GOLDEN CHERSONESE.<sup>1</sup>

Entertaining books are expected from Miss Bird, and her last volume by no means disappoints the anticipations of the reader who has already followed her on her visit to the Sandwich Islands, her wanderings in Japan, her rides across the Rocky Mountains, and enjoyed many a laugh at the amusing adventures and original modes of proceeding of that clever and adventurous lady. It is no easy matter now-a-days to get off the beaten track of travellers, but the Golden Chersonese, of which Milton speaks, is still somewhat of a *terra incognita*; there is no point on its mainland at which European steamers call, and the usual conception of it is as a vast and malarious equatorial jungle, sparsely peopled by a race of semi-civilised and treacherous Mohammedans. Some reliable information concerning this very attractive country is now placed before us by "a *blasé* old campaigner," as Miss Bird is pleased to call herself, whose chief object in visiting these remote and almost unexplored regions was to escape for a time from the restraints of civilisation, and "the amusements that make life intolerable;" the loss of comfort being more than made up for by the intense enjoyment of wandering about alone in the wilds.

The volume is mainly composed of letters written to her sister, and almost unaltered before publication; they are on this account valuable as all descriptions written on the spot and at the moment must be, and enable the reader to share the impressions of the traveller in their original vividness. Miss Bird never wearies us with pages of statistics and geography, only introducing short chapters containing such information of a solid character as is necessary to render her letters useful and intelligible. She gives the results of her own intelligent observation, set off by an attractive style and graphic description; and if her diction is at times somewhat exuberant, it is doubtless in keeping with the tropic scenery amid which the letters were penned. It is difficult for us to realise the "Glories of the Jungle" through which she journeyed in the month of January, thus describing the wealth and lavish prodigality of nature at a season when with us withered plants were shrivelling in the frost-bound earth, or shivering in the north-east wind.

<sup>1</sup> *The Golden Chersonese and the Way Thither.* By Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). London: Murray, Albemarle Street, 1883.

Do not think of a jungle, as I used to think of it, as an entanglement or thicket of profuse and matted scrub, for it is, in these regions at least, a noble forest of majestic trees, many of them supported at their roots by three buttresses, behind which thirty men could find shelter. Under these giants stand the lesser trees grouped in glorious confusion. . . . The great bamboo towers up along the river sides in its feathery grace, and behind it the much-prized Malacca cane, creeping along the ground or climbing trees and knotting them together, while ferns and lycopodiums struggle for space in which to show their fragile beauty, along with hardier foliaceous plants, brown and crimson, green and crimson, and crimson flecked with gold; and the great and lesser trees alike are loaded with trailers, ferns, orchids, and beautiful creepers which conceal the stems. To realise an equatorial jungle one must see it in all its wonderment of activity and stillness—the heated, steamy stillness through which one fancies no breeze ever whispers, with its colossal flowering trees, its green twilight, its inextricable involvement, its butterflies and moths, its brilliant but harsh-voiced birds, its lizards and flying foxes, its infinite variety of monkeys—sitting, hanging by hands or tails, leaping, grimacing, jabbering, pelting each other with fruits; and its loathsome saurians, lying in wait on slimy haunts under the mangroves. . . . At sunrise, as the great sun wheeled rapidly above the horizon and blazed upon us with merciless fierceness, all at once the jungle became vociferous. Loudly clattered the busy cicada, its simultaneous din, like a concentration of the noise of all the looms in the world, suddenly breaking off into a simultaneous silence; the noisy insect world chirped, cheeped, buzzed, whistled; birds halloed, hooted, whooped, screeched; apes in a loud but not inharmonious chorus greeted the sun; and monkeys chattered, yelled, hooted, and quarrelled and spluttered. The noise was tremendous (p. 175, seq.).

Then the travellers in the boat had breakfast—"a slim repast of soda water and bananas"—while the Malay boatmen prepared for themselves an elaborate curry of salt fish and *blanchang*, a condiment compounded from decomposed shrimps; after which the betel-nut was got ready, this being as essential to a Malay as tobacco to a Japanese and opium to the confirmed Chinese opium-smoker. Of this Miss Bird says:

It is a revolting habit, and if a person speaks to you while he is chewing his *quid* of betel, his mouth looks as if it were full of blood. People say that the craving for stimulants is created by our raw, damp climate; but it is as strong here at the equator, in the sunny, balmy air. I have not yet come across a region in which men, weary in body or mind, are not seeking to stimulate or stupefy themselves. The Malay men and women being prohibited by the Koran from using alcohol, find the needed fillip in this nut (p. 180).

Miss Bird's absolute fearlessness in coolly entering upon a journey into the interior, through the midst of a region lately the scene of war, where lawlessness and violence were known to reign, herself unarmed and unescorted except by two Malay guides, with whom she had no language in common, is certainly surprising. The only qualms she felt—if indeed she felt any—were in regard to her mount—a huge and vicious elephant, on whose back she was slung in a basket, and who, when not permitted to “gang his ain gates,” revenged himself by squirting dirty water over the fair load he carried. On her arrival at her destination, the British Resident was absent, so that she found herself alone in his bungalow in the heart of the jungle, and, as far as she could learn, the only European in the region. However, her brave heart did not fail her; far from betraying the timidity usual to her sex, she merely remarks: “It is so good to be away for a time from the wearying world, from all clatter, chatter, strife of tongues, in the unsophisticated society of apes and elephants! Dulness is out of the question.” The account of her reception is amusing:

I was received by a magnificent Oriental butler, and after I had had a delicious bath, dinner was served. The word *served* was strictly applicable, for linen, china, crystal, flowers, cooking were all alike exquisite. . . My *vajise* had not arrived, and I had been obliged to re-dress myself in my mud-splashed tweed dress, therefore I was much annoyed to find the table set for three, and I hung about unwillingly in the verandah, fully expecting two government clerks in faultless evening dress to appear, when Assam (the butler) more emphatically informing me that the meal was served, I sat down, much mystified, at the well-appointed table; when he led in a large ape, and the Malay servant brought in a small one, and a Sikh brought in a large retriever and tied him to my chair! This was all done with the most profound solemnity. The circle being then complete, dinner proceeded with great stateliness. The apes had their curry, chutnee, pine-apple, eggs, and bananas on porcelain plates, and so had I. The chief difference was, that whereas I waited to be helped, the big ape was impolite enough occasionally to snatch something from a dish, as the butler passed round the table, and that the small one, before very long, migrated from his chair to the table; and setting by my plate, helped himself daintily from it. What a grotesque dinner party! What a delightful one! My *next of kin* were so reasonably silent, they required no conversational efforts, they were most interesting companions. Silence is golden, I felt; shall I ever enjoy a dinner party so much again? (p. 306).

The towns of Canton, Saigon, &c., described in the first letters are better known, but the account of the writer's visits

to the prison and execution ground of Canton, of her glimpses of Anamese villages, of the huge, mingled, coloured, busy, Oriental crowds in Singapore, where "all is fascinating," and of the New Year's festivities and rejoicings amongst the Chinese in Malacca, will be found to be of much interest.

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## *Literary Record.*

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

MR. AUBREY DE VERE has gathered into a handy little volume a series of characteristic selections from English poets<sup>1</sup> from the time of Chaucer to the present day. The interest of the pieces themselves is increased by the little biographical account given of the author. In the Preface Mr. de Vere dwells on the educational value of poetry. His handy little collection is an excellent introduction to a wider range of poetical reading. To those who have but scant time to read, it will give a good idea of the varied beauties of style belonging to the poets of Great Britain.

*All for Love*<sup>2</sup> is a simple and very edifying exposition of the Divine beauty of the character of the Son of God as manifested to men. The author first speaks of the Human, then of the Divine nature of our Lord; then of the various epochs of His Life, His Infancy, His Hidden Life, His Public Mission, His love of man to death upon the Cross and beyond death in the Blessed Eucharist. Father Moriarty wisely introduces a number of testimonies and quotations from modern sources which give a pleasant variety and additional interest to his own pious and touching words.

*The Angel of Love, and other Poems*<sup>3</sup> make up a little volume which shows much natural power and poetic feeling. Some of

<sup>1</sup> *Select Specimens of the English Poets*, with Biographical Notices. Edited by Aubrey de Vere, Esq. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>2</sup> *All for Love; or, from the Manger to the Cross*. By Rev. J. J. Moriarty, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Chatham, New York. Dublin: Gill and Sons.

<sup>3</sup> *The Angel of Love, and other Poems*. By R. Y. Sturges. London: Provost and Co.

the shorter pieces and sonnets are very prettily expressed. For instance, the following, which is entitled "Old and New:"

Why is old love just like new love?  
Because the only love is true love;  
And though years may pass away,  
Love has one sweet summer day.

Why is new love just like old love?  
Because true love is still untold love;  
And though time in love be sped,  
All the best remains unsaid.

There is some unevenness here and there, and an occasional expression which jars on our taste. We do not, for instance, admire the little poem termed "England's Glory," in which the following stanza occurs in a description of the Resurrection:

Myriads of pauper coffins gaped,  
And lean and lank diseased and shivering  
Their inmates with a moan escaped,  
And soon a horrid breadth they shaped,—  
A feeble mass of quivering!

But this is no specimen of the whole volume, which certainly shows a talent well worth cultivating.

One of the charges often brought against Ireland is, that its inhabitants are incapable of commercial enterprise. It is true that industries now scarcely exist there; but why? Because England in former times ruthlessly crushed them out. In proof of this and for an account of the manner in which the work of destruction was accomplished we refer our readers to the pamphlet on "Irish Wool and Woollens,"<sup>4</sup> reprinted from the *Irish Monthly*. Bound up in the same covers is an account of the Life and Works of Foley, the great Irish Sculptor.

Every day the world is becoming smaller and the road across the Atlantic becomes practically shorter, and the rich lands of Central America seem more and more to be lying almost at our doors. An enterprising scamperer has lately written a description of an American tour, in which, in the short space of sixty days, he crossed the Atlantic, visited most of the great American cities, the Yosemite Valley, the Rocky Mountains, Denver, Colorado, and New Mexico, and returned safe and sound to England, all within the short space of sixty days. Young men go to farm in Manitoba and Minnesota as in former

<sup>4</sup> *Arts and Industries in Ireland*. (1) Irish Wool and Woollens. (2) J. H. Foley, R.A. Dublin: Gill and Son.

times they might have gone to Scotland or to Wales. Father Byrne in his little pamphlet<sup>5</sup> sets forth the advantage of including Arkansas, Texas, and New Mexico in the popular resorts of intending colonists. Speaking of Texas he says: "The chances for immigrants and settlers are not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, in any state or territory of the Union," and he quotes from a private letter of an immigrant there.

You ask my opinion of Texas. Well, I must say that I do not think this State can be excelled anywhere for immigrants, labourers, and working people generally. Those who want to buy land can get all they want—and that good land—for fifty cents an acre and upwards, according to the locality and the settlements around it. . . . There is a splendid chance for labourers and working men, as there are several roads being built and others projected. Common labourers get from \$1.75 to \$2.50 a day, according to the kind of work they perform; and, what is still better, they need lose scarcely any time the year round, for the cold amounts to almost nothing. Besides this, living is cheap in this country (p. 35).

In these days when so many of our young men are looking towards the States, such information is well worth having. The Irish Catholic Colonization Association, of which the author of this pamphlet is a member, gives all possible assistance to emigrants, and has specially for its object to direct them in their choice of homes. It has its head-quarters at Chicago, and we are glad to hear that under the active and energetic management of its Secretary, Mr. W. J. Onahan, it is obtaining a well-merited success.

Father O'Haire, late of South Africa, is conferring a boon on both the English and Irish Catholic public, amongst whom he possesses a deservedly high reputation as a zealous missionary, popular preacher, and lecturer, by placing within the easy reach of all some of his most stirring and telling discourses. Amongst them we notice with pleasure two sermons, which take the interesting and attractive form of a review of the struggles and victories of the Church, and which therefore give the most unanswerable of all answers to the question so constantly put explicitly or implicitly by her enemies: "*When and how shall the Catholic Church perish?*"<sup>6</sup> The author answers his own question,

<sup>5</sup> *Catholic Colonization in the South-West.* By Rev. S. Byrne, O.S.D. Chicago: Rand, M'Nally and Co.

<sup>6</sup> *When and how shall the Catholic Church perish?* By the Rev. Father O'Haire, late of South Africa. Twenty-sixth edition. Dublin. M. H. Gill and Son, 59, Upper Sackville Street, 1883.

and shows the "truth of the Lord remains for ever," by a skilful and, as far as the limits of a sermon will permit, a sufficiently full recital of the persecutions of the Church from the earliest dawn to our times. This is the subject of the first of these two sermons. The second solves the same problem by a very striking parallel between the life of the Church and that of her Divine Founder on earth, which was throughout a series of humiliations and bitter sufferings, alternating with transfiguration, victory, and glory. The merit of these sermons and the esteem in which they are held is best declared by reminding our readers that they have now reached a twenty-sixth edition.

We have to notice also from the same pen and from the same firm of publishers two sermons on the Apostle of Ireland, and another panegyric of the same Saint preached last March, at St. Patrick's, Soho, by the Rev. Father J. D. Murray, O.S.A.<sup>7</sup> In all three sermons a well-worn and familiar subject is handled with considerable skill and eloquence.

*Sister Agatha*<sup>8</sup> contains the off-told but ever interesting story of how a pious soul finds her way through the mazes of error to the Catholic Church. The false glitter of Puseyism may dazzle and captivate her for a time; but one who, like Sister Agatha, is thoroughly in earnest, cannot fail soon to discover that its ceremonies are mere mimicry and its dogmas delusions, and will not long mistake the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal for the call of the true Shepherd. Each member of Agatha's family professed a different form of Protestantism, and each was perfectly satisfied with that form; she alone was groping after the truth, and having obtained permission to dedicate herself to God's service, she entered a well-known Puseyite Convent. Her ardent enthusiasm and generous devotion met with chilling disappointment, and she learnt, as every one whose piety is intelligent and conscientious must learn, that despite "daily Mass," "auricular confession," and the doctrine of the "Perpetual Presence," true charity and true humility cannot exist outside of the Church, and without these all is cold and hard and dark. But her intention was good, and she really sought to do God's will; so she offered to Him of her poverty, and He in due time turned it into abund-

<sup>7</sup> *Ireland's Apostle and Faith*. By the Rev. Father O'Haire, late of South Africa. Sixth edition. *Panegyric of St. Patrick*, preached on his festival, 1883, at St. Patrick's Church, Soho, London, W. By the Rev. Father J. D. Murray, O.S.A. St. Monica's Priory, Hoxton Square, London, N. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

<sup>8</sup> *Sister Agatha*. By M. J. H. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. 1883.



ance by full knowledge and ardent love. Her rising doubts were at first suppressed forcibly, and drugged into temporary repose, only to awake with irresistible force and ripen into certainty; and when we take leave of Sister Agatha she is sheltered under the secure protection of the Holy Mother of God.

Many important questions are arising respecting the interpretation of certain clauses in the Irish Land Act. Among them is the *multum vexata quæstio* as to the meaning of an "improvement," and whether an improvement is to be compensated in proportion to the labour and capital expended by the tenant or to the increase in the value of the land improved. The decision of the Irish Court of Appeal on this point is discussed by Father Humphrys in a little pamphlet,<sup>9</sup> which we recommend to all of our readers who wish to gain a just view of the matter in dispute.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

It is one of the most lamentable features of the present day that so many scientists and savants are atheists or agnostics; and not only refuse to recognize a personal God, either as original Creator or continual upholder of the universe, but attack religion with eager animosity. In contradistinction to these, as the *Katholik* remarks, the late Father Secchi stands out in enviable prominence, to prove that faith and science are not antagonistic, nay, more, that one who is not only a pious Christian but a Jesuit theologian, may be one of the most eminent natural philosophers of his day. Father Secchi's conviction of the existence of a wise and beneficent Power, controlling and energizing in the material world, has been expressed in two lectures delivered in Rome, on the Grandeur of Creation, to be considered in a future number of the *Katholik*. Another article in the same periodical gives a notice of Melchior Paul von Deschwanden, a modern religious artist, and allied to the Düsseldorf school. Born amongst the mountains of Switzerland, as a tiny child he displayed such remarkable talents, especially in an artistic direction, that even the most undi-

<sup>9</sup> *The Irish Court of Appeal and the Healy Clause.* By the Rev. David Humphrys, C.C. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

cerning could not fail to see that he would be great, either for good or for evil ; happily the influence of early religious training turned the scale in the right direction. His biography has just been published by Dr. Kuhn, and is of no small interest as the history of a life equally devoted to art and religion. The *History of the German People*, by Janssen, has already been brought before the notice of the readers of the *Katholik*, and their attention is now directed to the reply to his critics—and it is a second one—which the author has been obliged to publish, not so much in self-defence, but as a sacred duty in behalf of truth. His character as an historian has been impugned by Protestant writers, who accuse him of partiality and misrepresentation of facts wherever the strife of religious parties comes upon the stage of history. Those who condemn the Catholic Church as “one huge lie,” and the Papacy as a system of injustice and oppression, would do well to read Janssen’s calm statements and unanswerable arguments.

The *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* for April opens with an article from the pen of Father Jürgens on Darwinistic theories as propounded by their latest and boldest exponent, Professor Haeckel, of Jena. The writer points out how any hypothesis however improbable as to the origin of the human race, is considered preferable by these philosophers to the admission of the theory of a supernatural origin at the hands of an omnipotent Creator. Father Langhorst, in treating the subject of the comparative science of religion, considers the position taken by Professor Max Müller in regard to the Old and New Testament. The revelations of the Eternal God, the truth of which is supported by accredited historical facts, are placed on a par with the grossest superstitions of idolaters. Nay, more, the contents of the Holy Scriptures are asserted to be drawn in great measure from the ancient religions of Brahma and Buddha. And what is to be the outcome of this science? The formation of a new religion of the future, to arise out of the ruins of the old, as Christianity rose out of the Catacombs, something “purer, truer, and older,” a religion free from distinctive dogmas and oppressive obligations, wherein all existing religions may meet and be merged, each contributing its best characteristic, its most costly jewel, to be set in the circlet ; as, for instance, the Brahman’s indifference to this life and firm belief in a future existence ; the Buddhist’s recognition of a submission to an eternal law ; the Mohammedan’s temperance and abstinence ; the Jew’s steadfast faith in

the one just and eternal God, &c. Father Langhorst concludes by referring to Max Müller as a sad example of the truth that great knowledge of one branch of science may lead a man into strange errors in other directions. Father Kreiten in his second article on the influences which left their mark on the genius of Westphalian poetess, Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, gives some specimens of her earlier productions, formed most unmistakeably on the model of Schiller's graver poems. Father Baumgartner contributes another of his sketches in the Netherlands, which will be found quite equal to, if not more entertaining than the preceding ones. He does not confine himself to one or more particular towns, but enlarges in his lively and picturesque manner on Holland in general, Dutch manners and customs, manufactures and industries; the productions of the soil and the hydraulic apparatuses in use for reclaiming and cultivating it. The sight of an old Gothic Cathedral, desecrated to the use of Protestants, leads him to apostrophize at some length these misguided people, on the errors in which they have been nurtured.

## *A Personal Visit to Distressed Ireland.*

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### PART THE SECOND.

IT is not easy, in treating a subject in which national or party feeling runs high, to discuss it with an unprejudiced judgment and a dispassionate accuracy of statement. In burning questions it is not easy to keep cool. It is not easy to keep one's eyes open with equal vigilance and discrimination to the faults on both sides, and to the excuses which may be urged in alleviation of these faults. In dealing with the state of Ireland this difficulty is continually present to my mind. I find that most men have their judgment warped by facts which present only one side of the case. Some cowardly outrage or cruel act of oppression, some personal wrong, inflicted by tyrannizing landlord or ungrateful tenantry, makes their blood boil, and at once they lose their power of appreciating the general bearings of the question as a whole. Their intelligence becomes like a compass in the presence of iron, and begins to go all wrong.

It is for this reason that I must repeat the appeal I have already made to the forbearance of my readers. My object in these papers is to narrate, so far as I can, with accuracy and unbiassed judgment, what I saw and heard. To the best of my ability I sifted the value of the statements made to me. I do not make myself responsible for each and all of them except where I adopt them as my own.<sup>1</sup> I do but recount what I saw and heard, as I saw and heard it. I have tried to state

<sup>1</sup> Since writing my last article I have been informed on the best authority that the cottages I visited at Loughglin were not on the property administered by the kind-hearted agent whom I have described as "Master Charlie," but on a neighbouring estate. I had carried away a false impression, I know not how. Where two estates are conterminous, it is not easy for a passing stranger to distinguish their limits. I should be sorry to do any sort of injustice to a landlord who, if he is an absentee, has expended large sums in improvements on the estate and in relieving distress in times of famine, and has supported his agent in whatever was proposed for the amelioration of the tenants' condition. Still more sorry should I be to cast any slur on "Master Charlie," whose exertions in behalf of the poor tenantry deserve all praise.

facts rather than my own deductions from them. If I seem to narrate coldly scenes of injustice or cruelty, it is because I wish facts to speak for themselves, without any attempt on my part to dress them up in tawdry rhetoric ; if, on the other hand, I do not declaim against outrage and lawlessness, it is because I am simply narrating those things which I myself witnessed, and happily did not encounter either one or the other during my visit to Ireland.

The visit to Loughglin, of which I spoke in my last article, had detained me so long that it was nearly six o'clock before we reached Ballaghaderreen, and sat down at Father O'Hara's hospitable table in the Presbytery. The Bishop of Achonry, Dr. MacCormack, honoured us with his presence at dinner, and I soon found myself quite at home with the good Bishop and his priests. I do not know when I have enjoyed a more useful or interesting discussion than on that evening and the following, when the Bishop entertained us at his own house. The clergy present were, for the most part, strong in their sympathy with the people. But they had none of that unreasoning and unreasonable prejudice that I occasionally met with elsewhere. They were men of remarkable intelligence and acuteness, and were ready to support their every statement and opinion by fact and argument. I made it my business to put forward, as well as I could, the English view of Irish politics as held by fair-minded and educated Englishmen, in order that I might enter into and appreciate the opposite side of the question. My host and his fellow priests were anxious that their English visitor should have an opportunity of learning the depth of Irish sentiment, and of understanding the cause of Irish discontent. Sometimes we waxed into a friendly warmth, and the discussion became animated, and the good Bishop, who acted as moderator, had to be appealed to. He invariably stated his opinion with a calm impartiality which carried conviction, and with the persuasiveness of one whose words came from a heart loving his people, and from a judgment mellowed by long experience.

I took no notes of the conversation, and will not attempt to reproduce it. My object was rather to retain a general impression than to gather up distinct statements. But I remember one argument which specially struck me. It was urged in advocacy of the Irish as opposed to the English view of land tenure. The thesis I maintained was that by the natural law land improved or reclaimed belonged to the landowner, and not to

the tenant, and that the latter could not make any claim for even the most extensive improvements if a previous contract had not been made. The view of my entertainers, on the other hand, was that if no compensation were made by the landlord, the tenant had a right in natural justice at least to consider land as his own property which he had reclaimed from being waste by the labour of his own hands. If to the painter, they argued, belongs the picture painted on another man's canvas, to the tenant belongs the fruitful field produced on the barren ground of another. When I urged in reply that the painter adds to the property of his neighbour the skilful painting which the canvas merely serves to support, whereas in reclaimed ground the tenant merely transforms the materials already existing there, I was met with the fact that the tenant who reclaims bog-land has to carry with his own hands the gravel and the earth necessary to form the soil which must be placed upon the bog, and the manure which is necessary for the produce of a crop, so that the parallel in this respect also holds good, and the claim of the tenant corresponds to that of the artist.

I adduce this argument not so much for its intrinsic value or for its bearing on the question I have already entered upon, as because it was one instance out of many of the acuteness and intelligence with which they supported their position. Rarely have I learned more from my friendly discussion than I did from the Bishop of Achonry and the Administrator and the curates of Ballaghadereen.

One point which interested me much was the general state of religion throughout the country. Had the agitation shaken the submission of the people to ecclesiastical authority? How was it that the priests had taken part in it, when they knew that there was always a danger of its overstepping the bounds of justice? Did they not put themselves in a false position by this meddling in political questions, and so run the risk of doing harm to religion by their interference? I can only record the opinions of those best qualified to judge. A priest of great weight and long and wide experience, who had just finished a retreat to men in one of the leading churches in Dublin, told me that never had the attendance of men at the churches and at the sacraments been so large as it is at present. At the same time he added his conviction that the unsettled state of the country and the prevalent agitation necessarily had an

unfavourable effect on religion in general and on the spirit of submission in particular. In Mayo I was assured that the intelligence of the people very clearly distinguished between submission to the temporal and to the spiritual power, and while they had no love for the authority of the former, and scarcely acknowledged its claim to their allegiance, they were not a whit the less loyal to the latter. As far as I could judge, the opinions of men, whether priests or laymen, respecting the state of religion depended, to a great extent, on their political sympathies. The enemy of the National League took the darkest view of the effects of agitation on religion. Its friend declared that religion had received no harm from it. Here in Ballaghaderreen (though I am not quoting the opinion of any one individual) the clergy seemed to be convinced that the faith of the people had in no way been seriously affected by the wave of political excitement that swept over the land.

But one impression was almost universally prevalent, that the present is a very critical juncture for Ireland and for the faith of the children of St. Patrick. An ardent Nationalist among the priests of Mayo told me that he thought that the suppression of the Land League was an enormous blessing for Ireland, for, had it continued, the agitators, who had already gone beyond what the priests could sanction, might have sought to draw the people away from their spiritual guides, and incalculable evil might have been the result. As it was, the mischief, he said, was stopped in time. In answer to my objection that the priest who threw himself into the agitation was to some extent responsible for its excesses, I was assured that even if the spirit of patriotism and of justice had not prompted the union of the priests with their people in the wave of excitement which swept over Ireland, yet that prudence would have forbidden them to stand aloof. The people have the healthy instinct of looking to the priest as their guide in matters temporal as well as spiritual, of asking his advice, and trusting his judgment in what concerns this life as well as the next. The excitement of feeling was so great, that if the priests had altogether stood aloof and had not, so far as their consciences allowed, joined with the people in their outcry, they would have been in danger of forfeiting this invaluable influence, and would have been regarded as out of sympathy with their oppressed flock. Apart from this, most of them—and especially the younger generation—took a very strong view as to the cruelty and oppression of the

existing system, and considered the protest against it reasonable and desirable. Hence it was practically impossible for them to abstain from joining, when their union with their people accorded alike with their national sympathies and their sense of pastoral responsibility.

Of course such a motive would be valueless if the bounds of justice were overstepped and unlawful measures of redress were proposed for the wrongs of Ireland. There can be no doubt that among the hot-headed young curates there were some who incurred the censure of their ecclesiastical superiors by the warmth of their language and the exaggerated expressions into which they were led by their patriotic zeal. They occasionally forgot that they were no true friends of Ireland when they fanned in the breasts of the laity a flame which was already burning with red-hot ardour, and when they declaimed in unmeasured terms against the brutality of the Saxon oppressor. But such cases were rare, and in general their influence was exerted in favour of moderation. Irish priests receive at Maynooth a thorough and sound training in practical theology. If they forgot themselves in the excitement of a public meeting, their more sober judgment soon showed them that they had gone too far. When the No-Rent Manifesto appeared they condemned it almost to a man, and that at the peril of their influence. But as long as the law of God and the teaching of the Church were not disobeyed, the combined force of natural sympathy and what appeared ordinary prudence made it, I was assured, most desirable that they should not be guilty of political abstention. In the place of the parish priest the foreign agitator would have been the leader of the people. If the priest had taken no part in a movement which he watched with a vigilant care lest it should go beyond what he as a priest could approve, he would have had to sit apart, mourning over his poor sheep led astray by paid declaimers and unscrupulous leaders of revolt. In addition to open agitation, secret societies would have sprung up everywhere and sapped the very foundations, not only of civil order, but of religious belief in the hearts of the misguided people.

Such and much more to the same effect were the arguments by which priests and bishops defended the action of the Irish clergy. Some, indeed, kept aloof, but in Mayo they were few and far between, and the general sense of their compeers was against them. They were for the most part elderly men, whose gray



hairs were held to excuse them. But of the younger generation, I do not believe that there was one in a hundred who did not throw himself into the movement and did not believe that it was an inevitable step in the progress of Ireland towards happier and healthier days.

The day following my arrival at Ballaghaderreen, I went by an early train to Sligo, whither I had been invited by the kindness of Captain Ross, of Bladensburg, who was acting as one of the Emigration Committee on behalf of the Government. After breakfast and a visit to the beautiful Cathedral, he invited me to come to the workhouse and see the band of emigrants who were being prepared for their departure on the morrow. On arriving there, we found a motley group of men, women, and children clustered outside, awaiting their turn for instructions as to the time and place of their departure, and for the reception of the very excellent outfit which the liberality of the Sligo Guardians provided for those who were being sent off. They were all of them "free emigrants," paying nothing themselves. The Government provided for their passage, and the Guardians sent them on to their destination, and added whatever remained for outfit out of the £6 a head which was devoted to the double purpose of clothing them decently and conveying them from the place of landing to their future home in Canada or the States. After a few words with those who were waiting around the door, we entered the "Board Room," where the business of the day was being transacted. The Master of the Workhouse was there and the Matron, and a clerk seated at the table was making a list of the various articles furnished to the emigrants. A large collection of "dry goods" covered the floor, articles of men's attire on one side and women's on the other, and the description and price of each as it was given was written down on a sort of way-bill by the clerk. But the presiding genius of the scene was a Protestant clergyman resident in Sligo, named Heaney. Seated at the table opposite the clerk, he was giving instructions as to what was to be supplied to each, making a second list corresponding to that of the official clerk, and between times saying kind words to the emigrants. He was, I was informed, one of the Guardians of the Poor, and the work he was doing was done out of pure benevolence. He was evidently a kind-hearted, business-like man, and took an interest in his task. The poor liked him extremely, and paid him the high compliment of addressing

him as "Your Reverence" and speaking of him as "Father Heaney." One could not help admiring his devotion to his self-imposed task. From morning till night he was doing for nothing the drudgery of a clerk, and was most patient and forbearing with the tiresome and often quite unreasonable demands of the applicants, listening to their complaints and explaining kindly to them the impossibility of granting some of their requests.

There were two doors to the room, and each family who had been approved by the Guardians and accepted on the part of the Government by the Inspecting Commissioner, was introduced in turn, divided into two groups, father and big boys by one door, mother, girls, and little boys by the other. As each entered, their names, ages, occupations, dwelling-place (if they had one), and destination across the Atlantic was written down, and each individual was allotted such articles of clothing as were needed and as the funds at the disposal of the Board allowed of. There was no want of generosity in the distribution, as the reader may gather from the extract, which I subjoin in a note, from the rules laid down by the Lord Lieutenant in relation to the emigration of poor persons under the Arrears of Rent Act.<sup>2</sup> As far as I observed, these directions were carried out to the letter. The master of the workhouse collected into a box or large carpet bag the outfit for the man and boys, while the matron performed the same kind office for the woman and children. The articles

<sup>2</sup> *Outfit.*

IV. The Guardians, in conjunction with the Emigration Committee or one member thereof, shall see that each emigrant has at least the following outfit, subject in the case of a child, to such modification as the Guardians, with the approval of the Emigration Committee, may direct, viz. :

| Males.             | Females.                       |
|--------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 Suit of clothes. | 1 Dress.                       |
| 1 Overcoat.        | 1 Jacket.                      |
| 2 Shirts.          | 2 Woollen petticoats.          |
| 2 Pairs of socks.  | 2 Sets of underclothing.       |
| 2 Handkerchiefs.   | 2 Pairs of Stockings.          |
| 1 Muffler.         | 2 Handkerchiefs.               |
| 1 Pair of boots.   | 1 Shawl.                       |
| 1 Hat or cap.      | 1 Pair of boots.               |
| 2 Towels.          | 1 Hat or bonnet.               |
| 1 Brush and comb.  | 2 Towels.                      |
| 1 Rug or coverlet. | 1 Brush and comb.              |
| 1 Bag or box.      | Sewing and knitting materials. |
|                    | 1 Rug or coverlet.             |
|                    | 1 Bag or box.                  |

of dress had in many instances to be tried on, and the women were thrust through their door into an anteroom and the door closed, while the trying-on process was being conducted. There was something inexpressibly humorous in the sight, when a poor woman whose head had known no covering for years, and whose tattered garments hung scantily around her, came out with a fashionably shaped hat upon her head, a blue serge dress, and an ulster or shawl to protect her from wind or cold, and a pair of new high-heeled boots upon feet which had been accustomed to perfect liberty. It was a transformation scene with a vengeance. In some cases the older women could scarcely be got to take the proffered head-dress. With its gay artificial flower in front, it was too much for their sense of the ridiculous. The articles supplied seemed good and serviceable, though I heard a story of some Irish maiden who was seen hobbling along on the remains of her new boots at one of the ports of departure, with the heel of one of them in her hand, the contract boots, being made for sale rather than for use, having proved faithless on the very first occasion that they were worn. But serviceable or not, they constituted a family wardrobe which I expect astonished many of the recipients as much as they amused the lookers on.

The first of the successful applicants for Government Emigration introduced into the Board Room after our arrival there, were a tidy-looking young fellow of about twenty-two or twenty-three, and his wife, who might have been a year or two younger. She was a superior almost lady-like looking girl, well dressed, and belonging, as far as one could judge by appearances, to the middle rather than to the lower class. The man drove a horse and cart in the town (Sligo), but business had been so bad of late that he could not manage anyhow to support himself and his wife. So he very prudently resolved to try his fortune in America, and as the Government had invited applications for a free passage, he wisely availed himself of the offer.

The next batch was a rather numerous one. A father whose hair was growing grey, a mother a little younger, and big boys and big girls, little boys and little girls, whom I did not succeed in counting. The man belonged to the artisan class, he was a painter and had spent many years in England, where he had got excellent wages and plenty to do. The woman had contributed to the family store by mangling. But

in spite of their success, back they must come to their native land. The man hoped to find work there, the woman brought her mangle back with her and expected that it would be a source of income in Sligo as well as in Staffordshire. I could not at first understand why they returned. There was a certain evasiveness in the woman's answers, but when the officials were out of hearing she confidentially informed me, "It was the drink, your Reverence, that made us leave England," with a significant look across the room to the place where her husband and the big boys were being allotted coats and overcoats, socks and handkerchiefs, towels, and brush and comb. The mangle was set up on their return, but no employment for it was forthcoming. The little store of cash (no very large one, owing to the too attractive English public-house) was soon gone, the mangle was sold; there were many mouths to feed, so they were glad to go. If I remember right, it was this good woman to whom the Government bonnet was specially distasteful. "Do you think I'd be disfiguring my old head with such a trumpery bit of goods as that?" The hat met with a still more scornful rejection. But the Government head-dress must be accepted if not worn, and at length the coaxing persuasion of the good matron induced her to receive it.

The family next in order consisted of a middle-aged man and his wife and some four or five children. He was a common labourer—work had failed him—food was not to be had sufficient, and the fever had at length attacked them and forced them into the workhouse. I think one or two of the children had died there, but of this I am not certain. The woman was a sturdy-looking matron of about thirty-five or forty, full of good nature and pleasantry. "Mary" was evidently a favourite with the matron of the workhouse, who had been very kind to her and her little ones when stricken down with the fever, and her warm Irish heart was overflowing with gratitude to the benefactress who had softened the hardships of the poor house by the charity she had shown her. "She is a real good woman, your Reverence, though she is a Protestant," was the willing testimony respecting her. My own observation confirmed the verdict; the genuine kindness, patience, forbearance, and unflinching good temper of the good matron of the Sligo workhouse deserve to be put on record in these pages.

After watching these three families, I ceased to take mental notes of the applicants, and we soon after left the Board Room.

A serious difficulty had to be arranged. The emigrants were to start very early the next morning, and it was feared that some at least would not be there at the appointed time. It was therefore proposed that the greater part of them should sleep at the workhouse, where accommodation could easily be found. But against this there was a general outcry. Sooner than sleep within those hated walls, many of the emigrants would forfeit their passage money and all the good things that they were to receive as outfit, and give up the idea of emigrating altogether. Anything rather than submit to what they seemed to regard as an indelible social disgrace, which would cling to them all the world over. No amount of coaxing would reconcile them to it. To spend their last night in old Ireland in a Government workhouse, and that after they had kept out of it at the cost of any amount of hardship and misery for all these years, would be in their eyes a mean act of treachery to their country. They would never be able to lift up their heads again if they consented to it.

But why should they have such an aversion to the hospitable shelter of the workhouse? Such a question as this would never be asked except by one ignorant of Ireland and Irish feeling. To the Irish poor the workhouse is regarded as worse than death. The loathing which they entertain towards it is a fact which it is impossible to ignore, though it is not so easy to explain. To have resort to the workhouse is regarded as an unspeakable ignominy and a disgrace.

I do not pretend to be able to fathom this feeling or to satisfy myself with the reasons adduced for it. I have heard it said that workhouses in Ireland are ruinous to the morals of the girls and boys received in them, but as far as I could learn the accusation is a false one. One priest, who had been chaplain in a large workhouse for two years, assured me that it was not the case. One or two cases I heard of afterwards, but they were exceptional, and generally were the result of girls being received as servants into the house of the Protestant master of the workhouse. The only complaint I heard in this respect is, that since bad characters, as well as honest, respectable people, were to be found in the poor house, it was not possible to keep them entirely apart. There were sure to be some young women in large towns who were not outcasts, but yet were not suitable companions for the innocent; and though the utterly depraved were separated off from the rest, it was difficult to define the

class. But beyond this, the poor houses seem to be free from any gross scandals or any wholesale corruption.

I think that the feeling against the poor house is chiefly traditional. It is not many years since the treatment of the poor was hard and cruel in the extreme. It is only of late that they have been treated with any sort of kindness and consideration. With a people like the Irish their ill-name is sure to cling to them for centuries after they have ceased to deserve it. This seems to me the chief source of the strong prejudice against them. But even now there is a good deal of harshness. There is that red-tape, impersonal, unsympathizing method of dealing with the inmates which is especially hateful to the warmhearted and sensitive Irish. It is a necessity of the system, and for this reason the system must be one hateful to the poor of Ireland. Add to this that the workhouse is bound up in their minds with the patronizing ascendancy of English rule. The feelings they bear to the latter attach to every Government institution. Every one hates to receive charity from an enemy. If it is grudging charity, the repugnance is intensified. If it does not deserve the name of charity at all, and is given out of no love, but of necessity, then human nature revolts from its acceptance.

Other motives which I have not time to discuss combine to produce the result. The loss of liberty is a serious hardship. The absence of the social intercourse and friendly banter is another grievance to the talkative and sociable Irish. The Protestant ascendancy often proclaims itself in the appointment of Protestant officials, even where the inmates are all Catholics, and this gives the workhouse a bad name. The absolute and enforced idleness makes the Irish workhouse more miserable and demoralizing. The absence of Catholic education for the children renders good Catholic parents most averse to entering with their families. The very poverty of Ireland compels the greatest economy in the poor house, and economy means for the inmates the absence of everything except just the minimum necessary to support life. Above all, the fact that to go into the poor house renders it necessary to give up for ever the piece of land which to the Irish peasant is a sacred treasure, makes them not only averse to seek refuge there, but hate it with a genuine and heartfelt hatred.

To return to my story. At length a compromise was effected. They were to sleep where they liked and to assemble at 1 a.m. to prepare for their departure. The train was to leave

about six, and at first sight the margin left for unpunctuality seemed rather a wide one. But I soon learned that there was another difficulty, besides the fear of their being late, which rendered the authorities reluctant to dismiss them for the night, with instructions to be present at the station in time for the emigrant train. It would have been necessary to hand over their outfit to them on the previous day, and it was feared that in some cases a portion of the articles supplied might be considered superfluous, and therefore might have been found to have disappeared before the next morning. The articles having been once handed over to them, would be regarded as the property of the recipients, and a shawl or pair of boots, regarded by the emigrant as an unnecessary and rather cumbersome luxury, might perhaps have been exchanged for the night's lodging or for some parting hospitality to be offered to a friend. So the outfit was kept back, except where the Catholic chaplain of the workhouse guaranteed the security of the articles entrusted to the emigrants, and the early hour of assembling was for the object of giving full time for the distribution of the various articles.

It certainly was a hardship to get up in the middle of the night and loiter about till the hour of departure in the morning. But there was no help for it. Of course there was a good deal of grumbling, and I was amused at watching Captain Ross' benevolent endeavours to pacify the grumblers. At first he took up a very bad line: "Don't you see we have made the law and you must keep it? it's the rule and so you must do like the rest and come at the proper time." This roused quite a storm—they would give up their passage, they could not and would not come there in the middle of the night. Why should they not have their outfit now, and go and sleep in peace at Mrs. O'Sullivan's, who had offered them and the children a lodging for nothing? But Captain Ross wisely changed his tone: "Now don't be unreasonable—here are the gentlemen spending all their time for you to get you good clothes, and to send out your children decent and respectable, and then you come and make all this bother in return for what they are doing for you. Now do be reasonable, my good man and try and give as little trouble as you can." At once the opposition gave way. "So I will, your honour, you needn't be uneasy about me." The angry looks disappeared, the grumbling and discontent were gone, and the grumblers were reconciled by

the appeal made to their better feelings. It was a curious instance of the attitude one constantly encounters towards law on the one hand and personal gratitude and loyalty on the other. It is a subject to which I shall hereafter have occasion to recur, but it would lead me too far away on the present occasion. When the discontented were more or less pacified, we left a scene which had given rise to many questions which, at the time, I felt unable to solve.

Perhaps the reader has already noticed that of the three cases, whose enumeration and outfit I had witnessed in the Board-room of the workhouse, not one was an owner of land. Was it a mere chance that I had stumbled on a batch of artizans? Or was it true, as I had been already informed, that it is not the peasantry starving on their barren plots of land, who are benefited by emigration, but the inhabitants of the towns, labourers and artisans out of work or desirous to better themselves in America?

According to the Government returns, one third of the whole number of emigrants had previously been occupiers of land. I have no doubt that this is the exact proportion, but there is one consideration to be taken into account. Under the category of holders of land are included some of those who have been evicted from their holdings for non-payment of rent. Now evictions have been going on pretty briskly in some localities. Since the passing of the Land Act and the reduction of rents, the landlords have been more severe than they were before. Irritated, and very naturally so, at having their incomes cut down by the Government, many who had not done so before exacted the uttermost farthing, and resolved that if their rent was now diminished they would compensate themselves, as far as they could, by insisting on the payment of the rent on the very day when it was due. This was but right and fair, where the landlord had good reason to know that the tenants were able to pay. The No Rent manifesto exasperated landlords to a degree to which they had never been exasperated previously. They regarded it, and not without reason, as an organized attempt to rob them. Even if it was intended, as its advocates assert, as merely a temporary expedient to force the hand of the Government, as one of those unfortunate necessities unavoidable in time of war, yet in its universal application it was a distinct transgression of natural justice. I do not see how any impartial person can regard it as



justifiable, and the tenant who, having a fair and moderate rent to pay and being able to pay it, still withheld it, was rightly and justly evicted. We may not rob Peter to pay Paul, much less may we rob Peter in order that Paul may not continue to rob his tenants. But evictions for the refusal to pay what could be paid and ought to be paid were few and far between, for the simple reason that the farmer who saw that his landlord was in earnest always managed somehow or other to find the money. These, however, have not been the only evictions. I myself encountered an instance which had taken place in the district that I visited only a few days before my arrival. It took place in one of the poorest parts of Sligo, between Ballaghaderreen and Swinford, not far from the little town of Tubbercurry. It was no solitary instance, else I would not cite it. It is a part of a wholesale system which has been pursued by a certain class of Irish landlords, resident and non-resident. It has a direct bearing on the important subject of emigration, and for this reason I turn aside for a little to tell the story.

For eviction is a subject intimately connected with emigration. Eviction renders emigration necessary where otherwise it would be perfectly unnecessary. Eviction is one of the chief causes which have depopulated Ireland, and spread the children of St. Patrick over the Continent of America. Eviction often sends forth the emigrants with a burning sense of injustice, which burns more fiercely still in the land whither they are bound. Eviction scatters over the world the bitterest enemies to the British empire and to British rule. I will not attempt to picture the scene myself. I prefer to insert the matter of fact report of one of the Guardians of the Poor sent by the Board to investigate the condition of the evicted tenants. My readers will see that it is the plain unvarnished statement of one who would naturally take an official view, and whose representation of the needs of the poor would take its colour rather from his consciousness of the overburdened poor rate than from any sentimental compassion with those on whose circumstances he is reporting. I insert in full his letter to the Guardians, in spite of its length, because the very sameness of its oft-repeated story gives it its chief value as an evidence of what landlordism means in Tubbercurry. Mr. Devine addresses the Guardians as follows :

Tubbercurry, May 5th.

Gentlemen,—In accordance with your resolution of Monday last, asking me, as a member of the board, to visit the evicted tenants in

the parish of Curry, on the estate of Messrs. Knox, and report thereon, I beg to state that, accompanied by the Very Rev. Thomas Conlon, P.P., and the relieving officers of the district, I went there on Wednesday last, and beg to submit the following as an accurate description of how they are at present circumstanced—

**MONTIAGH.**

Patrick Waters—His family consists of wife and seven children, varying in ages from three to seventeen years. They are trying to live as best they can in an open shed unfit for housing cattle, and are not possessed of any means whatever.

Patrick Brett has three children who get shelter during night from their grandmother, who dwells in a miserable hut scarcely large enough for one occupant.

Pat Cafferty—His family, consisting of wife and ten children, dwelt for three nights after eviction in a shed rudely constructed of some sticks and straw, after which he removed to the house of Michael May, which he was about leaving on Wednesday for Cully, Mrs. May having that morning noticed him to leave, giving as her reason for doing so that she was afraid of the bailiff to afford him lodgings any longer.

**BUNNACRANAGH.**

John Brett has wife and seven children, the eldest child being only fourteen years of age. They live in a wretched hut scarcely fit to accommodate three individuals, and seem to have no means.

**BALLINCURRY.**

James Durcan (Charles) is at present in England. His wife and children (three in number), the eldest of whom is only six years, are living with children's grandmother, an aged woman whom I found sick and confined to bed.

John Cardle has wife and five children, all of whom I found grouped round a small fire in a sandpit, quite unprotected.

William Durcan has wife and seven children, five of whom are females, all living beside a ditch, where they have erected a temporary structure as shelter.

James Durcan (John) has wife and four children. Found the children round a fire beside a ditch. Duncan stated that his wife was unwell, and at present staying in the neighbourhood.

James Durcan (Edward) is in England. Has wife and six children, who are living in a wretched cabin unfit for human habitation.

Michael Durcan has seven in family; was evicted from land but not from dwelling.

John Gannon has wife and two children; found them in a temporary shed erected beside a ditch.

Bryan Gannon has seven children; evicted from land but not from dwelling.

Michael Frain is at present in England; has wife and four children, who live in a hut erected by a child only nine years old.

James M'Dermott, not evicted from house; held in co. with Frain the land from which they were evicted.

Thomas Kennedy has wife and six children varying in ages from two to thirteen years; they were collected around a fire beside a ditch without any shelter whatever.

Peter M'Entyre has wife and one child, whom I found at a fire beside a ditch, the wife appearing weak and sick.

Ellen M'Entyre, widow, has three children, the eldest only seven years of age; they are living with a relative.

Philip Durcan and three sisters, orphans, are living in a miserable shed.

Bridget Durcan, widow, has two children, and at present occupies a neighbour's barn.

Patrick Brennan has wife and seven children; found them living in a rudely constructed shed beside a ditch.

I think it necessary to add that the people, both young and old, in these cases presented a most miserable appearance, and seemed (particularly the children) to be in great want of necessary clothing, and I give it as my opinion that if those poor people are obliged to remain much longer in their present sad state, diseases may arise, from which very serious consequences may issue.

I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

NICHOLAS H. DEVINE.

On this letter I have one or two remarks to make.

1. The number of the evicted families amount to twenty in all. It cannot therefore be owing to some special offence of which eviction is the punishment. This might be urged if the families evicted were but two or three, but in a group of twenty it is impossible that all can be dishonest or criminal.

2. Let us analyze the composition of the various families evicted. Two of them consist of the widow and the fatherless, one of four orphan children, two or three others of women with their children whose husbands are away in England. Several of the women are mentioned as weak and sickly. In all there are some thirteen men, eighteen women, and between ninety and one hundred poor helpless children, all evicted at one fell swoop.

3. Several of the men were away in England working as labourers on English farms in the manner narrated in my last article, in order to get together the arrears of rent due to their landlord. I have already spoken of the hardships entailed on them by this system. The fact that these men live away from their homes for nearly half the year, and that they almost invariably bring home sufficient to pay the year's rent, is a

proof alike of their thrift and their honest endeavours to satisfy the just demands of the owner of their little hut and plot of land.

4. The two past seasons have been so unproductive as to render it impossible for those who live by agriculture on the produce of the land to pay the ordinary rent. Potatoes have failed them, and oats did not ripen: live stock died away, and even of the poultry an epidemic carried off a large proportion.

5. The beginning of the month of May was bitterly cold. Mayo is one of the bleakest countries in Ireland, and I shall always have a piercing recollection of the bitter north-east wind which for some two or three weeks continuously swept over the country. If it seemed to freeze to the very bones one who was well housed, well warmed, and well fed, what must have been the cruel sufferings of those delicate women and tender children without food, without clothes, without fire, without a home, and without hope, some without even a shelter by the side of the ditch whither the cruel edict had driven them forth?

6. I was informed while in the neighbourhood, and I have since ascertained the truth of the information, that the parish priest, the Very Rev. T. Conlon, mentioned in Mr. Devine's letter, offered a year's rent in every case, in order that the landlord might get the benefit of the Arrears Act, and guaranteed the payment of all costs, but that his offer was refused!

Such are the plain facts. They speak sufficiently for themselves. From their hearths and homes, from the land which they regard as in part their own, from the land which during these two unfruitful seasons has, through no fault of their own, refused to yield its wonted crop, more than one hundred persons—men, women, and children, widows and orphans, tender maidens and sucklings at the breast—are thrust forth by bailiff and constable. Thrust forth to starve in that cold east wind! Thrust forth to die like dogs by the roadside or in the ditch hard by! The scene would move our hearts and rouse our indignation if it had taken place in some African kraal, or in some barbarian village in far off Asia. But these are no barbarians, bred in some distant land amid superstition and ignorance. They are no aliens or foreigners who are left to perish. They are dying uncared for within a few hours' journey of our own wealthy and prosperous homes. They are no heathen or heretics. They are our fellow Christians. They are of the household of faith. They are our brothers and sisters in the faith of Jesus Christ. They are united to us by a tie

closer than that of country or blood or any earthly relationship. They have a claim upon us far surpassing the claim of common parentage or common kindred. They are signed with the sign of Him who is the Lover of the poor. They are members of the Communion of Saints. They are children of our common mother, the Church of God. What Catholic, what Christian, what man of ordinary kind feeling, can restrain his tears of compassion when he reads of the scene, the cruel heart-breaking scene—cruel and heart-breaking even when told in the cold unimpassioned language of the official visitor? Men wax warm in their just indignation at the deliberate murder even of one who has been guilty of a long course of oppression and cruelty, but is no indignation due at the sight of the famished faces of those poor little ones of Jesus Christ, pining away of famine and cold by the side of the unsheltered ditch?

Let us look forward for a moment to the time when the men who are absent in England shall return. They carry with them the hard-earned money which is to satisfy the Messrs. Knox on the approaching rent day. Joyfully they approach the little group of cottages, full of hope and courage in the prospect of a happy meeting. But when they draw near, alas! their cottage is empty: nought remains of it but the bare walls. But where are its inmates? Eagerly they go from house to house, but all are deserted. At last they find a neighbour more favoured than the rest, left as caretaker of his cottage, who tells them the sad story how for long days and nights the wife and little ones, turned out from their home, starved by the side of the hospitable ditch; how perhaps first one and then another of the little children was unable to withstand the want of food and raiment, the piercing cold, the damp and the exposure, and changed that dreary scene for a land where they shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more, where cold and sickness are unknown. Now when the poor desolate father hears the news, and finds at length all that remains of his little family in the shelter of some hospitable neighbour, when he sees the wife broken down with grief, when he misses, it may be, some of those little faces which he left in smiling health, what wonder if, in the bitterness of his sorrow, the words which rise to his lips are not blessings on Messrs. Knox, and the thoughts in his heart are not thoughts of loyalty and love for landlords and landlordism? And when the survivors of those ninety children grow up to manhood, and in the great Republic of the West some of them rise, perchance, to

wealth and influence, can we wonder if we find in their speech and writing the result of the ineffaceable impressions of childhood? Can we wonder if their words teem with an inextinguishable hostility which seems quite unaccountable to us as we sit quietly at home ignorant of its cause, and if they indulge in a wild denunciation which seems to the Englishman, who knows not their antecedents, the mere blustering braggadocio of political fanaticism?

I am writing for those who, at a distance from the scene, cannot realize half its intensity; who, far from angry or excited feeling, can weigh dispassionately the details of this story, else I would not venture to tell it. But, as a Catholic Priest, as a friend of the poor, as a servant of Jesus Christ, as a lover of the little ones whom He loved so fondly, nay, as one possessed of common humanity and as an unprejudiced friend of justice, I think it my duty to place before my fellow-countrymen a tale of which, even in these days of progress poor Ireland could furnish many a counterpart.

But, lest it should be thought that I am selecting an exceptional instance, I will add another which came immediately under my own observation. It was in a parish of Mayo which I will not further particularize. I was walking down the street of the little town with the parish priest of the place, when a poor woman accosted him. What was she to do, as the man on whose land she was living had not only ordered her out of her little hut but had dismantled it about her ears—torn down the boarding, broken up the walls, so that nothing but the mere framework now remained? He had begun with her hut, but was going on to similarly dismantle seven other huts, which formed with hers a little group upon his land. The place was some three miles distant, but the good priest, like a true father of the poor, promised at once to proceed there and see what could be done. We drove thither accordingly, and found her story true. There was the iron framework of the hut still left, but all else gone, and the expelled family taking shelter for the moment in a neighbour's house. The people were all collected together in a very excited state, and the holder of the land was the natural object of their indignation. The good priest used his powerful influence to calm them, and we gradually extracted the following story. About a year ago, the then landlord of the place, who afterwards met with a violent death in another part of the country, had evicted twenty-five poor

families. The Land League, which had not yet been suppressed, was appealed to for aid, and built for them ten substantial wooden huts, where they took refuge.<sup>3</sup> Seven of these huts were erected on the land of a man whom we will call Mulligan, whose conditions of tenure were such that the landlord could not, under the new Land Act, interfere with him for doing so. He was to receive a certain compensation for the interference with his land, but beyond this the occupiers had no rent to pay to the Land League who had built the huts. Mulligan was a farmer who had some 25 or 27 acres, and he was glad to shelter his evicted neighbours. For some time they were left in peace, until the successor of the deceased landlord came into the property. When, however, the new-comer heard of the act of compassion during one of his visits to his new inheritance, he sent for Mulligan, and threatened him that if he did not the very next day break up the Land League huts and turn the people out, he would double his rent then and there. The man was ignorant and timid, regarded the landlord as almost omnipotent, and imagined that what his honour threatened to do he certainly could do. He knew that he could not actually expel him from his farm, but of the limits of his power to raise the rent he knew nothing. In fear and trembling accordingly he returned, accompanied by the bailiffs of the landlord, and the work of destruction began. But by the time the first house was broken up, and the poor woman and her children who occupied it driven out, a most happy interference had taken place. The chief constable of the neighbourhood was a good Catholic and a kind man, and he knew that Mulligan had fortunately outstepped the law. He could not proceed to such violent means without serving a previous notice of ejectment. The constable repaired at once to the place and warned Mulligan and his men to stop their work.

When we arrived on the scene, the parish priest, after a few words with the constable, proceeded to the house of Mulligan. The man was himself sore distressed, torn asunder between his dread of the all-powerful landlord on the one hand and on the other his fear of the constable, of the persons evicted, and his

<sup>3</sup> This good priest informed me that the Land League had provided more than one thousand such huts, or furnished barns already existing, in various distressed localities, through twenty-six of the thirty-two counties of Ireland. In his own parish the Land League had erected huts, or purchased "barns" and "outhouses" to supply house-shelter for fifty-two evicted families. Each hut cost from £35 to £60 a-piece. The Ladies' Land League paid the rent of the purchased barns, and supported the homeless families up to the close of the year 1882.

better feelings prompting him not to proceed in so cruel a business. The intervention of his Reverence turned the scale in favour of his better feelings. He was warned of the illegality of his proceedings, and of the certain prosecution which would be instituted if he laid a finger on another house. The landlord could not raise his rent a sixpence, and was only trying to frighten him. Besides this, if he wished to avoid punishment for what he had already done, he was to aid the carpenter whom the priest promised to send at once to repair the dismantled house. It would be a work of two or three days, and meantime some shelter was to be provided for the inmates. This satisfied all parties. With prudent tact, the good priest pointed out that it was not the fault of the poor farmer, who was afraid that he himself would be turned out by the raising of the rent, in which case they would all have been dispossessed, and having thus calmed their angry feelings he left all parties satisfied, and overflowing with gratitude to their friend and benefactor. "May the Lord bless you, Father X—, and give you the glory of Heaven for your reward!" was the well-deserved benediction which sounded in our ears as we drove off.

In the face of a proceeding like this, what can we expect to be the attitude of the people towards landlords like this oppressor of the poor? His predecessor had evicted twenty-five poor families. He himself last November evicted twenty-six more. They are succoured by an organization which sends workmen down, builds them wooden huts on the land of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, and thus saves them from starvation or the workhouse.

But it is intolerable forsooth that the dignity of the landlord should be thus insulted. Is the exercise of his power over his poor tenants to be frustrated by the craft of the enemy? If he has decreed that they shall be homeless, who is this insolent farmer who ventures to interfere with him? Unfortunately, the mischief is done, and he has no direct power to expel his rebellious serfs from the comfortable homes built for them by the Land League. But it is not to be borne that he should sit down under such an insult. He sends for the farmer who has consented to receive them, and threatens him with all the dread consequences which will follow if he perseveres in his insolent compassion. Happily his threats are illegal, his wrath futile, his whole proceeding is through the recent Land Act a mere *brutum fulmen*. But had it not been for the active priest



and the vigilance of the pious constable, might would have prevailed over right, and the poor frightened farmer would have completed the work of violence which he had already begun, and the seven or eight families on his field would in defiance of all law and justice have shared the fate of the unhappy tenants of Messrs. Knox.

I have carefully abstained from mentioning any names, because I have no wish to attack individuals. But I must not pass over an incident connected with the succession. The previous landlord had two estates, one in Mayo and the other elsewhere. It was on his estate far away that the murder took place. There was reason to believe that it was committed by an agent of a secret society sent down from Dublin for the purpose. But whether this was the case or not, there was not the faintest reason for supposing that any of the Mayo tenants were implicated in it. They liked their landlord, and showed their sympathy at his funeral. In spite of the harshness of his conduct during the last few years of his life, their warm hearts clung to him because of his kindness in the years gone by. When this new landlord succeeded to his property he applied to the Government for some compensation for himself. I do not know the exact sum at which he estimated his brother's blood. At all events the Lord Lieutenant, after carefully considering the case, ordered that £1,500 should be paid him. This sum was levied on the inhabitants of the district where the murder took place. At first it was proposed to levy a similar sum on the estate in Mayo, and it was only on the vigorous representations made by influential persons that it was remitted.<sup>4</sup> Since then, the serious charge has been brought against him, and that publicly, of false representation and even perjury in the application he made to the Government for compensation. Of this charge I know nothing and say nothing, except that it was made and made publicly, and repeated in the House of Commons in a question asked of the Secretary for Ireland on the subject.

But with this I am not concerned. I am only desirous that my readers should be aware of the scenes which still take place in the West of Ireland. I have been trying to imagine what

<sup>4</sup> The right to such a levy was tried December last in the courts of Mayo, and was found to rest on no real grounds. The pastor of the parish repudiated the claim in open court; and as witness and defender of his people denied the charge.

would happen in England if English landlords were to imitate the conduct of the Messrs. Knox and of the landlord just mentioned. As I try to realize the consequences of such a treatment of tenantry, I find myself encountered by a phrase familiar to students of philosophy, *negatur suppositum*. The very supposition of such a state of things is a ridiculous one. No English landlord could behave like these Irish landlords, in the teeth of public opinion in a free country.

But we will put the impossible case. We will suppose in some village on this side the Irish Channel, similar poverty in the tenants and a landlord like the Messrs. Knox. We will suppose twenty poor families turned out to starve, exposed to the bleak east wind by the roadside, or to take shelter in some hospitable ditch. Such unexampled barbarity would raise quite a tumult. The local papers in their next issue would be full of it, and in many a leading article the indignation of the public would find expression. The gentry of the neighbourhood would hasten to offer to the poor sufferers a shelter and a home. Contributions for their relief would pour in. The obnoxious landlord would be socially "boycotted." The county magistrates at their next meeting would pass a resolution strongly condemning his cruelty. His name would be struck off the list of Justices of the Peace, and he would be lucky if he was not hustled and mobbed on the next market day at the county town, where he would have no troop of soldiers to protect him, no constabulary with loaded rifles following him everywhere. But in Ireland such conduct passes unnoticed—it is too much a matter of every-day occurrence to attract attention. If the newspapers were to express themselves in the terms that such conduct deserves, we should be told that they were "rousing the worst passions of an ignorant peasantry," that their language was seditious and disloyal, that they were seeking to set class against class. If a question were to be asked in the House of Commons as to the truth of these outrages, we should have a protest against questions which imply an imputation on the character of honourable men. If one of the poor sufferers in an outburst of passion were so far to forget the teaching of his catechism as to take the law into his own hands, we should have our walls placarded with "Another Irish Outrage," fresh police would be sent for the protection of the landlord's property and person, and the district would have imposed upon it a heavy fine to compensate him for the injury inflicted.

I do not for a moment wish my readers to imagine that instances of conduct such as I have described are general among Irish landlords. On the contrary, very many Irish landlords are good and kind landlords. The ill name attaching to the evil-doers of the class falls most undeservedly upon them. Many of them have been (perhaps through necessity) very hardly used by the recent Land Act. Many of them too have been hardly used by tenants who have taken occasion of a popular movement to withhold from their landlord what was justly due to him. I can well understand such men being indignant at the way in which they have been treated, and living perhaps far from the country which I visited, they may think it unfair to put forward one or two single instances in a way that may seem to prejudice a class. But the point to which I am anxious to direct attention is the unhappy condition of a country where such things can pass unnoticed and unpunished, even in its remotest districts. What can be the state of public opinion in the ruling class where no social stigma falls on the rich absentee, whose starving tenantry have to subsist on the contributions of foreign benevolence, if they are to subsist at all? where no vials of indignation are poured on the head of one who drives delicate women and poor children, to the number of a hundred and more, to perish of cold and hunger by the wayside? What hope is there of the pacification of the country while a sense of injustice and oppression and wrong is fostered by wholesale evictions, and an affectionate, warm-hearted people are driven to hate those whom a little kindness and sympathy and compassion would easily have taught them to love?

What is to be the remedy to all this? Is it to be for all emigration or wholesale concessions to the tenantry? or a stern administration of justice, until those inclined to rebel have learned to submit to the power that governs them? or is it to be a combination of all these? or is there no remedy at all, so that we have to confess that the problem is an insoluble one, and that the present condition of things must go on till the population of Ireland has practically disappeared, and there remain only a few herds to tend the flocks as they graze over the site of once populous towns and villages?

But I have already outrun my limits, and must reserve for my next article my attempt at a reply to this perplexing question.

R. F. CLARKE.

## DISTRESSED IRELAND.

Those who have kindly contributed to THE MONTH Fund will be glad to hear that the Editor has already been able to distribute over £100 between various distressed parishes in Ireland.

But the distress is now at its highest, and will continue until the beginning of August, when the potatoe crop, which is very promising, will be ripe. The money sent has only brought out the more the sore needs, which in those remote districts have little chance of coming under the notice of those who can afford to give.

The following extracts from letters recently received will be the best appeal that can be made for some further help. The Very Rev. T. Conlon, the parish priest of the evicted tenants at Curry writes :

"All these families have been living for the past six weeks on the contributions of a charitable public. Our funds are just now exhausted, and how they will be able to live henceforth outside the workhouse, I cannot possibly see. They have no means, no crops—or rather their crops, since they were evicted, in the eyes of the law belong to the landlord. They cannot get any employment, and have not the means to emigrate."

The priest of a seaside village, where crops and fishery have both failed, after describing the various kinds of seaweed on which the people are now feeding, says :

"Fever has again appeared here. I believe the prevalence of it is owing to the want of a sufficient quantity of food and the use of impure water. . . . I have ten men from the different families of the poorest at work. I was obliged to refuse employment to about twenty more. There are between ninety and one hundred children in daily attendance at the school. They get five shillings worth of bread among them each day."

Another priest, whose parish is a very large one, writes :

"This is 'the pinch of hunger' period from now until the middle of August, when the new potatoes come in. May God help us until then. Every day we are besieged with *decent* people asking us 'for the love of God to get a bag of Indian meal "on time" for them.' Will you forgive me if I ask you to remember us (if in your power) before the end of July?"

Any further contributions will be gratefully received, as before, by the Editor of THE MONTH, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

if the only foe to be met were the soldiers of Tu-doc. But there is another enemy and a stronger one who must not be lost sight of. Annam is and has been for centuries a dependency of China. Those old relations have never been lost. China has never ceased to claim and to exercise the rights of paramount lord. It was with the permission of China that in 981 the mandarin Ly assumed the title of king. And each king who has since mounted the throne, even up to Tu-doc himself, to ensure his legitimate title, has been under the necessity of receiving investiture from a delegate of the Chinese Emperor.

But Tu-doc is no descendant of Ly. The Ly dynasty remained on the throne, till it was upset by the Tayson rebellion. But towards the end of the sixteenth century, without being deposed, the King had to yield up its authority into other hands. Tonquin and Cochin-China, before divisions of one kingdom, became separate governments, and in each the new ruler, styling himself *voua*, or generalissimo, and leaving the dignity of *Choua*, or king, to the phantom monarch shut up in his palace of Kecho, exercised henceforth every prerogative of king.

It was then that the dynasty of Nguyen, of which Tu-doc is a descendant, commenced its reign at Huè. It was about the year 1600. For one hundred and fifty years the rule passed on peaceably from father to son. But before the end of the eighteenth century it suffered a rude interruption. In 1765 the King, Vo-vuong, died. He left his kingdom to a younger son, the offspring of a favourite wife, and so excited the resentment of the elder brother. Civil wars ensued; and amidst the wars there appeared one who very soon brought about a complete revolution. This was the Tayson Nhac, who has obtained a famous name in the Cochin-Chinese history. The Taysons were a hardy race who came down from the mountains running along the whole interior of the country. Nhac was an intrepid and able leader. At first he was but a subordinate in the wars, lending his assistance to one or the other of the brothers as might suit his convenience. At length he stood up for himself. The brothers were put aside and died, and Nhac proclaimed himself Emperor. He next marched into Tonquin, and although the Chinese lent assistance, the vigour of the Taysons prevailed, and Tonquin and Cochin-China were again united under one government.

It was this rebellion of the Taysons that led to the first

negociations between Cochin-China and France. How this came about forms an interesting episode in the history of the country that shall now be related.

The legitimate heir of the Nguyen family did not patiently submit to the deprivation of his rights. He had adherents in the southern provinces of Cochin-China, who rallied round him when, taking advantage of the employment of the Taysons in Tonquin, he came forward to defend his cause. But he was no match for Nhac, who quickly encountered him, scattered his forces, and put him to flight. His place of concealment and refuge was with a French missionary, M. Pigneaux de Behaine, Bishop of Adran. Christianity had been established in the country as early as the year 1600, about the time that the Nguyen rule commenced. And it very soon made considerable progress, both in Cochin-China and Tonquin. Fierce and bloody persecutions were continually recurring, but the number of the Christians, if for a time thinned, recovered themselves and multiplied. M. Pigneaux had come out to Cochin-China at a time of one of these temporary checks, just after the death of Vo-Vuong, one of the most relentless of persecutors. The missionaries had been almost completely expelled from his dominions. One or two might remain concealed amongst the Christians in the neighbourhood of Huè, but the largest number were able to live more openly and at ease in the little kingdom of Camboia. It was here M. Pigneaux settled, and, on the death of Mgr. Piguel in 1774, he was chosen Vicar Apostolic and created Bishop of Adran. His great qualities had made themselves known before, and some touching and interesting letters which he has written make us sensible of his deep and earnest piety. Indeed, it was his strong ardour in the missionary cause that had brought him out to Cochin-China. As Bishop he soon acquired importance. The King of Camboia held him in high esteem. The Governor of Cancao, a powerful mandarin in the vicinity, treated him with particular favour. So the Christian community in that direction was in a flourishing state. It was with the Bishop of Adran that Prince Nguyen-Anh found an asylum. And his meeting with the Bishop, and his stay with him, was happy for the Prince in many respects. The Bishop's friendship was invaluable to him. His companionship, his counsels, the elevating example of one so wise, so firm, so calm and composed, raised up the young Prince himself. The Bishop taught him

to correct faults which stood in the way of his popularity, to restrain his temper, to be more conciliatory in his bearing, and by his own steadfastness inspired him with fresh confidence. In a little while, then, Nguyen-Anh made another effort to regain his throne. Nhac had two brothers, and the youngest of them was an expert soldier like himself, and was the real conqueror of Tonquin. The brothers were quarrelling amongst themselves, and their disputes offered a chance to the legitimate heir. So he came forward again, collected his followers, and made himself master of those southern provinces where he had friends, and continued his advance upward. But he was still too feeble to encounter Nhac. When the armies met, a second defeat followed, and one more signal and disastrous than the first. And this time the Bishop suffered with him. Both Prince and Bishop were driven from the land. They could find shelter neither in Cochin-China nor Camboia. They were obliged to take to their ships and seek a refuge in one of the numerous isles that strew the great Gulf of Siam. The Bishop had taken his precautions. He had provided against the chance of a mishap. He had got together some small vessels ; he had laid up stores of provisions, and with his little band of followers eluded the search of his enemies. But they were weary and painful months both for him and his friends, and with the Prince there were moments of extreme necessity, and one especially is mentioned when Nguyen-Anh and the Bishop fell in with one another on those wide seas, and Mgr. Pigneaux supplied the wants of the starving Cochin-Chinese out of the scanty remnants of his own little stock. Acts of friendship like this make a deep impression on the heart, and they were never forgotten. And now it was that the Cochin-Chinese Prince came to that resolution which led to the Treaty already referred to. He gave his little son, a boy of six or seven years, into the hands of the Bishop, and the Bishop went with the child to France, took him to the Court of Louis the Sixteenth, and pleaded his cause so successfully, that it was agreed that ships and men should be furnished and sent out to Cochin-China, to effect the restoration of Nguyen-Anh to the throne of his ancestors. But the Treaty, nevertheless, was not carried out, for almost immediately the Revolution intervened, and the proposed expedition was countermanded.

The Bishop's visit to France, however, was not wholly ineffectual. He procured some help, though it was but small. He brought back with him on his return more than one vessel, a

few men, and some munitions of war, and even this trifling aid was not without its results.

During the absence of the Bishop of Adran the Prince had not been idle. He had first gone to Siam ; but he could not prevail upon the King to do more than amuse him with fair words ; so finding that he should gain nothing by a prolonged stay, he again determined to try the fidelity of his own subjects, and returned to Cochin-China. And now he made good his ground better than on any previous attempt. He established himself with a degree of firmness. He was not able to cope with his enemies in the open field. But he had learned prudence, and had improved in military tactics. He raised little forts in different directions, and when his enemies came down vaunting and expecting a triumph, he retired behind them for shelter, and so baffled them.

His cause was beginning to seem hopeful, and the Bishop's return made it more hopeful still. He had already assumed the title of King, and with the title a new name, that of Gia-laong, by which he was afterwards known. What gave a new impetus to his affairs, and made the Taysons perceive that their adversary was no longer insignificant, was an attack made on the port of Quin-hon, and the total destruction of Nhac's navy. This was the consequence of the presence of the French ships and sailors, one vessel of some size leading, coming in unexpectedly, and completing the work before time was given for recovery from the first panic.

After this followed a desultory warfare of years. The Taysons never got over the blow struck at Quin-hon. They were still, for a time, superior in the field. Their forces were much more numerous than those of Gia-laong. But Gia-laong made good his ground, and next found himself able to make advances. He got on from Quin-hon to Touron ; and when he had reached Touron, his advance became more rapid still. The Taysons were then no longer what they had once been. Nhac was dead, and his brother, and the crown had devolved on a nephew, unfit for the harder task that had now to be performed. Gia-laong moved on to Huè, and it fell ; and then, instantly hastening on to Tonquin, the whole kingdom was yielded up almost without a blow.

So the present line of monarchs were established on the throne. The family of Nguyen from that time ruled, not over Cochin-China alone, but over the whole of Annam, and, as Nhac before them had done, took the title of Emperor.



The Bishop of Adran was dead when this last success befel Gia-laong. The friendship between the King and the Bishop remained firm to the end. During the Bishop's life, Gia-laong favoured the Christians. But he did not like the religion. He fretted under the idea of its restrictions, the putting away of his wives, the moderation of his passions, and the idea of Hell was intolerable. The boy who went to France in the days of his childhood excited much hope ; he was devoted to the Bishop, he said he wished to be a Christian, he repeated Christian prayers, Christians were his most loved companions. But it all came to nothing. Cochinese prejudice could not bear the idea of this close intercourse between the heir to the Cochinese throne and a Christian Bishop, and they were separated. And then, under the seductions of his new society, the boy, as he grew up to be a man, fell into the corrupt practices of the country, and became feeble and insignificant. He died when yet young, whether or not after baptism is uncertain.

The Bishop lost his life from his consent to attend this Prince in a military service in which Gia-laong wished to employ him. He went, and fell sick of dysentery, which at length entirely prostrated him, and took him away from the Christians at the very time when his life would have been most serviceable.

His illness was painful and lingering. M. Lelabousse, one of the most faithful and active of his missionaries, who loved him and honoured him, has recited at some length a scene which had made a vivid impression on his own mind, setting before us the resignation, and patience, and faith which marked the Bishop's last hours. And then he has told us the magnificent display with which, by the King's orders, his funeral rites were celebrated with full religious observances, with Masses, and prayers, and an outward pomp that gave full testimony of the exceeding regard in which he was held. The Prince had the charge of the whole of the ceremonies. The King and the Queen, and the great mandarins, lines of troops, multitudes drawn from all directions were present at the grand scene.

But very soon the remembrance of the holy Bishop seemed to have passed away from the mind of the King. He soon ceased to manifest any show of tenderness toward the Christians. Their petitions were disregarded, their hopes were disappointed. They were left to struggle with the enemies who hated them, and felt none of that kind protection which had been enjoyed in

former days. Edicts even appeared that were mortifying to the Christians, and inflicted on them restraints that embarrassed them.

But Gia-laong was never a persecutor. It was not so with his son, Mink-Menh, who succeeded him. Mink-Menh hated the Christians. He did not disturb them at once. For some years he even left them in quiet. But rumours were heard, telling of his ill-will and warning of his purposes. Edicts were published more and more threatening and terrible. At length it came to deeds. M. Marchand, a French priest, was arrested, and the tortures of his cruel death were peculiar in their atrocity. M. Jacquart, another French priest, was imprisoned, kept confined for years, and then put to death, though in a less brutal fashion. Persecution had then become general. Many Christians fell. Mgr. Havard, a Frenchman, perished from fever, the effect of the malignant mountain air. Mgr. Borie, another Frenchman, was beheaded. Two Spanish bishops and a Spanish priest, were also victims. The persecution went on for years, not ceasing till after Mink-Menh's death. It became milder under his successor, Thien-Tri. Missionaries were no longer slain, but they were imprisoned. There were four French missionaries shut up in the dungeons of Huè. They had been variously tortured. They knew not but that the next moment would bring the message of death.

The death and captivity of those Frenchmen might fairly create some sympathy in their own countrymen. And here was a real justification for French intervention. Accordingly off Touron there appeared a French vessel of war, the *Heroine*, commanded by M. Leveque, who sent off to Huè a peremptory message, demanding the freedom of the captives shut up in prison. There was some demur, but the petition was granted. The Frenchmen were released and conveyed on board the *Heroine*. The date of this event was 1843.

The next occasion for intervention was in 1856. The moment was not happily chosen and the affair was badly managed. A vessel of war, the *Catinat*, came to Touron with a message from M. de Montigny, lately appointed Ambassador to the Court of Huè. Tu-doc paid no attention to it. The French captain was irritated at the slight and battered down some forts on the coast, going away with a threat. The effect of this was sad enough for the Christians. All through Tu-doc's reign up to this time their lot had been comparatively quiet. They were not

free from molestation, there were short periods of local trouble. There were murmurs of increased severities. But the Christians had friends at Court as well as enemies, and hitherto whatever disposition there might have been in the mind of Tu-doc to proceed to harsh measures it had been checked. The most active Bishop of this time was Mgr. Retort, and the part of Annam where religion most flourished was his Vicariate of Western Tonquin. In this very year, 1856, the signs of this had been most noticeable. Mgr. Retort's letters inform us how happily things were going on, how freely he could move about for the visitation of the little clusters of Christians who were congregated here and there in villages, how the Christians thronged around him, and how those public manifestations received no interruption. But there is one scene that he sets before us, which especially cheers him, which he recites with considerable detail and in glowing terms of satisfaction. It is the grand celebration of the feast of St. Peter at Kevinh. Kevinh was the episcopal residence, a spot full of dear reminiscences, ample in its accommodation, lovely and attractive, with its beautiful garden, trees and shrubs and flowers, and the river flowing by at its boundaries. This year at Kevinh there was a series of services, ordinations, confirmations, to be closed with the feast of their great patron on the 29th of June. For the occasion the clergy had come in from all directions. There were ten, counting the Bishop. They had a retreat, and the duties over, they remained together to refresh themselves with mutual converse and for a moment of rest.

Scarcely had they parted than that French ship of war was seen off Touron and bore its message to the King. The effect was very soon felt most painfully by the Christians. Quickly an edict appeared which started the persecution. It was more alarm than actual injury that at first reached Bishop Retort's Vicariate. But at Huè and its vicinity the Christians instantly experienced the consequences, for it was thought to be from their invitation that the French ship had come.

Tu-doc was still more provoked when a second French vessel came to disturb him. Each visit only made his mind more hostile, and his rage burst forth in full fury, when, after a futile attempt to enter into negotiations, M. de Montigny, the Ambassador, retired in February, 1857. Nothing had been done to relieve the Christians. All that had been done only moved anger and resentment.

On M. de Montigny's departure, immediately the persecution spread and increased in its bitterness. It reached Western Tonquin. It put an end to that peace and quiet that had so long blessed Kevinh. February, 1857, had not come to an end before a mandarin and soldiers invaded the premises, and though at the moment there was some forbearance, and though a temporary respite was granted, the storm was only delayed. That year in this part of Tonquin was rather one of expectation and dread, than of actual suffering. But the next, 1858, was full of miseries. Kevinh was destroyed, Christian villages were everywhere ransacked and ruined. The missionaries were in flight. Bishop Retort, after six months' wandering, at last sank down under fatigue and sickness on the mountains. The persecution was constantly increasing in its severities. Fresh edicts made it more and more harsh. And all priests, native and European, as well as all who harboured them, well knew that death followed speedily on discovery.

Several native priests had already fallen. Two European bishops, Mgr. Diaz and Mgr. Melchior, had been captured and executed, the last with a singular barbarity. And just about the time of Mgr. Retort's death, a new activity and earnestness was given to the persecution by a more decided attempt of interference on the part of the French. An expedition of ships and men had come from France. But there was sad mismanagement. An instant attack on Huè might have succeeded. But there was delay and backwardness. From September, 1858, to March, 1860, the French troops remained encamped near Touron, doing little more than urging on the mind of Tu-doc to more cruel vengeance. Painful as was the situation of the Christians before, it became more wretched than ever. The stories of sufferings and death are harrowing. Many native priests as well as thousands of Christians were the victims of the hatred that was general, and of the stern edicts that were constantly stimulating it. Two more Spanish bishops, Mgrs. Hermosilla and Ochoa, and a priest, Father Almato, were executed in Central Tonquin, where the persecution was more violent than anywhere; and in Western Tonquin two French priests, M. Neron and M. Venard, forfeited their lives.

As a specimen of what had to be endured in those days of anguish, some details may be given of the wanderings and hiding-places and sufferings of M. Charbonnier, who escaped.

He was a close companion of Bishop Retort during his last six months of hard trial. He had only separated from him a few days before his death. At the Bishop's bidding he had gone down from the mountains to recruit his health in a better climate. For a time he had lived quietly with some nuns, who had given him a home. Then he had to fly, as soldiers had come to disturb them. He sought another convent. And there with M. Mathevon he remained concealed for a year. Again he had to fly. He sought refuge on the mountains. But the noxious atmosphere brought on fever and he had to retire. In this emergency the two priests determined to make the journey to Touron and seek an asylum with their countrymen. They set off, M. Charbonnier, too weak to walk, carried in a bed, travelling by night through these dangerous mountains, and at length, at the end of fourteen days, reached the coast. But still Touron was at a distance. They harboured themselves in a little Christian village, and the Christians provided them with boats and they proceeded to Touron, but only to be disappointed; for only a day or two before the French army had decamped. Tired out with their profitless situation, they had gone away and fixed themselves at Saigon. M. Charbonnier found himself in greater danger than ever at Touron, for Cochin-Chinese soldiers were all around. So at once they went back to the Christian village, and contrived to keep themselves in concealment. It was a perpetual dread, however, to the Christians and themselves. At length suspicions arose, soldiers made their appearance, they moved from hiding-place to hiding-place, now in one house now in another, now in some underground excavation, now in some cavern in the mountains. At length they were discovered. They were led off and thrown into prison, but the sentence of death never came, and the peace set them at liberty.

For, eventually, the French prevailed. They established themselves firmly at Saigon, and Tu-doc perceived that his enemy was too strong for him and came to terms. It is to the treaty then agreed on that the French now appeal. By that treaty Saigon and some of the southern provinces were ceded to the French. By that treaty the persecution was stopped, and safety and protection was promised to the Christians. This was in 1862. In 1874, in consequence of complaints that the treaty was not duly observed, it was renewed, and the obligations became more stringent.

The French are now insisting that Tu-doc shall fully comply with all the terms of the treaty. And if China does not take up their cause the Annamites are powerless to resist them, if they choose to put forth their strength. But China really has rights, and may resolve to defend them. They are not only of an ancient date, but they have been persevered in. Tu-doc himself had to consent to his investiture by a Chinese mandarin, that stability might be given to his authority. In the *Persecutions of Annam* there is an account of the ceremonies of this investiture, taken from a letter of Mgr. Pellerin, one of the Vicars-Apostolic of Cochin-China, whose residence was near Huè. There it is seen how low the haughty monarch would stoop to obtain the recognition of his suzerain. The passage runs thus: "The solemn investiture by the delegates of the Chinese Emperor, performed at the commencement of each reign, is regarded as a matter of much consequence. It is of very old date. The ancient kings who reigned at Kecho had observed it through long generations, and so Gia-laong and his immediate successors had gone from Huè to Kecho, that there, as had been the use, they might be invested. But Tu-doc did not like the journey, and he had demanded that the Ambassadors should come to Huè, and this was done. . . The mandarin commissioned in this instance was only a mandarin of the second class. His retinue amounted to one hundred and forty persons. It took a month for this cavalcade to journey through the Annamite territory before it reached Huè. . . . After every twelve or fifteen miles there was a halt, and there a palace suitable to the dignity of these high visitors was erected. At length the investiture came off. The King met the Ambassadors at the gate of the inner city, where he resided, and all entered together. Then, the imperial charter having been placed on an altar, in the midst of perfumes, Tu-doc, on a sign from the Ambassadors, advanced, knelt, and prostrated himself five times. While he still knelt the Ambassador read the paper, and handed it to the King, who, holding it on high, made another prostration, when the charter was given to one of the princes, and the King having saluted it with five prostrations, the ceremony was terminated."<sup>1</sup>

It was not for nothing that the proud Emperors of Annam would consent to such acts as these. We have seen the haughty manner in which Tu-doc rejected the Ambassador of France, when M. de Montigny sought an interview. It was just the

<sup>1</sup> *Persecutions of Annam*, pp. 273, 274.

same with his grandfather, Minh-Menh, when Mr. Crawford came as Ambassador from the Governor-General of India in 1820. He was treated with civility. He was admitted within Huè. But nothing could prevail on Minh-Menh to receive him into his presence. And he pleaded, too, the example of his predecessor, Gia-laong, who, he said, would not admit an Ambassador commissioned by the French King, Louis the Eighteenth, in 1818. But then, adds Mr. Crawford, in explanation, the plea was not a fair one, for the real reason was that the Ambassador was charged to press the obligations of the treaty made in earlier days between Gia-laong and Louis the Sixteenth. And these words of Mr. Crawford are a proof that even at that period the French did not look on the treaty as null and void.

The French consider that they have acquired rights in Cochin-China and Tonquin, and they are determined to maintain them, and they quite put aside the idea that China has any cause of umbrage, or any purpose of offering opposition. The language of M. Challemeil-Lacour, the French Foreign Minister, is quite plain on this point. "As to the presents," he says, "sent by the Emperor of Annam to the Celestial Monarch, such offerings were not a token of vassalage, but an act of courtesy meant to conciliate the protection of a stronger Power against the enemy of the moment, namely France." And he adds: "There was no reason to believe that China cherished evil designs towards France." And again, more recently, the same Minister says positively: "China cannot meditate intervention in an affair in which she has no rights to vindicate and no interests to uphold." But these assertions are very different from what the Chinese Ambassador at Moscow is still later reported to have insisted: "China claims suzerain rights which she holds to be indisputable over the kingdom of Annam, of which Tonquin forms part." And the facts that have been here recorded bear out this declaration.

## *The Recent Excavations of the Roman Forum.*

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WE venture, for the benefit of English readers, to reproduce from an Italian source some particulars of the recent archaeological discoveries in the Roman Forum. They are an echo of old Rome that cannot fail to awaken interest in every part of the world, especially in our own country, where the very name of Rome is linked with so many historical associations of the past, and meets with such sympathetic appreciation of its classic and poetic art in the present.

Until as late as the last months of the year 1882, it was altogether impossible to take in at a glance the whole of the glorious ruins of the Roman Forum. In order to unite the two modern districts of the city, it was found necessary to leave untouched and unimproved the unsightly causeway of the Bridge of the Consolazione, between the Temple of Saturn and the Arch of Septimus on one side, and the Julian Basilica and the Forum, properly so called, upon the other; and further on, between the churches of San Lorenzo in Miranda, and of Santa Maria Liberatrice, another embankment, twenty yards in width and ten in height, interrupted the series of buildings formerly bordering the Sacred Way. Thus divided into three separate and distinct regions, which, owing to the elevation of their position, seemed to the eye still narrower than they really were, the Forum lost much of its grandeur, and but seldom answered the ardent expectations of the visitor and student. A superficial observer would turn away with a sense of disappointment, thinking that the Forum, of which his fancy had depicted such glorious visions, was but mean and ordinary-looking after all; and the *savant* himself found at every step he took over the rugged soil, stumbling-blocks to his researches, the heaps and mounds of rough earth being everywhere a hindrance to him in determining, in any definite way, the several important topographical points at issue.

The excavations undertaken in the months of February and



April, 1882, and again re-commenced in the early part of October last, and now almost completed, have at last restored to the old Forum its true historic aspect; and for the first time since the fall of the Roman Empire, we are able to traverse on foot, as well as in thought, the whole length of the Sacred Way, from the starting-point *ab Streniæ Sacello*, to the left of the Colosseum, up to the very stairs of the Capitol. For the first time we can grasp the extent of the Forum as a complete whole. Both as regards the grand effect of beauty and symmetry thereby attained, as well as the intelligent understanding of the monuments and their history, an invaluable service has thus been rendered to archæology by the present Minister of Public Works; and a worthy prelude made to the great works already commenced upon the slope of the Palatine. These latter, together with those carried on in the Forum, will give us a fair idea of that interesting locality, hitherto but half explored, and almost unknown.

No important discovery, it is true, attended the excavations of 1882, but that is not to be wondered at, since all the extent of the ground between San Lorenzo and Santa Maria Liberatrice was by no means virgin soil. It had been thoroughly explored in the sixteenth century, by order of the Cardinal Alexander Farnese. In later excavations, several galleries have come to light, filled with precious fragments of marble, or other *debris* of antiquity, which must have been the work of artists of the same epoch. History has but too clearly revealed the end which the excavators of that century proposed to themselves. The object of their sordid Vandalism was less to discover the site of ancient monuments, than to search the antique ruins in order to appropriate to themselves precious works of art, old inscriptions but half effaced by the slow hand of time, and like treasures; anything, indeed, of value, likely to bring profit to themselves, and which they could transport elsewhere to adorn new churches, new palaces, and new monuments. Edifices that had still remained standing, defying the work of time, were pulled down for the sake of employing the precious marbles of which they were built. All went, says a contemporary writer, Ligorio, *in servizio della fabbrica di San Pietro*. Everything of lesser value was thrown into the furnace. In an interesting report, made by the civil engineer, Lanciani, who had the direction of the Forum works, he assures us that the excavations of the sixteenth century did more harm to the monuments of the

Forum than the ten preceding centuries. Within the space of scarce ten years these barbarians demolished the stairs of the Temple of Justinian, and those of the Temple dedicated to Castor and Pollux ; heedless of the valuable inscriptions at its base, they pulled down the upper basement work—consisting of blocks of priceless marble—of the Temple of Cæsar. They also pulled down the whole vault of the Cloaca Maxima, and overthrew the Arch of Fabius and the Temple of Vesta, putting the columns, cornices, friezes, porticoes, and altars of different temples, to uses which utterly destroyed their value. They recklessly destroyed what they considered worthless, and fed their kilns with other and rarer materials than limestone.

Beneath the masonry of the Bridge of the Consolazione the soil had been explored, during the excavations carried on there from 1827 to 1835, by order of the Pontifical Government, when the embankment which now marks the modern road was being intersected by several subterraneous passages destined to unite within the same circuit the Arch of Septimus and the square surrounding the Column of Phocas. During the time employed by these works, the greater part of the rich soil of that neighbourhood had been examined, and the principal points of topographical interest studied and determined. Hence the clearing away of that embankment to make the new road promised but few discoveries, and was matter of interest rather to the engineer than to the archæologist. Notwithstanding these prior researches, and repeated disappointments, the excavations of 1882 have nevertheless not been useless from a scientific point of view : valuable results have been arrived at, enabling the site of the Forum to be positively determined ; some inscriptions of real worth have been brought to light, and lastly, the unexpected discovery of a portion of the map of Rome, at the time of Severus, have all combined to furnish important geographical data.

I.

The Sacred Way traversed the Forum throughout its whole extent. There it was that the armies of old passed on their way to the Capitol, amid the acclamations of the people, crowned with laurels, flushed with all the pride of military glory, and dazzled by their own conquests and greatness ; there it was that the Roman populace, ever greedy of sights, crowded with national enthusiasm to see the gorgeous pageantry pass slowly by, to admire the rich spoils of war, and the booty that fell to

the lot of the conquering leaders, to stare unpitifully at the prisoners that swelled the train of the haughty and cruel victor, whom they cheered as the idol of their hearts and their country's pride. During the Imperial epoch, the most important palaces and monuments of the Forum were all built along the Sacred Way. It was bordered to the north by the Constantine Basilica and the Temples of Romulus and of Antonine; whilst across all the space, full eight yards in length, which extended southwards of it, between the Sacred Way itself and the hills at the foot of the Palatine, it was covered with miserable hovels and stalls. A great many small private monuments had been erected, with statuettes surmounting their marble pedestals, or lodged in niches the colonnades of which supported a richly-sculptured frontal. Numbers of these smaller monuments, some in ruins, others perfectly well preserved, have been lately discovered during the excavations carried on in 1879 and 1882; indeed, so many of them came to light under the spade that the marvel is how they all could have been erected within so limited and confined a space, especially when we consider the many fountains, which were also discovered in 1879, and faced the great Temple of Romulus. The excavations of 1882 have also enriched the archæological world with other monuments that bear dedicatory inscriptions in Latin, the most ancient of which have been traced back to the third century and to the reign of Septimus Severus, the latest reminding us of the fierce contests which characterized the fifth century and the time of the fall of the Roman Empire. The position of the Sacred Way in old times being thus defined and determined in part by edifices still standing, and by others of which it is easy to conjecture the original site, one would imagine it could not be very difficult to recognize and to re-explore it; nevertheless, archæologists differ in their opinions as to its real historic position and direction.

The theory of M. Jordan, the able author of several highly valued works upon Roman topography, is, that the Sacred Way was at various times and epochs modified and altered by the buildings and additions, of different centuries and rulers, so that it is not to be wondered at if its outline and direction has often been changed. This theory, if somewhat bold, has nevertheless been strikingly confirmed by the latest discoveries. We see, for instance, that the Sacred Way, during the Imperial epoch, after passing through the Arch of Titus, turned to the right, in the direction of the Constantine Basilica, and then passing in a

direct but slanting line by the Temple of Romulus, it widened to the extent of between twelve and twenty-three yards, reaching as far as the Antonine Temple, and penetrating into the Forum properly so called by a new rectangular square, near the Temple of Castor. During the Republican epoch, there are proofs that it followed another direction. In a diagonal line drawn from the south-west angle of the Temple of Romulus to the south-eastern wing of the Temple of Castor, and forming an angle of nearly  $23^{\circ}$  with the route traced on the Imperial plan, fragments of antique pavements have been dug up. In a direction parallel to this, in the very midst of constructions bearing vestiges of the Imperial epoch, the basements of edifices which, by the style and taste of their architecture, undoubtedly recall the Republican era, re-appear upon the surface.

Thus, before the Empire, the Sacred Way, ascended in an oblique line the graceful slope of the Velia; whereas after the fall of the Empire, when the huge monuments of olden Rome were but a mass of ruins, it followed the simpler and direct route which it had originally pursued. In the ancient pavings which have been discovered, repairs are in fact observable, undeniably bearing the stamp of the sixth and seventh centuries' architecture. One thing is certain, that the whole neighbourhood in that district has undergone great and frequent changes, the opposite nature of which is attested by ruins of different epochs and different character. The fact is, that the former rulers of Rome, whatever the diversities marking their reigns and their personal characters, were possessed of the same passionate ambition to immortalize their names, by erecting standing monuments of their glory and fame in the celebrated spots now only haunted by their memory. This accounts for the Forum and its surrounding neighbourhood having so frequently changed aspect, and explains why the spade of the modern excavator strikes upon pavement after pavement, placed one above the other, as one city rose above another.

Towards the upper end of the Antonine Temple, the Sacred Way debouched into the Forum through the Arch of Fabius. This monument of the Republican epoch, erected some two hundred years before the Christian era by Fabius Maximus, still existed, it would seem, at least in part, up to middle of the sixteenth century, when it shared the common fate of the other edifices of that district, and completely disappeared. A few scattered fragments dispersed upon the soil, over a surface

measuring some four hundred yards, alone indicate that it once existed, but the similarity which all the ruins in that vicinity bear to one another show that they belong to an era of primitive simplicity and early grandeur, and it is scarcely possible to doubt that they are the remains of the Arch of Fabius. It must constantly be borne in mind, that during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the agents entrusted with work of excavation took no more pains to spare the foundations of the edifices than to preserve the monuments themselves. They ruthlessly tore up from the bowels of the earth what in their ignorance they considered worthless. When we consider that in certain parts the very foundation stones of the Julian Basilica, to the depth of three yards have not been respected, we need no longer wonder that all traces of the Arch of Fabius should thus have totally disappeared. That of Augustus, facing it, shared the same fate. The Senate of Rome, after the victory of Actium in 725, decided upon erecting in the Forum a triumphal monument that was to render the victor's name famous to all posterity: Imperial medals struck at that time, giving a good idea of its sumptuous and richly adorned grandeur, are still preserved in the Museum of the Capitol, and form the only memorial left of it. The excavations of 1882 have failed to discover any clue to the spot where that famous structure once stood. It was evidently sacrificed to the vandalism of the sixteenth century. Midway between the Farnese Gardens and the Sacred Way, an archæological investigation has been more fortunate, and more fruitful in results. In that district, at least, there still remain standing edifices of importance belong to the past, which support the theory of superposition of Republican over Imperial buildings to which we have alluded.

The neighbourhood of the Sacred Way enjoyed at all times the reputation of being the most commercial and thriving district of the olden city. Between its famous highway and the slope of the Palatine stood the showy and luxurious shops and warehouses of wealthy merchants, the princes of the West, carrying on a successful and lucrative trade and vying with their Eastern brethren in renown and opulence. Side by side with these were open stalls covered with costly flowers and fruit. Above all the shops of the jewellers and goldsmiths, of the dealers in silken and embroidered wares and stuffs, have left a record even to our day of the magnificence, luxury, and lavish expenditure of those times. It is specially the discovery of the ruins of these

ancient bazaars, among the most celebrated of which were those of the *margaritarii* (or jewellers that excelled in carving the *margarita* stone), for which we are indebted to the excavations of 1879 and 1882. The majestic remains of a splendid old portico, full seventy-nine yards in length, designed so as to form a curve, running parallel to the Sacred Road, are the ruins of the famous *Porticus Margaritariorum*. Beyond it we are able to find traces guiding us in further researches, in the dilapidated houses and stalls that lay around it, and to which it formerly gave access; they are constructions of but indifferent style and interest, yet in their midst are clearly discernible the traces of more important edifices of the Republic, that form a striking contrast with the constructions in the Imperial style that are mingled with them. Close to the Temple of Vesta, the outline of which can be clearly traced, there extended to a considerable distance a populous district, with buildings of high and fine architecture, among which the most remarkable was undoubtedly the old Convent (if we may use the word) of the Vestals, adjoining the temple consecrated to the worship of Vesta, including a palace that served as the official residence of their Supreme Pontiff.

According to tradition, the whole of this block was included under the denomination of the *Regia*, and was founded by Numa Pompilius. It was several times destroyed by fire, and rebuilt by the Roman Kings. Julius Cæsar selected it for his residence in his character of Supreme Pontiff. It changed its primitive destination under the rule of Augustus, because that Emperor chose to transfer the seat of his Pontificate to his favourite Palatine palace. Besides the apartments in the *Regia* exclusively appropriated to the high priest of the Vestals and his acolytes, and the long cloisters devoted to the use of the Virgins, it comprised likewise a sanctuary or *sacrarium*, containing all the precious ornaments consecrated to the mysterious and mystic fire-worship of its votaries, and another part of it was distinguished under the designation of *atrium regium*, or *atrium Vestæ*. In the recent excavations of which we have spoken, certain buildings have been discovered whose style leads us to conclude, with comparative certainty, that they must be the famous ruins of the *Regia* itself. They reveal traces of richly carved shafts of columns, fragments of beautifully coloured mosaic, and fine paintings, all doubtless belonging to the interesting period of

the early Republican era ; but further investigation is needed to give fuller evidence and proof as to the authenticity of this apparently well-founded belief.

## II.

The demolition of the Consolazione Bridge has not furnished topographical science with any important results, all the region adjacent to it having already been explored ; but an interesting basso-relievo on Constantine's arch, representing this part of the Forum, has helped in the discovery and recognition of many important edifices. At the distance of a few paces from the Julian Basilica, and quite close to the Temple of Saturn, there formerly towered the massive arch erected by the Emperor Tiberius as a memorial of the capture of the flags of Varus. Some stones of it were still standing as late as 1850. The celebrated golden mile-stone that served as the centre of the Roman world, and formed the starting-point of all the military high-roads of the Empire, was also in this neighbourhood, close to a fountain famed in historical records, as being the spot where sentence of proscription and banishment against outlaws used to be publicly read. Not far off is the Servilian Lake, near which the heads of the senators massacred by the orders of Sylla were exposed.

Between the Arches of Tiberius and Septimus there formerly extended a vast semi-circular terrace, which recent exploration has helped to free from its bulwark of masonry. It is reported that this wall, or terrace, still covered in many places with inscriptions, and pierced and dilapidated by cannon-balls, served as a tribune for haranguing the mob, and was one of those famous historical *tria rostra* which towards the close of the Imperial era strangers flocked to visit and admire. In the bas-reliefs above mentioned there is, in fact, the effigy of an Emperor standing on this terrace addressing in the Forum the crowd below, but it is generally considered to belong to another monument, and to be the Græcostase, where, during Republican rule, ambassadors were wont to assemble for granting audiences to the Senate. Of the golden mile-stone, no vestige whatever has been found, and it would seem that the progress of the excavations will throw but little light on the subject.

At present workmen are engaged in clearing away the rubbish which hides from view the upper basement of Saturn's Temple, and in making the thoroughfare facing the Julian

Basilica passable. Fragments of antique pavement of the Vicus Jugarius, a narrow way that derived the name from an altar of the Temple of Juno Juga, the patron goddess of matrimony, have been discovered around the Capitol, near the region where Octavia's Portico lies, and where, every year, the religious procession of the Aventine used to pass to offer a propitiatory sacrifice in Juno's honour. This Vicus Jugarius was an important channel of communication with the Forum, and we can now trace the foundations of Saturn's Temple, close to Tiberius' Arch. The continuation of the excavations will no doubt furnish further proofs confirming this discovery.

In demolishing a row of buildings of the middle ages, which arose on the angle of the Julian Basilica, opposite to the pulpits for haranguing the people, two inscriptions of considerable interest have come to light. One of these contains a list of names recording the successive administrators, or paymasters, of the treasury of Saturn's Temple during the first twenty years of the Christian era, and completes and satisfactorily fills up the blanks of a similar list that has already appeared in print, in the *Corpus Inscriptionum* of the year 1496. The second is even more important, being nothing less than a concise biography of Flavius Sabinus, brother of the great Emperor Vespasian, who, in his quality and position of Vice-Governor of Mœsia, Commissioner of the Census in the Province of Gaul, and Prefect of the Prætorium, had on several occasions singularly distinguished himself. The State, in reward of his services, and wishing, perhaps, also to pay a delicate compliment to the Emperor, resolved to honour his memory by rendering him at his death exceptional honours. The Senate resolved that the funeral of Flavius Sabinus should be entirely defrayed at the cost of the public exchequer, and celebrated with the special distinctions that used, in those times, to be the exclusive privilege of those who had formerly been censors; a decree was further passed, that his bust should be placed in the Senate House, and a statue erected in his honour in the Forum. Public funeral honours were paid him, official eulogies and panegyrics were recited, and commemorative monuments were erected to his fame, as the recently discovered inscriptions testify.

Lastly, an entirely unexpected discovery was made in the courtyard of Santa Maria Liberatrice. Everybody is now familiar with a copy of the famous plan of Rome, drawn up at the period of Septimus Severus, and the fragments of which



have been preserved in the rare collection of the Museum of the Capitol. It may be remembered that it was discovered by Antonio Dosio, in the garden of the humble Convent of SS. Cosmo and Damian, during the Pontificate of Pius the Fourth, in 1559; its remaining fragments came to light a few years later, near the same spot, and it was, in fact, upon the walls of the *Templum Sacræ Urbis* that tradition asserts it was originally fixed. Here, in all probability, it was allowed to remain until the eighth century, when its fragments were scattered or lost, some of them buried in the soil, others carried elsewhere. This valuable relic of past history, though found far from its original site, completes by its broken inscription, sculptured on a marble slab which formed part of the Temple of Castor, the other fragment already preserved at the Capitol, thereby throwing considerable light upon the history of that locality and period; for, had Castor's Temple, according to the modern erroneous supposition of some archæologists, been situated nearer the slope of the Palatine, it would have been indicated upon the old plan of the city. By a singular and fortunate coincidence, the fragment which has been found allows us to confirm suppositions that had hitherto remained mere conjectures. It becomes clear that the old Temple of Castor must have been an isolated monument, forming the centre, or nucleus, of the many lanes and passages in the surrounding neighbourhood. It was separated from the Julian Basilica by the *Vicus Tuscus* at the north, whilst in the south the *Vicus Vestæ* stretched between it and the main body of constructions that surround the beautiful Temple of Vesta. A third road, westward, traversed the lower part of the Farnese Gardens, past the Arch of Titus, and separated the valley of the Colosseum from the Forum. This last is undoubtedly the celebrated *Via Nova* of the ancients. To the east, the ruins of a dilapidated staircase in marble must have led, in an oblique line, from the Sacred Way to the Palatine, plainly, indicating the communication which existed between the palace of the Cæsars and the Forum, to which access seems to have been easy from the portico of Caligula's house, either by the *Porta Romana*, or by a broad highway which descends past the present site of the Church of St. Theodore. The *Scalæ Annulariæ*, a series of rough flights of steps, led by a shorter cut into the Forum.

The superficial researches of the architects of the sixteenth century, which wrought such havoc in the existing remains of

ancient Rome, can never be sufficiently regretted. At the same time the modern investigator finds the drawings and sketches then made of the greatest value. Without them a large proportion of the recent discoveries would not have been made. It is some consolation for the injury they did to the ancient city, that in doing it they necessarily left a mass of information which but for them would not have been preserved to the present day.

## *Mr. Gladstone and Garibaldi.*

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C'est une chose admirable que tous les grands hommes ont toujours du caprice, quelque petit grain de folie mêlé à leur science.

MOLIÈRE, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, i. 5.

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WHAT connection can there possibly be between the honoured name of William Ewart Gladstone and the infamous man, yclept Giuseppe Garibaldi? What is the bond of union between the two—where the attraction of the one for the other? Gladstone and Garibaldi; both names begin with a capital G, and there the likeness ends. Mr. Gladstone, as all the world knows, is an accomplished gentleman and a ripe scholar; it is matter of as familiar knowledge that Garibaldi was neither. Mr. Gladstone is a religious—his enemies say an ostentatiously religious—man; Garibaldi was an avowed atheist, as addicted as Bradlaugh to the sterile imbecility of blasphemy, worshipping, when he worshipped at all, before the shrine of the goddess of reason, or sacrificing at the altar of Béranger's heathen "Dieu des bonnes gens." Mr. Gladstone, it is hardly necessary to say, is a man of unimpeachable honour, loyal to his Queen, true to his friends, and generous to his opponents; Garibaldi was from the outset of his career to its close thoroughly disloyal, a traitor to his King, false to his friends, and cruel to his enemies. Mr. Gladstone is a man of genius, a politician eminent in more than one department, an orator with few, a financier with none, to rival him, a great statesman of high aims, enlightened views, wide sympathies, and varied experience; Garibaldi was a hare-brained adventurer, with head of ass and heart of lion, a good-natured enough poor devil, but a freebooter, a pirate, an out-and-out Communist, a red republican, a willing instrument for the overthrow of all social order and religious belief in the hands of cleverer and more unprincipled men even than he, whose life, made loathsome by concubinage and disreputable marriages, was passed in conspiracy, violence, bloodshed, lust, and

blasphemy. In a word, Mr. Gladstone is emphatically all that Garibaldi was not, admirable no less for the noble virtues of his domestic life than for the lofty aspirations, spotless integrity, and undeniable earnestness, which have distinguished an exceptionally long, conspicuously brilliant, and most honourable public career.

What in the world then took him one fine Saturday morning to Stafford House? *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* What could the Prime Minister of England have in sympathy with the objects of that singular meeting? What great necessity required his presence in such mixed company? Are the ordinary cares of State not enough for his extraordinary activity, wonderful capacity for work, exceptional powers of endurance, untiring exertions in the public service, that, at a period of life when other men are seeking a well-earned repose, he must needs add to the fatigue of Cabinet Councils, attendance on deputations, and early and late sittings in the House of Commons by extra-official acts and utterances, which in too many cases serve only to give a handle to his enemies and detract from the deservedly high reputation he enjoys amongst his friends? Is the work of the present Session advancing so entirely to his own satisfaction and that of his political friends and opponents, that he can spare time and strength and breath for such thoroughly useless and uninteresting subjects as the memory of Garibaldi? Is his influence in the country so steadily on the increase, his reputation for consistency so indisputable, his recent experience of lawlessness in Ireland so pleasant, that he can afford to flap his wings and crow himself hoarse in the delivery of panegyrics, which falling from any other lips would sound exceedingly like twaddle, to the exaltation of him who was nothing if he was not the very embodiment of conspiracy, lawlessness, and rebellion?

But what was it that attracted Mr. Gladstone to Stafford House? What induced him to take part in the ceremonial, and lend the charm of his voice to the celebration therein enacted? Great men, if Molière is to be trusted, have their whims, no less than we smaller fry. Mr. Gladstone is no exception to the rule. He too has his fads; indeed, his surpassing greatness makes him all the more liable to the infirmity. But when great men are great, because their genius has raised them to the dignity of public and representative characters; when their merit, recognised and appreciated by their fellow-countrymen, has placed them at the head of a powerful nation like England; when they

have come to bear upon their shoulders the burdens, the solitudes, and the responsibilities of an Empire vast as ours, it is obvious to remark that they cannot always air their private hobbies and parade their fantastic notions, either with safety to their own character for wisdom, or with impunity to the welfare of those whose destinies they hold, for the time being, in their hands. Now the meeting at Stafford House owes all its importance to the words then and there spoken by the Prime Minister of England; and that they knew right well, depend upon it, who had taken the precaution to obtain his countenance of their proceedings by securing his presence at them. The Duke of Sutherland is no doubt socially a very great man indeed, but when we have said that he is a Duke, all has been said that need be said about him. He plumes himself indeed on his singular felicity in having once had Garibaldi all to himself for ten consecutive days on board the ducal yacht—a happiness by the way enjoyed for a much longer period by Garibaldi's brother pirates in the southern seas. Every man to his taste. But the Duke of Sutherland might have cruised pleasantly with the rover to the crack of doom, and held meetings and put up memorial tablets innumerable, and still the world would not have cared a button about the matter. But the case assumes an entirely new aspect from the moment that Mr. Gladstone enters upon the scene. The presence of Mr. Gladstone in their midst is a sanction than which few higher or more authoritative can be procured for their purposes by any assemblage of Englishmen, and his words, by reason of the exalted position he holds in the counsels of his Sovereign, no less than on account of his own high character, superior wisdom, and commanding eloquence, are weighty and far-reaching as are the utterances of few other men in our day. Amazing, then, most amazing under the peculiar circumstances of the hour, and most discouraging to all who have at heart the future welfare of their country, the cause of social order, and the interests of religion, were the part taken and the words spoken by Mr. Gladstone in the recent ceremonial at Stafford House.

The chivalrous ardour with which, as he was reminded on the occasion referred to, Mr. Gladstone years ago rushed to the rescue of "oppressed nationalities" in Italy, and, forgetting that only a few years before the prisons of England were little better, exposed, and in the heat of his righteous indignation perhaps just a trifle over-stated, the horrors of Neapolitan dungeons,

proves this at any rate, if it proves nothing else, that our Premier is a man of keen sensibilities. He cannot but have thought mournfully, as he passed on his way to Stafford House on that Saturday morning, of the young life which only a few hours before had paid the penalty of crime at Kilmainham Gaol; he cannot but have remembered with a pang that there was yet another Irish stripling to pay the same forfeit of his life on that day week; he cannot but have reflected seriously on the State trial then already well in sight, at which certain men, foreigners too, who had no grievance against the English nation, would be accused, as they have since been convicted, of levying war against our Sovereign Lady the Queen. And yet, his head full of this knowledge, and his heart heavy with thoughts depressing as these, the Prime Minister of England, fresh from stifling a nefarious conspiracy which has its ramifications in England and America, as well as in Ireland, steps lightly from his brougham into Stafford House, to take part in a celebration which had for its object to commemorate the achievements of the licensed conspirator, rebel, and freebooter of our age, and to belaud the memory of a man, who was all his life long 'hand and glove with assassins, the intimate friend, the willing tool, the trusted agent, the unscrupulous knight-errant of conspiring scoundrels far more deeply dyed in villainy than the worst of the conspirators, whose recent crimes have set the civilized world aghast with terror and dismay.

But Mr. Gladstone was for the moment under a spell or fascination. That little minute particle or grain of madness, which Molière avouches is always blended with the genius of great men, and which Mr. Gladstone seems to share with his fellows, had come to the top, and was for the moment in the ascendant. How else are we to understand and explain the extraordinary language of the Prime Minister on the interesting occasion in question? The cheers which greeted his arrival had scarcely died away, when, helped out by the Duke of Sutherland, he, with his usual marvellous ingenuity, discovers for the edification of his hearers "some most interesting points" in the hitherto unexplored character of the Hero of United Italy, with which the world at large is perhaps not quite so familiar as Mr. Gladstone himself, and with the enumeration of which he vouchsafes to enlighten the mental darkness of such of us as fail to discern any little dim difference between the claims set up by Garibaldi to be considered a "great patriot," and

those advanced by dynamite conspirators and Secret Society assassins to a similar distinction. And first in order of enumeration, though not in importance, amongst the "merits and attractions" of General Garibaldi, comes—well, what do you think, gentle reader?—his "splendid integrity," as illustrated, no doubt, by his having once enlisted in the Royal service in order to debauch his comrades from their military allegiance, or as it is again exemplified in the great pecuniary profit he derived from his political crimes, the large salary he enjoyed, and the payment he had procured of his own and his son's debts, by repeated calls upon the liberality of the Italian King and nation.

But the quality Mr. Gladstone selects from every other, and holds up to our special admiration, is "this, which was in apparent contrast but in real harmony in Garibaldi—the union of the most profound and tender humanity with fiery valour." The fiery valour of Garibaldi no one will perhaps feel disposed to dispute. But as for his "profound and tender humanity," this surely is an entirely new and most startling discovery in the character and blood-stained career of the great soldier of the Revolution. Profound and tender humanity of Garibaldi? Yes, tenderness such as the wolf shows to the lamb, the hawk to the sparrow, the cat to the mouse; humanity such as was displayed by the man whose first public appearance was as a sort of Guy Fawkes scheming to blow into the air, not naughty King Bomba, or the wicked Pope of Rome, but his own lawful Sovereign, as he sat with all his Court at the Opera House in Genoa; who on another occasion delivered up the inhabitants of Imburi in South America to rapine, rape, and slaughter; who once at least sanctioned in Rome the murder in cold blood of harmless and unoffending priests; and who, the open advocate of political assassination and the docile pupil of the great apostle of the stiletto, was during a long course of years the sword of the Revolution, as Mazzini was its dagger.

In Mr. Gladstone's mind there cannot be a doubt about the "profound and tender humanity" of Garibaldi's great soul, because he had the secret from the hero's own lips as they set together over their cups at the hospitable table of Sir Antonio Panizzi in the days of Garibaldi's memorable visit to London in 1864. In that convivial hour Garibaldi "conversed very freely" with Mr. Gladstone and told our sympathetic Premier how, when he was a little boy at Genoa, he never

played truant, like other good-for-nothing boys, to go and see the soldiers pass with bands and flags, because "it struck him then as a matter of pain and horror that it should be necessary that one portion of mankind should be set aside to have for their profession the business of destroying others." Addressed to Mr. Bright goody words such as these might have thrown some little dust in that peaceful gentleman's eyes, because they jump so entirely with his own sentiments and principles; but that they should have sufficed to convince the acute mind of Mr. Gladstone that "cruelty never found a lodgment in that heroic breast" would pass belief, if we did not know that Mr. Gladstone is thoroughly sincere when he quotes them to his hearers. But if Mr. Gladstone is satisfied, will unsophisticated mankind be equally so, who, not having enjoyed his advantage of coming under the spell of Garibaldi's "seductive simplicity of manner," and not having felt the charm of "that inborn and native grace which seemed to attend all his actions," find it difficult to forget how completely and how speedily the "heroic breast" had conquered the "pain and horror" of earlier days, so thoroughly indeed and so quickly that from budding manhood to latest age he is found engaged, not by stern necessity's enforcement but by choice, by preference, by predilection, in scenes of bloodshed, violence, and rapine. No, Mr. Gladstone, splendidly veracious statements, rodomontade and fustian of this kind are too much even for English gullibility and English dulness made duller still by rancorous hatred of everything Catholic, and ordinary common-sense Englishmen will find it hard to draw any distinction between the deliverer of Italy on the one hand, his ends and the road he took to reach them, and the Irish Invincibles on the other, their aims and the measures they adopted to attain them, except in favour of the latter, as being at least free from the filthiness of life, selfishness of purpose, and hatred of the Church of God which characterized the Italian freebooter. The "Saviour of Italy" reaped the reward of successful, "Joe Brady" paid the penalty of unsuccessful, crime. In the trump suit of the pack of cards shuffled by the tricky hand of conspiracy, Garibaldi was the king, Brady only a poor knave; the naughty knave was hanged, the wicked king is immortalized:

One murder made a villain,  
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged to kill,  
And numbers sanctified the crime.



The character and memory of Garibaldi are sacred and unassailable, for he, as Corneille puts it in speaking of successful villainy—

*Quoiqu' il ait fait ou fasse, il est inviolable,*

because, according to the new gospel of modern civilization, concentered in English Liberalism and expounded by Mr. Gladstone, might is right, robbery on a grand scale a virtue, and injustice crowned with success a merit.

Mr. Gladstone's words, if uttered merely in his own person, or if they could be considered as nothing more than the superfluous utterance of his own private opinions would be lamentable enough, because eminently calculated to lessen the good opinion men have of the correctness of his taste and the soundness of his judgments; but falling as they do from the lips of the Prime Minister of England, the First Lord of the Treasury, the first servant of the Crown, of the man in whose hands are the honour and safety of England, specially bound to see that that honour is exposed to no stain, and that safety to no danger, they are a great deal worse than senseless, because they display a forgetfulness of first principles, a recklessness of consequences, a disregard of the feelings of millions of his Catholic fellow-subjects, both in and out of England, as deplorable as the total absence they proclaim of that wisdom, prudence, and discretion we have a right to expect in a statesman of his calibre.

Have his countrymen then been all this time in error as to his true character, or is he really what he has ever been? No, he has not changed; he is the same, now and for ever. He is too old to change. He *is* truly, what one has been used for long years to consider him—a great man, but his greatness lacks to-day what it has always lacked, a very essential characteristic of true greatness. Mr. Gladstone never sees the error of his ways (and great men are sometimes human for all their greatness), never retracts his words, never retraces his steps, and having been mistaken never owns himself in the wrong. His recent presence, therefore, and the words he has lately spoken at Stafford House, though no surprise to those more familiar with this side of his remarkable character, are none the less a genuine and very grievous disappointment to many simple persons, who, sincere admirers of the Premier, were fondly hoping that he had now less confidence than of yore in the wisdom which prompted him to shake hands with Garibaldi

in 1864, and less absolute pride in the enthusiastic zeal with which some years ago he took a prominent part in advocating the cause of the so-called "oppressed nationalities" of the Italian peninsula.

Nothing of the kind. On one question at least, the Italian question, if not upon others, Mr. Gladstone is from first to last consistent with himself, true to his principles, steadfast in his convictions as a Liberal statesman. He was the friend of Italy in his youth, and the lapse of fifty years has not impaired the constancy of an affection which in his old age will, as he says, "only grow warmer and warmer till he dies." But the Italy which Mr. Gladstone loved and befriended yesterday, and which he loves and befriends with all the old ardour to-day, is the Italy such as Garibaldi and the Revolution have made her, such as Mr. Gladstone and other English statesmen of his way of thinking have helped Garibaldi and the Revolution to make her, in the words of Dante, not a Queen among the nations, but a harlot—

Ahi, serva Italia, di dolore ostello,  
Nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta,  
Non donna di provincie, ma bordello ;—

when by systematic bribery and corruption and by the terrorism of the assassin's dagger, the treasonable agitation of the secret societies compassed throughout the peninsula the overthrow of the Kingdom of Naples, of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, of the Duchies of Parma and Modena, and of the Temporal Power of the Pope, with the Sovereigns of each and all of which States Garibaldi's King and Gladstone's Queen were at perfect peace, without so much as the shadow of a pretext to pick a quarrel. This is the Italy of which Mr. Gladstone always has been, and is still, a staunch friend. "I speak from what I know," said Garibaldi in London, in 1864, "that the Queen and Government of England, represented by Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, have done a wonderful deal for our native Italy. If it had not been for this country, we should still have been under the yoke of the Bourbons at Naples. If it had not been for Admiral Mundy, I should never have been permitted to pass the Straits of Messina." It is undeniable, then, that Mr. Gladstone took a leading part in the work which has resulted in the much-vaunted unification of Italy, in so far at least as, over and above his responsibility as a Cabinet Minister of the English Crown at that momentous period of modern history, few Englishmen have done more than he "to prepare the way for Garibaldi's

achievements" in Italy, by perverting the public mind in this country as to the true character and real aims of the revolutionary faction of which Garibaldi was the chosen and trusted agent.

Mr. Gladstone has, therefore, good reason and an indisputable right to expect that some few rays, at least, of the glory accruing from Garibaldi's achievements shall be reflected back upon his own head. But if in the eyes of an all-seeing and all-righteous God that glory is not glory, but infamy; if the unification of Italy was brought about, not by fair, but by foul means; if the foundations of the new kingdom were laid on the violation of every right, human and Divine, its walls built up upon plunder and cemented with unhallowed bloodshed, and the whole work crowned with rapine, fraud, and sacrilege—then with equal fairness may the world expect Mr. Gladstone, who having long years ago thrown in his lot for better for worse with Italian revolutionists, is, by his own admission—*habemus confitentem reum*—an accomplice both before and after the fact in the work achieved by the immortal trio—Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi—to bear resignedly, if not contentedly, his just share in the ignominy with which the names of the founders of Italian unity will go down to future ages.

There must, assuredly, be some wretched twist in the moral and intellectual being of the Statesman who can display offhand to the bewildered eyes and ears of his fellow-countrymen and of the world a spectacle of logical inconsistency and utter blindness to those first principles of justice and morality which God and nature have implanted in our hearts, so disenchanting and so deplorable as that lately exhibited to mankind by the presence and by the utterances of Mr. Gladstone at Stafford House. If the end hallows the adoption of means how nefarious soever for its attainment; if because King Bomba was, like his brothers of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, an effete, stupid, blundering, and bigoted old Bourbon, who kept his political prisoners without trial in the durance vile of loathsome dungeons; if because the Pope had not a trade as brisk, a commerce as wide-world, ironclads as gigantic, and big guns as far-reaching and all-destroying to show, as can be produced by the pounds, shillings, and pence of Old England, and never succeeded, any more than the usurpers of his dominions have succeeded, in draining the Pontine Marshes; if for any or all of these and other causes the "oppressed nationalities" of the Italian Penin-

sula were justified in conspiring and rebelling to throw off the yoke,—how, on Mr. Gladstone's own showing, shall it be deemed a wrong and wicked thing in the "oppressed nationality" of Ireland to ask at the hands of England, after centuries of mismanagement and cruel misrule, for a little moiety of that self-government, which, if the principles of Mr. Gladstone's Liberalism are sound, it is the indefeasible right of nations to claim, and, when they cannot get it for the asking, to wrest by any means from the reluctant grasp of their legitimate rulers? How shall it on Mr. Gladstone's own showing be deemed a wrong and wicked thing for the leaders of Irish agitation to use means to enforce their demands which, at their worst, never came near the villainies perpetrated by the filibuster of Italy, and never involved the sacrilege and the treachery of which he was guilty?

These are a few of the questions which are suggested by the meeting at Stafford House to the meanest capacity, and which are obvious to all, even to those whose lives and thoughts are total strangers to the field of politics, but who have wit enough to know that two and two do not make four in one place and five in another, that what is intrinsically wrong here can never be intrinsically right there, and that if terrorism, murder, secret complot, and open outrage, are everywhere a gross violation of the law of God and man, it is as much against that law to achieve autonomy by conspiracy in Italy as to achieve it by the same means in Ireland. That English statesmen should shrink from granting to Ireland the coveted boon of Home Rule is intelligible from their standpoint, because Home Rule, they seem to say, will lead to the repeal of the Union, and repeal of the Union to the dismemberment of the British Empire. All well and good; but if those who entertain these opinions and hold this language, a right which no one is in the least disposed to deny them, have any regard for their characters as men of logical consistency, they cannot hold up the Land League party to our reprobation as "a party of rebels," because they will not pledge themselves not to labour to obtain the independence of Ireland, and in the same breath pronounce high-sounding, but vapid, eulogiums on the "patriotism" of Cavour, of Victor Emmanuel, of Garibaldi, and by implication, of Mazzini also.

But it is not alone the subject-matter of your discourse, good Mr. Gladstone—that is nothing new—it is quite as much the bad taste, the worse than bad taste—the thanklessness you have

thought proper to display in the hour and in the circumstances selected by you for its delivery. As Prime Minister of England, you expect, as you have an undoubted right to expect, that we Catholic priests shall be prepared to do our duty dauntlessly by the Government of our country. Never fear that in this we shall disappoint your hopes. Why then have you selected so inauspicious a moment as the present, when thousands of Catholic priests, as loyal to the cause of justice as they are zealous in the cause of God, in England, Ireland, and America, are straining every nerve to keep to their duty and their allegiance to God hot-headed young Irishmen, boiling over with the sense of their country's wrongs and sufferings, why, we ask, do you choose out this particular hour for weakening instead of strengthening our hands by your uncalled for presence at Stafford House to preach up Garibaldi and proclaim to the world, that we are wrong when we tell the dupes of the secret societies, that no end, however holy, can sanctify unhallowed means and that freedom, therefore, may not be purchased at the price of conspiracy and rebellion?

But if you had no thought for us, the humblest of his sons and servants, as true to him as to our Queen, you might at least, one would have thought, have shown some respect, under the peculiar circumstances of the hour in which you lifted up your voice to utter praises of Garibaldi, for the feelings of the Vicar of Christ, who, when he condemned the Fenian brotherhood, rendered you a signal service. True, the Pope has done no more for you in the case of Fenianism than what he has already done or is prepared to do for the Czar in the case of Nihilism, for the Emperor of Germany in the case of Socialism, and for the French Republic in the case of Communism. But though the duty he owes to God and His Church, not the hope of an earthly reward or of earning the thanks of his fellow-men, was the motive of his action in these as in all other circumstances, yet so far as you yourself were concerned, could you not in common decency, if not in gratitude, have found some less unfortunate opportunity to flaunt in his face the achievements of the Red-shirted Hero of that nefarious Revolution, to which the Pope owes the loss of his territories and his actual enforced imprisonment at the Vatican?

The Liberalism of English statesmen, so at least we are told, is not as the Liberalism of foreign politicians. The statement, it is to be hoped, is true, for the Liberalism of the Continent is

as anarchical as its Freemasonry is atheistic. But if the conduct and the words of Mr. Gladstone, who, though no Freemason, does the work of the Freemasons as effectually as if he were one of themselves, are any index or test in the matter, it is to be feared that there is little to choose between Liberalism of home and Liberalism of foreign growth, since, in honouring Garibaldi, the type, not of patriotism and freedom, but of violence, disorder, and rebellion, Mr. Gladstone proclaims the principle of anarchy, and once more exhibits, by his presence and by his words at Stafford House in 1883, just as, on the occasion of Garibaldi's visit to London, he exhibited in 1864, that want of political probity, that absence of any thorough, hearty, and consistent recognition of justice, truth, and honour as the rule of action, and that unscrupulous eagerness to raise or take up any cry, however senseless, that inflames the passions or flatters the prejudices of the multitude, which form so constant a quantity in the conduct of the politicians of our times. It is men of this stamp who degrade the public morality of a nation and precipitate it to its ruin. Corruption proceeds invariably from above, where the principles are formulated and the examples set which, filtering down to the strata below, end at last in decadence, disaster, and downfall. Mr. Gladstone makes a hero of the marauder, whose life was a life of rebellion against both God and man. How long will the unreflecting masses, educated without knowledge or thought of God and constantly played upon by artful and designing men, continue in this country to be actuated by right feelings, when their rulers do their utmost to pervert and corrupt them? The mischief we have sown in other countries we are even now reaping in our own. The present Prime Minister of England, who years ago abandoned and once again repudiates to-day the old honourable traditions of England to abet and approve conspiracy and rebellion in foreign lands, has lived long enough to see the wickedness, of which he was and is still the moral accomplice, fall back in well-merited retribution upon his own head.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

## *The Fisher Wife's Story.*

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" I SET me down on the shingle  
That paves the blue sea, one day ;  
When my man in his boat went sailin'  
To his fishin' out o' the Bay.  
My little lassie played by me—  
My only, my pretty one !  
Piling the dry wrack fragments  
On many a wave-washed stone.  
Ay, she *was* pretty—my dearie !  
Round her father's heart she'd twine ;  
I clasped her close to my bosom—  
I kissed her, and cried, " Thou art *mine* !"

Do ye know the joy o' *possessin'* ?—  
To have a wee thing o' your own,  
O' which all the world can't rob you—  
Your own, and your only one ?—  
Not grand, like the great blue ocean  
That no mortal man may claim ;  
Nor great, as this big, proud kingdom,  
That is but the Queen's by name.  
Not high, like the fresh, warm sunlight  
That played o'er my lassie's face ;  
Nor still, like the pale sea-roses,  
She gathered about the place.  
Nay—a thing to be loved and lovin'—  
A somethin' not *too* divine !  
A child to be clasped and to clasp you,  
Like this—this child o' mine ! . . .

Was I dreaming then o'er deeply ?  
Was a demon nigh at hand,  
To lull my care to slumber  
For my child on the shingly strand ?  
Why could'nt I see the breakers  
Come washing nigher our feet ?  
Or hear that a storm was brewing,  
And the waves were lashed to sleet ?  
I never saw, and I heard not,  
Till I knew that the hollow form  
Of one of those grim white horses  
Came by in a foaming storm :—  
Till I knew I was left there sitting  
Alone—yes, I *was* alone !  
And *she* was out on the waters—  
Quick I caught at her wrack and stone.  
“ I'll keep 'em, I keep 'em for 'ee ! ”  
I cried, for my mind ran wild ;—  
In saving my darling's treasures,  
I thought I had saved my child ! . . .

O waves, white waves ! Beside me  
Ye brought back my pretty child ;  
Ye tangled her curls as ye bore her  
To where her wrack lay piled.  
Ye closed her eyes as ye rocked her  
In your giant arms to rest ;  
But I caught her quickly from ye,  
And I clasped her to my breast.

Ah, woe was in that moment,  
And woe, woe, woe for me !  
For if such be a possessin'  
What may the losin' be ?  
O I strove to open those eyelids,



And to chafe those hands in vain!—  
Then I laid her down on the shingle,  
And knelt to my God in my pain.  
And I cried with a tearless anguish—  
“I was wrong to call her mine;  
Thou hast taken her from me, Father,  
To teach me the child was Thine!”

Then I turned once more to the lassie,  
An' I kissed her despairingly;  
But oh, as I pressed her forehead,  
The touch felt warm to me!  
And then, in another moment  
I had looked on her blue, blue eye,  
Which I thought had closed for ever  
On this earth, and sea, and sky!  
Then once more I drew her to me;  
And there, on that shingle shore,  
With my child in my arms held tightly,  
I spoke to the Lord once more:—

And the great, white breakers heard me,  
As they rolled up in curdling foam;  
And the fisher father heard me,  
For his boat was nearing home;  
And the swift wild sea-gull heard me,  
As it flew to its rock-built nest;  
And He in Heaven heard me,  
Who knoweth and loveth best:—  
“O Father, high in Heaven!  
Thou hast taught me now to see  
That the child Thy love hath given,  
Is mine—to keep for Thee!”

FRANCES KERSHAW.

## *The place of Sacraments in Religion.*

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THE Christian Religion may be said to consist of two distinct and correlative parts—of *Sacrifice* on the one hand, and of *Sacraments* on the other.

It consists of Sacrifice,—or that which man offers and gives to God; and of Sacraments,—or that which God in His turn bestows upon men.

Hence in religion there is a communion or intercourse, an exchange, or, in one word, a *commerce* between earth and Heaven, between God and His creature—Man.

In this commerce consists the foundation and essence of that idea which is expressed by the word *religion*. For what does religion—which may be described as the theoretical and practical recognition of man's relations with his Maker—mean save a binding or rather a re-binding together, according to the traditional etymology,<sup>1</sup> of those who are either separated by nature or who have been severed by reason of circumstances.

This binding or re-uniting of two separate parties supposes the existence of a *Mediator*; and the idea of a mediator again supposes certain means which he shall use in order to effect his purpose, and secure this end of re-union.

Those means in the Christian religion, which is the ministry of reconciliation between God and man, and in which man has a mediator with his Maker, we know by the name of *Sacraments*.

<sup>1</sup> There are various opinions with regard to the etymology of the word *religio*, and perhaps most scholars would derive it rather from *religere*, to consider, or lay to heart again and again, than from *religare*, to rebind. This may very probably be true with regard to the primary derivation of the word in its pagan sense, or as understood and used before Christianity. But, on the other hand, ecclesiastical writers take for granted the derivation from *religare*, and it may be fairly argued that whatever may be the case as a matter of classical scholarship, the idea of *religare* better and more adequately represents the meaning of *religio* in its Christian sense. Many classical words are used ecclesiastically in a "usurped sense," and in this sense they may be said to have a "usurped" etymological derivation.

God and man are *separated by nature*; and they have been *severed also by circumstances*.

They are separated by nature essentially and necessarily, absolutely and infinitely. There exists between them an interval which is infinite. The One Living and True God is the One Creator of all men and of all things. All men are His creatures. They are not only the work of His hands, but they are called by Him by an act, or, so to speak, by a word, which is an expression of His omnipotent will, from the abyss of previous absolute nothingness into the reality of actual being. In their actual being or existence they are also preserved by Him, or upheld by the same word of His Almighty power. As He is man's one Creator so is He man's one Preserver; for what is preservation in being save a continuation of that act of creation which gave being? It is a perpetual inflow of that being which in creation had its source. As the One Creator and Preserver of all men, God is necessarily their one Sovereign Lord. His being their Master is a necessary consequence of His being their Maker. As His creatures, all men are as necessarily, and by an essential law of their created being, God's subjects and servants, born to a state of vassalage, from which they can never emancipate themselves or be emancipated. God can no more emancipate men from their state of servitude than they can emancipate themselves. This is no derogation from His omnipotence, for this does not lie within the province of power. God cannot release men from their allegiance, for God cannot abdicate His own essential sovereignty. To do so would involve a contradiction—that the human should become the Divine, the inferior the Supreme, the created the Uncreated, the finite the Infinite. God can no more relieve His creature from its createdness than He can divest Himself of His Creatorship. He cannot alter the fact, on which His essential and necessary, absolute, universal, and supreme dominion rests as on its foundation—that He was Creator, and that man was, and therefore is and ever must be, His creature.

This then is the primary and fundamental relation between God and man—His royalty, dominion, and right of property on the one side,—and man's servitude and subjection as His property and possession on the other. This relation can never cease to exist, and it lies at the root of all other relations; and the recognition by the human creature, both theoretically and practically, of this relation, is the fundamental

idea of that Sacrifice which, along with Sacraments, constitutes Religion.

This relation of severance, founded in essential difference of nature, and of severance as complete as is the distinction of the finite from the Infinite, is the first but it is not the only relation of separation between God and His creature man.

God *must be* man's Maker and Master, but God *would be* also man's Father. The rational creature *must* ever remain the subject of the Divine Majesty his Creator and Lord, but his Sovereign *would have him* to become also His son.

When therefore God created man, He bestowed on him, and that as superadded to his nature as man, a gift in virtue of his possession of which man became a son of God. In his creation God constituted man in the state of habitual sanctifying grace.

This grace was man's fellow-creature. It was created,—for it is somewhat, an entity, a reality, and it is at the same time—not God. All things that are are either God or not God. Grace is not identified with God. It is not a Divine person, and it is not the Divine nature. It cannot be a *part* of that nature which is single and indivisible, and the possession of which constitutes a Divine Person. Being not God, it is God's creature ; being not man, but bestowed on man, it is man's fellow-creature.

Grace is a reality ; it is not an abstraction. It is not an idea, or a phrase, or a form of words. It is not a mere relation, for it is that which constitutes a relation. It is the ground in which a relation is rooted, the foundation on which it rests. Created grace is as real a thing as is the soul of man. The soul, impalpable and invisible, but simple and immortal, is in a manner more real than the visible and palpable body which it tenants. This body, from its compound nature, is, apart from any preternatural gift of immortality, destined to decay, decomposition, and death. The grace of God, as impalpable and invisible as is the soul of man, is not less real than is that soul which is destined to contain it. As the human soul was intended to tenant the human body, so was that soul itself intended, in the Divine design, to be, as it were, a living chalice to contain the grace of God.

This grace, while not less real than the soul to which it cleaves as a created quality, is a creature of a higher order than that soul which, even in the natural order, and as endowed with immortality, capacity of a knowledge of its Maker, and freedom of will, as gifts identified with its spiritual nature, was made to the image and likeness of God. The grace of God is therefore,

in a sense, a greater masterpiece of God than is the soul of man. It is more costly, more priceless, more divine.

This created quality, superadded by the Divine bounty to those natural and preternatural qualities with which the Creator had dowered His human creature, raised him above the level of his human nature, and of its faculties and powers. It made him, as far as it was possible for the creature to become while yet on its probation, *consortem Divinæ naturæ*—to borrow an expression of St. Peter's, which was also inspired by the Holy Ghost—"a partaker of the Divine Nature." Thus, partaking, in created and so finite measure, of the Divine Nature, and living with an assimilation to the Divine Life, man became adoptively a son of God, and the woman whom God made to be man's helpmate became God's daughter, and this she continued to be while she remained His handmaid.

We have said that the supernatural state of habitual sanctifying grace is the highest possible to the creature *while yet on its probation*; for there is a still higher supernatural state—the state of *glory* in the Beatific Vision of the unveiled Divine Majesty. This is the highest possible state at which the creature can arrive, and in the Divine economy, the creature can arrive at it then only when its probation is ended. The Divine glory belongs to the *state of the goal*, as Divine grace belongs to the *state of the way*. The one is the correlative or counterpart of the other. The grace that now is is the root or seed, the earnest and pledge of the glory that shall be. Future glory supposes present grace; and without present grace there can be no future glory. Grace is now granted in order that glory may one day be bestowed. The gift of glory is included in the gift of grace, as the flower in its fair beauty and fragrance is contained within the seed from which it springs. As faith is to vision, and as hope is to fruition, so is grace to glory. Man's future glory may be described as his present grace in its full bloom.

The grace of God is God's free gift. Man cannot merit it, deserve or earn it. There is no proportion between the highest excellence or perfection of nature, or any natural power or faculty or exercise thereof, or the most essentially perfect created nature—and the very smallest grace. Nature and grace are in different orders, in distinct spheres. Grace may be superadded to nature, and nature may be deprived of grace, and may exist without it. God was not bound to bestow grace

on man by reason of any one of, or by reason of all the natural perfections wherewith He had enriched him. Grace was not due to man as such. To it he had no right, for, as the Apostle argues, "if grace were of debt then were grace no grace." Its very name declares its nature. It is given *gratis*. It is the free, spontaneous gift of the Divine Bounty. It is bestowed by God of His pure liberality. As regards the correlative of grace, the future glory, it is otherwise, and the opposite is true. Glory is of *debt*. Man has a right to it. God is bound, and that by an obligation of justice, to bestow it on all whom He finds in the state of sanctifying grace when their probation is ended. They have earned it, it is their promised wage; God is faithful and cannot break His promise; and God is just and cannot defraud them.

Heaven, then, is the heritage of the children of God. It is theirs by birthright. They have right and title to it. It belongs to them as they are sons and daughters of God. But while sons and daughters, God's human creatures cease not to be His servants and handmaids; and so while Heaven is an inheritance, it is also at the same time a reward. It has its two aspects, and they correspond with the two aspects of the present state of those who are destined to find in it their future and eternal home.

Man, therefore, having been in his creation constituted in the state of habitual sanctifying grace, and thus "made a partaker of the Divine Nature," and so become a son of God, was as such, an heir of Heaven. But man's participation of the Divine Nature, a participation in proportion to the mode and measure of his created nature, and consequently man's sonship to God, and consequently also his right to Heaven by title of inheritance, remained *conditional* throughout the entire term of his probation. His sonship was dependent on his possession of the grace of God. This was again dependent on the fidelity of his service, on the loyalty of his allegiance to his Maker and Master, his Creator and Lord. Perseverance in service to the end of the day of labour, was the condition of permanence in the state of sonship. It was the condition of reward, and so became also the condition of inheritance. Heaven was not to be earned without being at the same time inherited, and Heaven was not to be inherited without being earned. The children of a royal father, while partakers of his royal nature, are yet his subjects and his servants; and

those alone can be regarded and recognized by the Divine Majesty as His sons and daughters who manifest their loyalty as His subjects by their fidelity in His service. The Eternal Father must be able to say of His human creature when, his probation ended, he stands before His throne for judgment: "Well done, good and faithful servant"—in order that He may also say—"Thou art My beloved son in whom I am well pleased. Inherit the Kingdom prepared for thee. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

When God made man, man knew his twofold state and condition, the state of servitude in which he was created, and the state of sonship in which he was constituted. He knew his destiny, and the conditions of his destiny. Grace gave him power to fulfil those conditions, but grace in no way abated the freedom of his will. In his freedom man chose. He chose to disobey. God had given him a commandment as a means in order to his probation. This commandment was a manifestation to him of his Maker's will. By obedience to it he should subject his own will, and unite it with the Divine will. By disobedience, he should oppose his own will to and contradict the Divine will. This man did. Succumbing to the tempter he made in effect the words of the archrebel, *Non serviam*, his own. Allying himself with God's enemy, he ceased on the instant to be God's son. Grace was gone, and with it his hope of glory.

Rebelling against his Maker by disobedience to his Maker's commandment, man sinned against an essential law of his very being. By his own act he interrupted the second relation, and severed the second tie between him and his Maker. Stripped of Divine grace, his sonship forfeited, he was no longer an object of the paternal love of the Divine Majesty. He had become an object of His righteous indignation and of His just vengeance. By sin he had degraded and disinherited himself, and made himself an alien and an outcast from the family of God. There was a second gulf fixed between man and his Maker; and this man was powerless to bridge across.

Fallen man might offer sacrifices as before—that is to say, he might perform materially and externally the same religious rites,—but his sacrifice would be no longer accepted and well-pleasing. It would be offered in vain. It would be the sacrifice not of a son but of a rebellious bond-slave. Such a sacrifice, instead of atoning and availing, instead of honouring and

worshipping, of propitiating and satisfying the Most High, would be to Him an affront and a sacrilege. Instead of coming up before Him for an odour of sweetness, it would be in His sight as an abomination.

Such was man's condition of helplessness when by his sin he fell from grace and from out the family of God. In this state of helplessness man must have ever remained had there been no restoration to him of the grace of God. This was necessary if he was to recover his place in the family of God, his dignity as a child of God, his rights as an heir of God to the heritage of God's sons.

In His justice God remembered mercy. Of His mercy He resolved to re-bestow upon man the grace that he had lost, to redeem him from the degradation to which he had reduced himself, to restore him to that position from which he had fallen, and to those rights and that birthright which he had forfeited. "Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, then said I,—Lo! I come." There was to come a Mediator, who should be the Minister of a New Testament, who should reconcile God and man, and who should give man power to become again a son of God.

This the Mediator was to do by His one Sacrifice of Himself once offered. By it He should propitiate the offended God, and satisfy for the injuries inflicted by His guilty creature, man. By it also He should merit grace for the justification and sanctification of mankind.

In the fulness of time God sent forth His Son to be made of a woman. The Word, who from the beginning, in His Eternity was with God and was God, was in time made flesh, and dwelled on earth among men. Consubstantial with His Eternal Father, He became consubstantial with His brethren of mankind. He, a Divine Person, possessed a Divine Nature, *the* Divine Nature, the same Divine Nature, that one Divine Nature which is common to the Three Divine Persons, and in virtue of their possession of which they are Divine—not three Gods but one God. He, the same pre-existing, eternally existing Divine Person assumed in time and now possesses and will possess for ever a second Nature—a Nature created, finite, human—in all respects and specifically the same as our own, and in virtue of our possession of which we are human beings.

A *person* may be described as *that which possesses*; and a *nature* may be described as *that which is personally possessed*, as



existing within the sphere of the individual whole, within the circle and unity of a personal being.

Before the Incarnation of the Word, the Three distinct Divine Persons each possessed *one nature only*,—the numerically one Divine Nature common to the Three. In and since the Incarnation, one Divine Person has possessed and possesses *two natures*, while two Divine Persons possess but one. The *second nature* assumed and possessed by the Son of God was not taken by, and does not personally belong to the Eternal Father or to the Holy Ghost. It is a nature of the Son, and since the Son is God, it is *a nature of God*. It is *the human nature of God* as really and truly as His Divine Nature is the Nature of God.

No two natures could be more distinct or essentially separate the one from the other than are those two—the Divine and the human—the Uncreated and the created—the Infinite and the finite. Both, nevertheless, now subsist in the unity of One Divine Person. Both exist side by side, each in its own reality and perfection and completeness, and with no commingling—no alloy of the Divine Nature by any commixture thereof with the human nature—no burning up of the human nature in the fires of the Divine Nature with which it is united—no second, no created, finite, human personality to interfere with or mar the perfection of their hypostatic union. The two natures meet together and are wedded by an indissoluble bond, through the subsistence of each in one and the same Divine Person. The point of contact, so to speak, of the two natures is a Divine Person. The human nature was not assumed by the Divine *nature*. A nature does not assume, but is assumed. It was assumed by a Divine *Person*, and that Person is the Divine Bond by which both natures are bound together in the unity of *Totus Christus*—one Whole Christ.

Here we have *mediation* in its highest form—a mediation which is unique and has no parallel. Here is mediation, *not by office* merely, but *by nature*. The chasm between the Creator and the created is bridged across. The Infinite and the finite are in union closer than can be conceived. The Divine and the human are personally one. Jesus Christ is God, and Jesus Christ is also and as really Man. He thinks, He wills, He speaks, He acts; and His thoughts, His resolves, His words, His actions are human indeed and truly human, but they are as truly the human thoughts and resolves and words and actions

of God. He lives, and His human life is a life of God; He dies, and His human death is the human death of God. Speechless, He wails in infancy; sorrowing, He weeps, relieving by real tears the fulness of a straitened heart; wayworn, He is weary, and from weariness He sleeps; fasting, He hungers, and He is parched with thirst; insulted, misjudged, and misunderstood, neglected and forsaken, opposed and baffled, He is hurt and disappointed; betrayed and denied by His own familiar friends, hunted like a fierce wild beast to its lair, fettered like a ferocious outlaw, scourged and spat upon, trampled under foot and scourged, treated as a fool and madman, accused, sentenced, and condemned as traitor to His country and blasphemer of His God, His Heart is heavy, He trembles with a human fear, and the sorrow of His soul is even unto death; sweating blood in the Garden, He sheds it to the last drop upon the Cross on which He hangs between thieves and in the shame of His nakedness, commending His created Spirit to the God who gave It, he gives up the ghost: and from first to last, from His birth to His death, in infancy and youth and manhood, every thought and feeling, every word and silence, every cry and tear, every action and every suffering is at once that of man and of God, of the God-Man, of the one Mediator between God and man. And all He said and did and suffered was for one end—it was in order that He might bridge across the second gulf between man and his Maker, the chasm which man had cleft by means of sin.

To unite those who lay separated essentially by nature, and to unite them in the closest union possible between the Creator and the created, He became *what He was*—Mediator *by nature* in His Incarnation. To reconcile those who were further severed by reason of sin, He said *what He said*, and did *what He did*, and suffered *what He suffered*—as Mediator *by office* during the years of His mortal life, and in the death by which He propitiated and satisfied the offended and injured God, merited Divine grace, and redeemed mankind.

Jesus came “full of grace and truth.” He came *full of truth*, charged with a Divine message, in order that men might come, as God wills, to the knowledge of the truth, that they might possess that wisdom which should make them wise unto salvation, that they might be taught by God concerning God, and know God with that knowledge in which consists the life eternal.

He who came full of truth came also *full of grace*. In Him

was grace, and that not by measure, for in Him dwelleth all the fulness of Godhead corporeally. Grace was in Him not merely in order to the individual sanctification of His own created human soul; but it was in Him also as He was the central fountain, the source and well-spring of grace for the entire human family of God.

Now we arrive at the true and only point of view for rightly considering both that grace which God bestows upon us, and that sacramental system by means of which it is conveyed to us.

We may consider, in the first place, the institution of sacraments as means of grace, and ask ourselves—To whom does it belong to institute such means?

In one sense, God alone—His Divine Majesty the one Creator and Lord—can be the Institutor of sacraments which are efficacious to confer Divine grace. No one save the principal Author of grace Himself can *by principal authority* institute sensible signs—that is to say, signs which are objects of the human senses, so as to be visible, audible, tangible, or the like—by means of which and in virtue of which grace is conferred on all who receive them, and who, while receiving them, place no hindrance to its entrance. This would be true even if those signs, instead of being true causes, were, like the circumcision of the Old Law, only mere conditions with which the bestowal of grace was infallibly connected. By *principal authority* we mean such an authority as is not derived from any other and superior authority to which it is ministerially and instrumentally subject. It is, on the contrary, that independent authority from which is derived, and to which is subject as serving it, every other power and every other will which might concur to the institution of sacraments as means of grace.

The principal Author of the grace by which we are constituted the adoptive sons of God and heirs of the Kingdom in the Beatific Vision of God, is God alone, and can be no one save God. God alone is Prime Author and Principal Cause of Divine grace, not only as He is the First Cause of all things, and so of it; but also as a principal cause is opposed to an instrumental or ministerial cause.

In what sense, then, can Jesus Christ in His Sacred Humanity and as He is Redeemer of mankind be regarded as Institutor of the sacraments of the New Law?

Jesus Christ, as man's Redeemer, most fully satisfied man's

Maker for human sin, and merited for man Divine grace. He was not only an Ambassador of God, as was Moses in the Ancient Testament, but He was Himself and by means of His merits the Builder of the New Testament ; and He was and is in this His Testament Supreme Priest, and that for ever. Hence He is in such wise Head of His Church that there is no grace and no supernatural gift which does not depend on Him and on His merits, and which does not flow from Him to His members. As the Church itself, so every power, every ministry, every institute, and every means of grace and salvation in the Church has its origin and continuance from Him as from its Head. Hence on Him, as He is Man, and as He is in His Sacred Manhood, the meritorious Cause of all and every grace, the Mediator and Builder of the New Testament and the Head of the Church, depend—the application of His merit, the distribution of His grace, and the institution of means for the application of that merit and the bestowal of that grace ; and further—the perpetual dispensation of such means, and the power of their administration derived from Him to His ministers.

Hence it follows that in the present economy there can be no sacraments or means which are efficacious of grace, the value and virtue of which do not flow from the merits of Jesus Christ, since He is the meritorious Cause of all and every grace.

It follows further that there can be no sacraments which are not administered in the Name and by the authority of Jesus Christ ; because on Him depends the application of His merit and the dispensation of the grace which He has merited.

It follows, thirdly, that there can be no sacraments the institution of which, as it is founded in the merits of Jesus Christ, was not also effected by Jesus Christ Himself ; since He is the Mediator of the New Testament, the Builder and Head of the Church and its Supreme Priest.

Finally, it follows that there can be no sacraments to which the power of Jesus Christ to remit sins and bestow grace has been so bound that He could not or cannot exercise it independently of sacraments. This power, however, of ministering grace apart from sacraments is personal and peculiar to Him. Power to minister grace has not been entrusted to His ministers in the Church save as it is bound up with His sacraments, and inasmuch as they are ministers of these in His name. This is clear and manifest, and for this reason, that in Jesus Christ the idea of *universal* meritorious cause and universal power for the remission of sins

and bestowal of grace is the foundation and principle from which followed His, as it were, *particular* power to institute sacraments, and therefore His previous universal power could not and cannot, by reason of such particular power, be restricted and bound to such sacraments.

If we consider the Man Jesus Christ under one precise aspect, namely, as *meriting* grace, the means of grace, the institution and value and virtue of His sacraments, He is clearly and certainly *supreme* cause as He is a *meritorious* cause. But if we consider His Sacred Humanity in comparison with His Divinity, and consider His meritorious work, and His application of His merit, and His institution of His sacraments, as these are *functions of His Human Nature*—His Human Nature being itself an *instrument of God*, hypostatically united indeed in a Divine Person, but having all the power and efficacy in order to such functions *derived to It* from that Divine Person—the Man Jesus Christ, in comparison with God, as the *principal cause* of grace and the means of salvation and salvation itself, and so as the institutor of the sacraments by power of authority,—is a *ministerial cause* even in the institution of His sacraments.

In comparison, however, with the ministers to whom power is derived from Him to administer in His Name and authority the sacraments sanctified by His merits and instituted by Him, Jesus Christ is, even as He is man, a *principal* cause, and has power of *authority* corresponding to the fourfold excellence which we have just considered.

In order, therefore, to clearness of conception and accuracy of expression when considering and speaking of the power of His Divinity and the power of His Sacred Humanity as regards the institution and application of the sacraments, and, as distinguished from both powers, the ministry of the dispensation of the sacraments in mere men, it is convenient to distinguish and express the Divine Power as the power of *authority*—the power in His Sacred Humanity as the power of *excellence*—and the power of dispensation communicated by Him to His ministers as *ministerial* power.

This ministerial power we have now more fully to consider. The ministers of the sacraments perform a sacramental action by power received from Jesus Christ, in His Name and in His Person, or by His authority and as personating Him. When this sacramental action is an instrumental cause of certain

effects, he who performs it is undoubtedly a cause of those effects, but he is a ministerial and not a principal cause. This is because the sacrament has its virtue and efficacy, not from the minister, but from God and from Jesus Christ who instituted it; and because the minister acts by the power and in the Name of Christ, it follows that since that which demands the effect does not exist in the minister but solely in his sacramental action as performed by him as he is the agent of Christ, there is no other inflow of the minister towards producing the effect of the sacrament, save his mere performance of that action or sacred sign which is efficacious of grace from the institution of Jesus Christ.

The virtue and efficacy of the sacraments, and the ministerial power to administer them, are therefore entirely independent of the faith and merit or holiness of their ministers. Evil men, administering them, says Nicholas the First in his Answer to the Bulgarians, do damage only to themselves, as a lighted candle consumes itself, but ministers light to others who were in darkness. St. Augustine also declares that the baptism given by Paul or by Peter was not the baptism of Paul or Peter but the baptism of Christ, and if it was given by Judas it was the baptism of Christ. Judas, he continues, gave baptism, and after it there was no re-baptism. John (the Baptist) gave baptism and the person was again baptized; for the baptism given by Judas was the baptism of Christ, while the baptism of John was the baptism of John. Whom Judas baptized Christ baptized, and so, concludes the Saint,—I fear not an adulterer, or a drunkard, or a murderer, because I look to the Dove, through whom it is said to me: This is He that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost.

It is required, however, in order to the existence of a sacrament not only that the words and actions should be those which Christ determined, but also that the action should be performed *ministerially*. Hence two things are required, namely: first, that the action should be performed by one who has a power of ministry in place of Christ; and, secondly, that in the action he should really exercise this power. One furnished with such a power need not always necessarily act as a minister in place of Christ, as often as he unites the words and actions determined by Christ as sacramental signs. Sacraments are ordained not only to signify but also to effect that which they signify, and this they do by means of a human

action, which is sacramental and efficacious only as it is performed by the minister as by the legate of Christ and God, by the authority and in the Name of Christ and God, and as being, morally, the action of Jesus Christ the Supreme Priest. Hence the minister of the sacraments must in order to their existence, *exercise* his ministerial power and *act as* minister, that is, not in his own name, but in the name of the principal Author. In other words and briefly, *intention* to effect a sacrament is necessary in the minister of a sacrament.

This is necessary from the very nature of sacraments as they exist in the Divine economy, and, as a consequence, from the very idea of ministerial power; for the whole of an action such as that which is performed in a sacrament might be materially the same without that action being sacramental. The minister might not will to act as minister, or his act might not be a human act, as not done by free deliberate will; or he might not will to be the minister of an act which in his own view, or in that of others, is religious, but might will to perform the action merely materially by way of joke or in order to simulate a sacrament. His action would not in such case be morally the action of Christ or a sacrament, since the action is not instituted as a sacrament absolutely, and as often as it is performed in any way whatsoever, but only as it is performed *ministerially*. Without doubt, therefore, it is required that the minister should will to act as minister; and this will is what is called his *intention*. There is, says St. Thomas, required the intention of the minister by which he subjects himself to the principal Agent, so that he intends to do what Christ and His Church does.

While intention is required on the part of the minister, a general or even confused intention to do what the Church does, suffices. There is not required an explicit will or intention to minister in place of Christ, for this is contained implicitly in the will to act as a minister of the Church. There is not even necessary the special will to act as a minister of the true Church of God, or to confer a rite which should be efficacious of sanctity or spiritual good, for the Church herself, while teaching the necessity of intention, at the same time declares that sufficient intention may be had even by an infidel, who believes neither in Church nor in sacrament, nor in any effect of a sacrament. Even a pagan and a heretic, says Eugenius the Fourth, in his Instruction for the Armenians, can validly baptize, so long as

he observes the form of the Church, and intends to do what the Church does. If, for instance, a person baptizing should not believe either in Christ, or in the sanctity or efficacy of the sacrament, or in the truth of the Church and of the Christian religion, nevertheless if he knows that that rite is believed in and performed *by Christians as sacred*, he can have, and, if he baptizes at the request of a Christian, he ordinarily will have the intention of performing a rite which is, not in his own, but in the view of Christians, *sacred*. This intention supposed, he then acts not in his own name, but as minister of the Church, and so, implicitly, as minister of Christ the principal Agent, So much is it the case that ordinarily he will have this sufficient intention that Nicholas the First, in his Answer to the Bulgarians, says that unless an unbelieving Jew should externally manifest a contrary intention in baptizing, this intention may be supposed; and, generally, in cases of doubt with regard to the validity of sacraments, the question is not as to the hidden intention, but as to the manifest observance of the required matter and form.



## *The Botany of Albertus Magnus.*

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“Ruhige Pflanzenwelt, in deiner kunstreichen Stille vernehme ich das Wandeln der Gottheit” (*Schiller*).

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FOR nearly fifteen hundred years after the Christian era the study of Botany was almost entirely at a stand-still, and during the whole of the Middle Ages only one treatise of any importance about plants was written : it is the treatise of Albertus Magnus, entitled, *De Vegetabilibus et Plantis*. In this work alone do we obtain an accurate knowledge of the state of Botany in those remote times. Thus it possesses for us great historical value. It is true that not many of the facts we find mentioned there have stood the test of modern investigation, but this does not in any way diminish the historical importance of Albert's treatise. The early attempts of a Cæsalpinus,<sup>1</sup> the system of a Tournefort,<sup>2</sup> the luminous views of a John Ray, have only for us now an historical interest. Yet who will deny those great men a place among the forefathers of modern Botany?

Our object in this paper is not to examine in detail all the facts contained in the treatise, *De Vegetabilibus et Plantis*—this would require a volume—but simply to pass in review the principal doctrines of Albertus Magnus concerning the physiology of plants. By comparing them with the theories now commonly entertained, we shall arrive at some knowledge of the views of the thirteenth century on Botany, and of the advance we have since made.

Before the time of Albertus Magnus Botany as a science did not exist, for nothing could be less scientific than the short disconnected treatises which had appeared in former ages. Aristotle has been regarded by many as the founder of Botany, but the great philosopher has really founded so many branches of learning that it seems quite unnecessary for his fame to

<sup>1</sup> Andrea Cæsalpinus, born at Arezzo in Tuscany, in 1519, died at Rome in 1603. He was physician to Pope Clement the Eighth.

<sup>2</sup> Born at Aix in Provence (1656—1708).

make him the parent of sciences born long after his time. As is well known, the treatise *De Plantis* ascribed to him is apocryphal. Albert had no reason to question its genuineness, and so made it the groundwork of his own botanical treatise. To Pliny he only refers *en passant*, and of Theophrastes and Dioscorides<sup>3</sup> he probably knew very little. The principles of agriculture which he gives in the seventh book of his treatise are founded upon, if not largely borrowed from, Palladius. These, with a few facts brought to light by Jewish and Arabic doctors, were the scanty sources of tradition which the great Dominican had at his disposal; by adding to them his own observations he has been able to produce a work of one hundred and sixty-five folio pages in eight books, written with an order and method unknown to all preceding writers on the same subject.<sup>4</sup>

Of his method and of the distribution of his matter, we must also say a few words, for both do much honour to the intellectual superiority of this great man. In the first place, Albert distinguished clearly between the properties which are common to all plants, and have reference to their essential conditions of existence, and those facts which are special to each individual plant, or at least to groups of plants, and thus not being easily systematized, have to be described separately in each case. In other words, he positively instituted the division which we still follow, namely, that into Physiology (including Histology, Organography based on Morphology, Embryology, and all that relates to the life of plants), and Descriptive Botany (including Taxonomy, Geographical Distribution, &c.).

He calls the former part the philosophy of plants, because like philosophy it leaves out particulars and rises to the exclusive consideration of generalities. The other part he begins with his sixth book, and it is by far the shortest and least valuable of the two. Indeed, he almost apologizes to his readers for thus descending from the region of generalities to that of mere facts. Many years had yet to pass before men realized the truth that all their theories about plants, if they are to have any value, must be founded upon those particular facts,

<sup>3</sup> He wrote in Greek. This distinguished physician and botanist was born at Anazarba in Cilicia. He probably flourished in the reign of the Emperor Nero.

<sup>4</sup> Alberti Magni, *De Vegetabilibus et Plantis*, lib. vii. opp. ed. Jammy t. v. Lugduni, 1651.

and therefore can never supersede in importance an accurate observation of them. However, the division instituted by our author was a very valuable one, and in no earlier treatise on Botany do we find it so clearly and so formally indicated. The method by which he proposes to direct his researches is no less remarkable. There is a decidedly modern ring about the following phrase: "Some of the things of which we shall treat we have ourselves subjected to experiment; for other things we shall rely on the sayings of those whom we have found to be not too easy in their assertions, but to speak only of that about which they have experimented. For experimentation alone is a safe guide in such matters: *Experimentum enim solum certificat in talibus.*"

Nothing better could be said, and the great Aristotelian was proving himself a worthy disciple of his master when he took such a view of the study of Nature. After this declaration, however, we must not be surprised, if we find that, like the Stagyrte, our author in the course of his work has not always kept strictly to his principle. No man, ever so well gifted intellectually, can be expected to liberate himself altogether from the prejudices of the people with whom he lives, and he will always reproduce in his writings some of the errors of his generation. Besides, observation such as is required in natural science was practically impossible before the invention of the microscope. That which in Botany is observable with the naked eye is utterly insufficient for arriving at any definite knowledge of the living operations of plants. For instance, the cellular structure of vegetable tissues is a fact which must of necessity modify to a vast extent any notions of plant-life formed previously to the knowledge of such structure. Yet this fact, so universally recognized now, and so easy of demonstration, could not by any chance have been observed before the invention of the microscope. It is owing to this material incapacity that Aristotle, Albertus Magnus, and so many after them, were led to deny the existence of distinct sexes in plants. But the human mind seems unable to keep down its own activity, and so they proved by metaphysical arguments that plants could not have any sexes at all. Yet who will laugh at these great men for being so deceived? Who knows what foolish theories our scientific men of the present day may not be constructing, when they endeavour to speculate beyond the range of what they can actually observe?

And now we may proceed to examine the leading doctrines of Albertus Magnus, as we find them presented to us in the first six books of the treatise *De Vegetabilibus et Plantis*.

His first conclusion is that plants are living things, not things inanimate like stones or metals. In this he certainly agrees with the unanimous testimony of modern biology. Indeed, this truth is far more evident to us now than it could be in those ancient times, when the same accurate means of observation did not exist. Some of the arguments brought forward by Albert are, of course, very weak. Others, on the contrary, are truly solid, and do not materially differ from those with which we are still satisfied at the present day. For instance, starting from the general proposition that life must be predicated of all beings that are to themselves the immanent principle of their actions, he concludes that plants which we see drawing into their own tissues the juices of the soil, and growing in consequence, must be living beings.<sup>5</sup>

St. Augustine<sup>6</sup> had said before him : "Moventur et arbusta . . . illo motu quo intrinsecus agitur quidquid ad incrementum speciemque arboris pertinet, quo ducitur succus in radicem, vertitur in ea quibus constat herbæ natura, vel ligni : Nihil enim horum sine interno motu."

Now modern Botanists of high authority come to the same conclusion by the more demonstrative way of direct experimental proof. In the remarkable manner in which the roots of plants are able to absorb suitable food out of the soil these Botanists recognize a phenomenon not sufficiently accounted for by the merely physical law of endosmosis, as we know it, but one which supposes some other action, called vital, inherent in the plant itself.

It is well known that water, and those substances which are soluble in it, can pass, in virtue of what Dutrochet has called endosmosis, through the very thin walls of the young cells of the roots, whether these cells appear in the form of root-hairs, or constitute simply a portion of the epidermic layer.

Endosmosis itself is founded on the special action which two fluids of different density exert on each other. Now all young cells, besides presenting very thin walls, are filled with a dense nitrogenous liquid. They possess, therefore, very good physical qualities for performing their task of absorption. Yet they do not act altogether physically, like ordinary membranes

<sup>5</sup> Lib. i. tr. i. c. 9.

<sup>6</sup> Gen. ad. litt. lib. viii. c. 16.

interposed between two liquids of unequal density. An unknown factor here appears, by which the physical phenomenon is modified. Professor J. Sachs, the distinguished German Botanist, says on this point: "This simple fact that the phenomena of diffusion (endosmosis) in a cell are suddenly affected in a striking manner as soon as, by some cause, the cell is killed without being otherwise damaged, shows clearly enough that the molecular forces peculiar to life are dependent upon an inner and unknown state of the cellular organs, which we shall never be able artificially to imitate."

Our author is therefore in perfect harmony so far with the most modern views. From this it will also be remarked that he repudiated the notion that life merely consists in some special mode of operation of the ordinary physico-chemical forces. He distinctly attributes to plants a substantial principle, the formal cause of all distinctly vital operations observable in them.

In this, however, the great Doctor cannot be said to have the universal consent of modern men of science. Even within the rank of Catholic philosophers, here and there a dissentient voice has been heard. Yet many illustrious Naturalists of our times admit the necessity of such a vital principle in plants quite as emphatically as Albert did. He is not then a whit behind us in this question. We have heard just now the testimony of Professor Sachs on the properties of living cells. Physiological Botany is full of facts of the same nature, which show physical laws operating in living organisms, yet, as it were, not altogether freely. We have a good example of this in the common fact of transpiration. The transpiration which takes place in the organs of plants, chiefly in the parenchyma of the leaves, by means of which a certain quantity of water is restored to the atmosphere, is not mere physical evaporation. This is shown by the fact that the living cells of which leaves are composed are the seat of a much less active transpiration whilst they are alive, than when they have been killed, and so reduced to the state of mere organic matter. Unger has found that the transpiration going on in leaves with a given surface was three times, and sometimes five times, less in amount than the physical evaporation out of an equal surface of water.

After considering the general phenomena of life in plants, Albert, following Aristotle, inquires whether there be anything like true sensation and true sleep in them.

The question is an old one. Some ancient Greek philosophers attributed to plants not only sensation but also intelligence. Others were content to concede to them some form of sensation. Albert refutes the opinions of those philosophers and decides with Aristotle against plants having sensation in any degree whatever.

An opposite view has been taken in more recent times by many physiologists, and this may at first sight appear very unreasonable. Yet it must be admitted that, whilst no positive proof of sensation in plants has been obtained, nevertheless their physiology presents many facts which easily account for the opinion of so many distinguished naturalists. They were thus led to admit in the cellular units which either alone, or in definite clusters, constitute all plants, some obscure form of sense-apprehension, analogous to, if not identical with, the very low sensitive faculty which is recognized in those infusoria of the simplest kind, which it is often so difficult to distinguish from plants. The common arguments on both sides are equally besides the mark. Every one knows the absurd proof of Robinet and others, drawn from the way in which plants turn towards the light, from the irritability exhibited by many leguminous plants, and by the strange actions of such plants as the Sundew or the Venus' fly-trap. Although we are not able in every case to give a complete explanation of these facts, yet modern Botanists do not generally see there any evidence of real sensation.

But some of the arguments on the opposite side are not much more to the point. For instance, Albertus Magnus gives the following: "Nature never fails to supply that which is necessary to a creature. But nature would have failed in this, if, having given the faculty of feeling to plants, it had denied them organs of sense. As therefore plants have neither ears nor eyes nor any other organs of sensation, they cannot be capable of sensation itself."<sup>7</sup>

The microscope has considerably weakened the force of this argument; we know now that plants are not units in the same sense as an animal possessed of a nervous system is a unit. "The plant," says Asa Gray, "is a composite being or community, lasting, in the case of a tree, through an indefinite, and often immense, number of generations. . . . Plants of single cells, an unicellular alga for instance, and of a definite form, alone exhibit

<sup>7</sup> Lib. i. c. 3.

complete individuality.”<sup>8</sup> The fact of the composite being having no organs of sense proves therefore nothing. It is in the individual cell that the absence of all form of sensation has to be shown. The old argument against sensation drawn from the absence of all true motion in plants is not more availing.

Inherent power of movement is a quality which we so commonly consider an essential indication of animal nature that it is difficult at first to conceive it existing in any other. The capability of simple motion is now, however, known to exist in so many vegetable forms that it can no longer be held as an essential distinction between them and animals, and ceases to be a mark by which the one can be distinguished from the other. Thus the zoospores of many of the cryptogamia exhibit ciliary or amœboid movements of a like kind to those seen in animalcules. Inherent power of movement, then, although especially characteristic of animal nature, is, when taken by itself, no proof of it.<sup>9</sup>

Thus we see that speculations on either side have failed to bring us any nearer to a positive solution of this interesting but difficult question. We can only say that modern science agrees entirely with Albert in denying to plants the faculty of feeling such as we see it in the higher animals. That he, as well as the ancient philosophers against whom he argues, meant by sensation the sensation observed in those animals, and not in the lowest animal forms which stand on the confines of vegetable life, is evident, since they were totally ignorant of their existence.

The question of the sleep of plants is intimately connected with that of sensation. Albertus Magnus denies the reality of any sleep in plants, not evidently from any observed facts, but simply as a logical consequence. For, as he says, sleep is opposed to the waking state, and is a condition involving a general resolution of the body and cessation of sensibility. Therefore, plants which possess no sensibility can enjoy no true sleep. This notion of plants sleeping does not appear, as far as we know, to have been originated among ancient philosophers by

<sup>8</sup> *Structural Botany*, etc. By Asa Gray, LL.D. Macmillan and Co., 1880.

<sup>9</sup> In presence of these and similar facts, Professor Wyville Thompson (Introduct. Lect. Edin. Univ. May, 1871,) has said: “There are certain phenomena, even among higher plants, which it is very difficult to explain without admitting some low form of a general harmonizing and regulating function, comparable to such an obscure manifestation of reflex nervous action as we have in sponges, and in other animals, in which a distinct nervous system is absent.”

any actual observation. They simply reasoned logically, and, as some one has said with more wit than reverence, when a philosopher presumes to draw a logical conclusion from what he calls a principle, he always runs a fair chance of being wrong twice, instead of once only. They gave plants sensation; plants, therefore, must be liable to fatigue; therefore they must sleep. Now these *a priori* notions had been fairly lost sight of by naturalists, when the immortal Linnæus, while watching once a plant of the *Lotus ornithropodoides* at Upsala, observed for the first time the phenomenon now known in Botany as the sleep of plants. Struck by the attitude assumed by the leaves of that species of lotus during the night, he soon discovered that many other plants behaved in a similar way. He resumed his observations in his celebrated thesis entitled, *Somnus Plantarum*.

The question has received much attention within the last few years, and modern Botanists, like Albertus Magnus, see in this phenomenon no evidence of anything like true sleep. They explain it chiefly by the operation of light and heat, and by the peculiar structure of certain parts. However, we have not yet, I think, heard the last word on this interesting subject.

We pass on to the important question of the sexes of plants. Here Albert came, we may well say, without any fault of his own, to a wrong conclusion. Induction even could not have led him to a better view of the case, for, ignorant as he necessarily was of the profound affinities which connect the vegetable with the animal kingdom, he was unable to anticipate by a flash of his genius what his means of observation did not place within his reach. The history of the question shows this plainly. The Greeks and Romans had had only obscure notions on the possibility of sexuality in plants. They knew, indeed, of what Herodotus reports about the Babylonians, who distinguished male and female date-palms, just as the Arabs do now. But they seem to have been quite clear only about the fact that the production of fruits was a consequence of the flowering of the plant.

Virgil, in his *Georgics*, testifies to this notion when he says :

Quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbor  
Induerat, totidem autumnos matura tenebat.

The Renaissance added nothing or next to nothing to this, and we must come to the second half of the seventeenth century



to see a first gleam of light on this capital question. In 1685, an Englishman, who shares with the Italian Malpighi the glory of having founded the science of Vegetable Anatomy, Nehemiah Grew, a physician, established by his observations the existence of distinct sexes in plants.

Linnæus by his famous sexual classification of plants attracted the attention of men of science to this great fact; but to see the last stage in the process of this discovery we must wait till 1839, when T. B. Amici, the celebrated *savant* of Modena, was able to announce that he had actually followed the whole process of fecundation through the ovary down to the very micropyle of the ovule. What happens in the ovule itself has formed the matter of subsequent researches. From this rapid historical sketch, it appears that the gradual unfolding of the mystery of fecundation in plants was precisely regulated by the gradual improvement of our microscopes. Yet we find that an enlightened Botanist like Tournefort, even after the discoveries of Grew and Camerarius, could still entertain very retrograde views on this subject, and it is only in our own times that perfect unanimity has prevailed at last. It is therefore no wonder if the thirteenth century was mistaken in this respect. In the whole of Albert's treatise we have found one solitary allusion to stamens.<sup>10</sup> Speaking of the flower of the vine, he says: "It must not be left unnoticed that almost every flower has a collection of granules fixed inside the flower by small filaments." The essential part played by these granules, as he calls them, in the life of plants was not even suspected for several centuries, yet this first notice of them has seemed to us worth recording.

This examination of the botanical philosophy of Albert would be very incomplete, were we to end here without touching, at least briefly, upon his views concerning the way in which plants have originated on the face of the earth. Nothing is more remarkable than his bold treatment of the question, and also, we may say, in spite of many mistakes, nothing perhaps shows so well the scientific bent of his inquiring mind. We shall give the chief passages of his treatise on this matter, even at the risk of tiring the reader by so many quotations; but it is, of course, very important that his teaching should be here faithfully and literally reproduced.

The views of Albert on the origin of vegetable species have particular reference, in the first place to their imme-

<sup>10</sup> Lib. ii. tr. i. c. 5.

diate production out of the earth; and in the second to the power of transformation present in them. His position, in a few words, is this: God has placed in matter a potentiality which, when acted upon by the special virtue of the stars in the heavens, is able to produce plants, at least what he calls perfect plants, meaning evidently phanerogamous plants; for he speaks of cryptogams, particularly of mushrooms, very much as if they were only some kind of transformed decayed vegetable matter. He takes plants to stand very close upon the confines of matter; their characteristics are not permanent, but partake of the changeableness of matter itself, so that one species easily passes into another. Indeed, as will soon appear from the passages about to be quoted, he lays down this aptitude for modifications as one explanation of the origin of vegetable species. But, as he makes frequent allusions in his treatise, in connection with our subject, to a heavenly virtue—*virtus cælestis*,—it may be well first to understand exactly what he means by it.

In common with his contemporaries, our philosopher supposed that the sun, moon, and stars exerted a decided influence over the life of plants, and all kinds of distinct effects were attributed to the modes according to which their rays of light crossed each other, and to the angles under which these rays fell upon the plants. The light came down upon the spot where the matter destined for the generation of a plant was already prepared. This matter received from, or through, the light a hidden virtue which not only caused it to bring forth the organized plant, but also determined its specific character. As we may well expect, Aristotle was quoted in support of these views. Albert adduces a passage of the Stagyrte, saying that the motions of the heavens are as a sort of life to all existing beings.<sup>11</sup>

The chief interest of such ideas to us lies in the evidence they afford of the large part which the best of the Scholastics were disposed to grant to the operations of second causes in Nature.

<sup>11</sup> "Cœlestes autem sunt operationes plantarum a formis suis specificatis quæ dantur eis per motum cœlestem et maxime motum planetarum in orbe declini: hæc enim variantur valde secundum intersecationes et angulos signorum et stellarum in ipsis positarum et planetarum quæ moventur in ipsis . . . Adhuc autem non solum est hæc diversitas in signis sed in quolibet gradu signorum, et accipit magnam variationem ex situ et comparatione plantarum et stellarum ex ipsis. Et omnis ista virtus descendit per lumen pyramidale in locum generationis et materiam generandi, et confert ei virtutem formativam speciei. Et ideo dixit Aristoteles quod motus cœli est tanquam vita quædam omnibus existentibus . . ." (Lib. vi. tr. 2, c. 22).

This point, then, being settled, we proceed to give the substance of some of the chief passages in Albert's work, relating to the origin of plants. The matter of which one plant is composed, says our author, differs little from that which exists in any other plant, so that with a slight modification the matter of one plant may become the matter of another. Hence some philosophers of the school of Plato have said that God, after creating the earth, placed in it the "seminal cause" of all plants, but not of animals; they meant to say that the matter out of which plants are produced is some modification of the earth acted upon by the celestial force, and that this is insufficient for the production of animals.

Herbs and all species of plants are only formed by the composition or mixture of (chemical) elements, not by the operation of some simple element (or force).<sup>12</sup>

In the fourth book (p. 407) we find a passage where the argument for spontaneous generation is conducted very much as an adversary of our modern Panspermists would conduct it. They maintain that living organisms appear where no germs or seeds could possibly have been present. Albert says the same:

One might doubt whether the decomposition (of organic substances) be not the productive cause of very low vegetable forms only (such as algæ, fungi, &c.). But it does not seem to be so, for we see that in many places where no seeds of plants are to be found, in the course of time various species of higher plants are seen growing, and these herbs, shrubs, and trees, do not seem to have any other productive cause besides putrified organic matter and the active virtue of stars.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>12</sup> "Plantarum materia non multum distat a materia alterius, et ideo facta parva mutatione circa eam efficitur et proxima potentia ad aliam, et statim illa pullulat ex ipsa. Hinc est quod quidam theologizantes Platonici dixerunt quod Deus, creata terra, indidit ei sementinam causam omnium plantarum, sed non indidit ei semina animalium, volentes dicere quod materia quæ est potentia ex qua pullulat planta est terræ aliqua temperantia cum cœlesti effectû, et quod non sufficit hoc in animalium productione" (p. 370; op. cit.).

"Eodem autem modo herbæ et omnes plantarum species non fiunt nisi per compositionem et commixtionem elementorum, et non per naturam alicujus simplicis elementi. Sicut neque salsedo et substantia arenarum de quibus diximus, fiunt per naturam simplicis elementi, sed per naturam mixtionis et compositionis plurimorum elementorum. Vapores enim ascendendo de profundo terræ ad superficiem ejus, cum fuerint ibidem coagulati sive coadunati, habent in se posse seminale et formativum quod comprehendunt species hujusmodi herbarum et plantarum. Aër enim descendens immixtus rorificat illum ad quem subitus contingunt vapores in superficie terræ adunati et retenti et in seipsos revoluti, et tunc per virtutem stellarum, sicut in antehabitis sæpius diximus, convenit ex vapore formativa virtus figuræ seminum aliquarum plantarum" (p. 401).

<sup>13</sup> "Fortasse dubitaret aliquis . . . utrum forte putredo non sit principium nisi impersectorum plantarum. Hoc autem non videtur, quoniam nos videmus quod in multis

We now come to those passages where the passing of species into one another, and the elevation of lower species into higher ones by organic transformation, are explained and distinctly taught. Such views, at this time, cannot fail to present more than a mere historical interest. He says, for instance, in substance, that the changes which occur in plants are among the most wonderful in nature; that five ways have been found by which plants are thus transmuted into one another; and that one of these ways is the change which takes place within the seed itself. . . . Some have indeed maintained, he continues, that species cannot be altered or modified; and this we know to be true, that no change takes place directly from one actual species into another actual species, but that a change may take place from a potential condition to an actual specific mode of being, that in the earth matter gives up the actuality of form which it possessed, and acquires a potentiality to some other actual form, and that thus a change from one species of plant into another may be effected.<sup>14</sup>

On the same subject, he had said in his second book :

When plants undergo specific changes, this may be done in two ways. Sometimes, by the mere progress of time, one plant rises to the specific characters (*natura*) of a higher plant . . . or sometimes, owing to a special supply of food, the same plant will assume the characters of another species with which it has affinities (p. 370).<sup>15</sup>

The variations of plants under domesticity had not escaped his attention. He remarks (p. 424) that besides the changes above mentioned, is also to be noticed the modification by which a wild plant becomes improved by man's cultivation; that

locis nudis a semine plantarum per successum temporis nascuntur plantæ perfectæ secundum omnem plantæ speciem, eo quod sic crescunt herba, olera, frutices et arbores : et non videntur nasci nisi ex putredine et virtute stellarum."

<sup>14</sup> "De transmutatione plantarum satis miranda opera naturæ inveniuntur. Quinque enim modi experti sunt quibus plantæ transmutantur ad invicem, quorum unus est ex seminum ipsorum transmutatione . . . Sicut seminata siligo nobilitatur et in secundo vel tertio anno mutatur in triticum, et a converso contingit quod triticum in quibusdam terris seminatum degenerat et fit in secundo vel tertio siligo. Modus autem hujus est paulatinus . . . Et hoc modo fit mutatio aliarum plantarum et herbarum omnium. . . . Quod autem quidam dicunt non posse species ad se invicem permutari, hoc quidem verum esse scimus quod non est transmutatio de *actu* ad *actum* sed de *potentia* ad *actum*. In terra enim destituitur materia ab actu uno et fit potentia ad alterum, et sic fit transmutatio plantæ ad plantam."

<sup>15</sup> "Cum plantæ ad invicem transmutantur, duas habent mutationes : aliquando autem processu solo temporis ascendit ad naturam plantæ superioris . . . aliquando autem propter nutrimenti complexionem transit in aliam sibi affinem secundum speciem."

culture will develop the natural qualities of a plant ; neglect of culture will cause the same plant to return to its former wild condition.<sup>16</sup>

We might easily multiply these quotations, but we have enough here to see the view taken by Albert of the origin of plants. For him they are the direct product of earthy substances properly disposed and acted upon by sidereal influences of a physical nature. Thus out of matter and sidereal influence was produced a seed having life and endowed with the power of perpetuating its life. But all species of plants were not so produced. In the seeds Albert admitted a natural tendency towards various degrees of modification. Any external or internal influences affecting the plant would, as it were, be reflected in the seed, and this seed once placed in the earth, *destruitur*, as he has told us, *ab actu uno et fit potentia ad alterum et sic fit transmutatio plantæ ad plantam*. Thus would new species and even new genera with innumerable varieties, both wild and domestic, be produced in course of time. We need not remark that these views on evolution represent a stage of infancy in vegetable biology. Many facts are wrongly interpreted ; many examples given by Albert to support his theory are no examples at all. But while we fully concede this, yet it remains true that he has roughly, but rightly, apprehended the elements of the great problem of the origin of vegetable species, and that his teaching tends strongly towards what many naturalists of our own times would call a probable conclusion.

However, without denying the great originality of Albert's views, we must acknowledge that St. Augustine, many centuries before Albert, had proposed views on the creation of plants by which our German philosopher seems to have been inspired. It will be interesting to quote here a remarkable passage out of the *Summa* of St. Thomas, in which Albert's illustrious pupil, while he presents to us the teaching of Augustine, seems to re-echo the lessons of his great master. The passage runs thus :

With regard to the production of plants, Augustine thinks differently from others. For other expounders say that plants were produced actually according to their species on this third day (of creation) according to the mere superficial meaning of the words. But Augustine

<sup>16</sup> "Est autem præter dictas mutationes illa qua de sylvestri fit domestica et de domestica sylvestris ; cuius modum et causam oportet cognoscere. Est enim de expertis quod omnis planta domestica subtracto cultu sylvescit et omnis sylvestris domesticatur quando cultus adhibetur."

affirms (5 *Super Gen. ad litt.*), that it is said that the earth then causally (*causaliter*) produced every herb and tree, that is, that the earth received the power of producing; and this moreover he confirms by the authority of Scripture. For it is said (Gen. ii.): "These are the generations of the heaven and the earth when they were created in the day that the Lord God made the heaven and the earth, and every plant of the field before it sprung up in the earth, and every herb of the ground before it grew." Therefore before they sprung up actually upon the earth they were already made causally in the earth. But this also is confirmed by reason, because, while in those first days God made every creature in its origin and cause (*originaliter vel causaliter*), He afterwards rested from that work, although in directing all the things He made He continued to work afterwards even until now by means of propagation. But to produce plants from the earth belongs to the work of propagation. Plants therefore were not produced on the third day actually, but only causally.<sup>17</sup>

We need not point out the logical connection of this teaching with the doctrine of Albert. For, if he understood the sacred text in Genesis as St. Augustine did, it follows that for him the various species of plants appeared on the face of the earth, not by one single act of creation in the beginning (*non actu sed causaliter tantum*), not by successive creations (*a quo opere postmodum requievit*), but by a natural development of the virtue which the earth on the third day had confided to her; therefore, as St. Thomas says, *per opus propagationis*. All solutions of the problem before us are ultimately reducible to one of these three hypotheses.

Of course, the fact that such views, entertained of old by men of high authority, appear to coincide in their general outline with views more recently propounded, cannot be taken as a final settlement of the question. Neither have we given Albert's view in detail as affording any support to the unphi-

<sup>17</sup> "Circa productionem plantarum, aliter opinatur Augustinus ab aliis. Alii enim Expositores dicunt quod plantæ productæ sunt actu in suis speciebus hac tertia die (creationis) secundum quod superficies litteræ sonat. Augustinus autem (5 *Super Gen. ad litt.*) dicit quod causaliter tunc dictum est produxisse terram herbam et lignum, id est producendi accepisse virtutem, et hoc quidem confirmat auctoritate Scripturæ. Dicitur enim (Genes. 2): 'Istæ sunt generations cœli et terræ, quando creata sunt in die quo Deus fecit cœlum et terram et omne virgultum agri, antequam oriretur in terram, omnemque herbam regionis priusquam germinaret.' Ante ergo quam orirentur super terram factæ sunt causaliter in terra. Confirmatur autem hoc etiam ratione: quia in illis primis diebus condidit Deus creaturam originaliter vel causaliter; a quo opere postmodum requievit, qui tamen postmodum secundum administrationem rerum conditarum per opus propagationis usque modo operatur. Producere autem plantas ex terra ad opus propagationis pertinet. Non ergo in tertia die productæ sunt plantæ in actu sed causaliter tantum" (*Sum. Theol.* i. 69, 2. o).

losophical theories of some of our modern Naturalists. But it seemed to us not altogether useless to show that, after all, the speculations of the best period of the Middle Ages had more in common with the speculations of our own times than some perhaps imagine. We purposed to examine several other points treated by our author in his work, but space bids us be satisfied with this brief examination of his botanical doctrines. All, I think, will admit that they give evidence of a clear, vigorous, mind, earnest in the search after truth. The Botany of Albertus Magnus deserves honourable mention in any complete history of that important science, or at least in the history of Vegetable Physiology. Thus the treatise *De Vegetabilibus et Plantis* remains as a monument of remarkable industry, exhibiting a genuine scientific spirit, evidently not incompatible with an unbounded devotion to the faith for which Albert lived, and in which he died a Doctor and a Saint.

L. MARTIAL KLEIN.

## *King Henry the Eighth.*

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### CHAPTER XI.

#### ANNE BOLEYN IN A NEW CHARACTER.

IN tracing the origin and development of the schism which separated England from Rome, we have now reached the year 1534, and a few observations must be made upon the incidents which occurred during its progress. They are comparatively uninteresting, and will not detain us long. England had no victories to chronicle, for she had ceased to occupy the conspicuous rank in the politics of Europe which she had attained during the brilliant administration of Wolsey. The correspondence between Henry and the Papal Court, until now so frequent and so exciting, had all but ceased, and its place had been supplied by the new system introduced by Cromwell and Cranmer. The internal state of the country demanded no especial observation. The commerce of England was carried on as heretofore; but its safety now depended rather upon the courage of each individual crew than upon the respect paid to the flag under which they sailed. As a nation our power had sunk into comparative insignificance. At home, the husbandman sowed his seed in the field as his father had done before him, and the harvest came round with its accustomed regularity. The country presented an appearance of undisturbed tranquillity, and within the realm there were many men intent only upon their own present enjoyment, who in this fair prospect welcomed the return of the golden age and ascribed it to the advent of the Reformation.

Henry was one of this number. He took little heed of the political events, great or small, which were passing around him either at home or on the continent; and, intent only upon the gratification of his own pleasures, he left the management of public affairs in the hands of Cromwell. This minister willingly devoted himself to his master's service, which in his hands was



made to become far from unproductive ; and of the clients who thronged to him for his patronage few were so indiscreet as to present themselves empty-handed. Thus liberated from all such official duty as he did not himself relish, the King followed his own amusements. Travelling gaily from one country house to another he hunted the stag, shot with his cross-bow, dallied with Anne Boleyn, and chatted with such of the ladies of the court as yet ventured to trust their reputation and themselves in his society. He found time at intervals to give some of his attention to the expansion of his latest discovery, the National Establishment, and during the year 1534 it underwent certain changes which brought it nearer to the form in which it now stands among us.

Parliament met early in January and showed itself favourable to the progress of the Reformation. It carried through to completion within a comparatively short space of time a succession of measures of primary importance. We are the less surprised at the rapidity with which it moved when we discover that the members of whom it was composed had been carefully sifted by the King and "the lady," and that such as might possibly give an independent vote were rejected. Among the number whom Henry looked upon with suspicion were the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Durham and Rochester, the Lord Darcy, and many others.<sup>1</sup> It was enacted that in future no canons should be made in Convocation without the King's consent ; that appeals might be carried from the Ecclesiastical Courts into the Court of Chancery, but that henceforth none should be made to the Pope. By subsequent chapters of the same session, Parliament decreed that bishops might be made and consecrated without the Papal sanction having been obtained, and the payment of first fruits to the Holy See was forbidden. Power was given to the archbishops and the King to grant such dispensations as hitherto had been obtained only from Rome ; and, finally, Cardinal Campeggio and Jerome de Ghinucci, Bishops of Salisbury and Worcester, were deprived of their bishoprics. The two universities followed in the same spirit, and declared that the Pope had no more jurisdiction in England than any other foreign bishop ; and, finally, the Convocation of the province of York, assembled under Archbishop Lee, arrived at the same decision.

It must not be forgotten, however, that these votes did not

<sup>1</sup> Gairdner, 121.

represent the genuine feelings of the people of England. They were wrung from the clergy and the convocation, from the parliament and the universities, by the pressure of that terrorism which now formed a part of the Government of the kingdom. Any attempt at independent action would have been crushed by the iron hand of this ruthless tyrant. Externally the condition of the country might seem fair and pleasant; but men who looked deeper knew better. They saw much which escapes the glance of the heedless observer, and learned lessons from books which fools do not care to read. Everywhere, under the guise of unresisting submission to the will of their master, was a feeling of insecurity; and it was impossible to refrain from questioning the stability of a system of which the beginnings had already been so ominous.

Unobservant as may have been the average Englishman of the time, he could not fail to observe that the changes introduced by Henry tended, at the same time, to the King's own advantage and to the loss of the nation at large. Reform was an expensive amusement, and to indulge the caprices of their Sovereign cost a large sum of money. They had to supply him with the funds for carrying on his quarrel with the Pope, and to fee the hungry agents who managed his affairs in Rome and in the chief universities through Europe. He said that he had reformed the Church; but he did so by sweeping into his own coffers, and spending upon his own pleasures, the revenues which built and supported the cathedrals, the parish churches, the hospitals, and the almshouses, which were the honour and glory of England. He had waxed eloquent when he discoursed upon the overgrown wealth of the monastic houses, but he seized their fertile pastures and well-cultivated fields to enrich his dissolute courtiers or his shameless courtesans. If the King became the richer by the process, the people became the poorer; and they looked with no favourable eye upon a system which began in persecution and was continued by oppression and tyranny.

Henry's reformation touched our ancestors on another point about which they were naturally very sensitive. The average Englishman of that day cared for his religion. Whatever may have been the faults of the clergy, it is clear that at the time of which I am writing they did their duty to their people. England was still a Catholic country and knew that it was such. The children were catechised, the youth was instructed in the faith, the sacraments were regularly dispensed, and the services of the

Church were duly administered. Heresy was punished, and every precaution was adopted to preserve the unity of that faith which had been the inheritance of the land from the time of St. Augustine.

With a people whose spiritual life was built upon such a broad foundation, anything which suggested the idea of a change of creed must have been looked upon with fear and hatred. The feeling of the country was Conservative. Henry's innovations would have been objectionable enough had they involved a change in the amount of the rental of our ancestors, or in the tenure of their land, or in the terms of their feudal service. But this new system which he was bent upon introducing, was something much more radical and more formidable. It told them that their fathers and mothers had died in darkness, that they themselves had been reared in culpable ignorance, and that until now they had not known the true nature of Christianity. But their difficulties were not yet over. When the Englishmen and Englishwomen of the period of Henry the Eighth came to examine this new revelation thus forced upon them, "this Gospel light which dawned from Boleyn's eyes," they recognized in it some of the worst features of that Lollardism which they knew to be a heresy condemned by bishops and universities, by councils and by popes; all that was erroneous in doctrine and abominable in practice. It might suit Henry and his paramour, but it would not do for honest Christians.

That it was abominable in practice could easily be proved. Henry had furnished his subjects with too many illustrations of its character to leave it open to a question. His debaucheries had long been notorious; and although the privacy of kings is held to enjoy a certain privileged licence, he had far overstepped that limit, even according to its laxest interpretation. All who saw him—saving his own familiars—must have shrunk with loathing from the man whose soul was known to be burdened with the double crime of adultery and incest. And now he came to them, warning them against walking any longer in the old paths, and pointing out the purer and more excellent way in which alone they might find safety and peace for the future.

When the altar is violated the fireside is seldom safe. England was under the dominion of a terrorism which made life intolerable. The land was overrun by spies and informers, who, when they could not discover cause for an accusation, invented one. They recommended themselves to their employer

by denouncing his rivals and his enemies. There was no safety from anonymous accusations; and to be accused was the same as to be condemned. The priest could not speak in safety to his flock from the pulpit, the wayfaring man could not drink his ale in quiet on the bench of the village inn, the farmer dared not talk with his neighbour in the market, without running the risk of being charged with harbouring treasonable designs of which he had never heard, and of expressing unloyal opinions which he had never uttered. And death was fast becoming the only form of punishment which Henry's Draconian laws would condescend to inflict.

The process by which Henry carried out his plans for establishing his royal supremacy demands a passing notice. He was a careful student of the laws of the realm, and had at his command the advice of men who would guide him wherever he needed direction. He contrived generally to have the law, or at least the letter of the law, on his side; and for most of his acts some authority can be quoted. The law was not openly and boldly violated, but it was administered in a harsh, cruel, and vindictive spirit. Justice was turned into an instrument of oppression; and, instead of being the protector of the community, was made to become the public executioner. The King used it to gratify his revenge, and the headsman and rackmaster of the Tower became the two great functionaries of State. Henry was never disappointed in the result of any prosecution which he thought fit to institute. The Trial by Jury, that supposed security against every miscarriage of justice, was no real protection to the accused. Jurors were timid, and judges held their offices during the royal pleasure. Obsolete Acts of Parliament were revived, and fines were inflicted upon their authority. If the law was not sufficiently stringent to accomplish the purpose for which it was needed, a new one was passed to meet the difficulty. Henry's supremacy was held to extend to matters of faith, worship, and discipline; to deny this supremacy and even to imagine it was a capital crime, as was proved by the case of More and Fisher. To this condition had the Supreme Head of the Church of England brought the nation, for the laws and liberties of which he had proposed himself as the Protector and Defender.

Men do not willingly live in such an atmosphere of doubt and danger, and when it overtakes them they do their best to escape from it. It was of sheer necessity that the English-

man who groaned under the rigour of Henry's bondage was driven to speculate how he could gain his freedom ; and he called up the memories of a bygone century to settle some of the problems of his present existence. In 1534 men were yet living whose fathers had taken an active part in the great Wars of the Roses, and who themselves had fought in the battle which placed the English crown on the head of the first of the Tudors. Had that event proved a blessing for the country, or a calamity? Upon this question there might be a reasonable difference of opinion, but there could be none upon the legal value of the claim of the Tudors to the possession of the English throne. It was worthless as constituting a genealogical title. Henry the Seventh had worn the crown simply by the will of the people, and his son, the monarch at that time reigning, held it by no better prescript. The power which had made him could unmake him, and whether it would do so or not was a problem which was now exercising the minds of a considerable number of his subjects.

But then came the question : Who should be his successor? To move in the rejection of the present ruler before having agreed upon the future occupant of the vacant throne, would have been to ensure the failure of the undertaking and to strengthen the position of the tyrant from whose despotism aggrieved England wished to free herself. Henry had already taught his people the direction in which they should look. He had announced that he meant to settle the succession of his realm to his nephew James, King of Scotland, in default of his own issue by his present wife ;<sup>2</sup> from an early period of his reign he had familiarized them with the idea, and they had accepted it. James was Henry's nephew, the son of Margaret Tudor, therefore one of the royal family of England. He was young, handsome, and generous ; he was a good Catholic, and he was as much beloved by his own people as Henry was feared and disliked. A contemporaneous report tells us that in the judgment of the writer, the personal qualities of the Scottish King could not be praised too highly. We may form our opinion as to the estimate in which he was held in England by an occurrence which is mentioned in more than one of the State Papers, and of which an account was forwarded without delay to Henry. When James was returning from France with his newly-married wife, it happened that his ship was becalmed off Scarborough, and, as

<sup>2</sup> Gairdner, 114, A.D. 1534.

the weather was fine, several of the inhabitants of a village on the coast went on board the royal vessel. Having obtained an interview with his Majesty they threw themselves on their knees before him, and thanked God for his health and prosperity. They showed him that they had long looked for him, "how they were oppressed, slain, and murdered, and they desired him for God's sake to come in, and he should have all." The inhabitants of another village on the same coast spoke the same language.<sup>3</sup> The suggestion, as far as we can judge, seems to have been far from unpleasant to James at the time; but be that as it may, we know that when it was proposed to him in form at a later period by Sir Ralph Sadler, the Scottish monarch treated the suggestion with indifference. It is always difficult to speculate upon the result of movements which depend upon political combinations; but in the present case, it would seem as if an invasion of England, upon the part of Scotland, might have been successful, if supported by the aid of Charles or Francis. But James could not have held his prize for any length of time, even if he had succeeded in dethroning his obnoxious uncle.

More important, however, would it have been to have placed a member of the family of Pole at the head of any such insurrection as that which was now contemplated. Chapuys frequently discusses it with the Emperor, and always in such a tone as to show that he thought it practicable. According to the plan which was most popular, Reginald Pole, the future Cardinal, was to obtain a dispensation to marry the Princess Mary, and along with her to give peace to England. It was expected that Charles would send a small army to assist in the insurrection, which, however, would be carried out chiefly by the rising of the people themselves. Ireland would assist, and Wales waited but for the sign to be up and doing.<sup>4</sup>

About this time Anne Boleyn became conscious that her day of prosperity was fast drawing to its close. Probably she wondered that for her the sun had shone so brightly and so steadily; for from the beginning she must have known the character of the man with whom she had associated herself, and the nature of the connexion which she had formed with him. His treatment of Queen Katherine and the Princess Mary, his treatment of her own sister and herself, must have shown her that selfishness was the ruling principle of his

<sup>3</sup> State Papers, *Henry VIII.* v. 80; *Span. Cal.* p. 754.

<sup>4</sup> Gairdner, 1206, 1386.

conduct. As long as she pleased him she was safe, but no longer, and now she knew that she had ceased to please him. She was passing through the usual discipline of punishment which is marked out for women of the class to which Anne belonged. She was conscious that her attractions were upon the wane, that Henry had ceased to linger in her company as he used to do, that the light—baleful as it was—had died out of his eyes when he looked upon her, and that his voice, when he spoke to her, had become harsh and cold. The man she called her husband had ceased to care for her, and sought his amusement elsewhere. She had given him a child, but the child was not a boy, and he banished the useless encumbrance out of his sight. Anne did not know how to recover her lost ascendancy, or even to retain the scanty respect which he still continued to show her. At her best she had never been remarkable for her personal beauty, and the little which nature had bestowed upon her was rapidly on the decline. It had become notorious that Henry was pursuing a new amour, and had transferred to a younger and fairer object the affections, such as they were, which a few years previously he had lavished upon her. We cannot wonder that the wretched woman, friendless and comfortless, deserted by her husband and deprived of her child, lashed herself into paroxysms of fury; and that her tongue gave loud and shrill utterance to the evil passions which had taken possession of her heart. Such is the condition into which this miserable being is represented in the correspondence of the Imperial Ambassador as having fallen at this time. She is filled with envy, jealousy, hatred, and revenge; and ready for any crime the opportunity for which may be presented to her.

The state of affairs, then, in the royal household had ceased to be respectable. During the time when it had been presided over by Katherine, her influence and example had preserved at least the external appearance of decorum, but decorum had departed along with the Queen and the Princess Mary. Not only was there no decorum, there was no peace. Anne was a prey to jealousy; and a jealous woman who has a short temper and a sharp tongue is not a pleasant companion. Henry was not inclined to submit without a struggle. He was intent upon a new amour, and resented any attempt to interfere with what he considered his traditional privileges. His Court was now a kind of devil's paradise, and as such was distinguished by the

absence of all that was good and the presence of all that was evil.

It may be objected that this view which I have taken of the state of affairs in the English Court at the time of the birth of Queen Elizabeth is incredible, since, had it existed, Henry could at any time have freed himself from the annoyance to which it presumes that he was exposed. If his mistress had become a nuisance, why not tell her so, and get quit of her without further trouble? What was easier than to cut the cord that bound him to her; if not by the executioner, at least by the ready help of that other useful State functionary, the Archbishop of Canterbury? Since, then, Henry was contented to drag the chain which he had been fool enough to fasten round his own neck, why should we suppose that it galled him?

The explanation is to be found in remembering the insecure tenure by which the Tudors held the English crown. Their title to it was a fiction; they knew its weakness and were careful how they pleaded it. Henry the Seventh removed out of his way, as far as he had the opportunity of so doing, every individual who stood nearer than himself to the old royal blood of the family of York. His son, the eighth Henry, inherited his terrors and his method of quieting them, and he passed both on to his daughter Elizabeth. Hence the legal murder of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; hence the more revolting execution of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury; hence the anxiety with which he endeavoured to entrap Reginald Pole into his hands; and hence, once more, the endless plots which he devised to procure the death of Richard de la Pole, whom a large body of Henry's own subjects would know only by the title of the "Blanche Rose" of England. The question of the succession still pressed upon Henry in 1534, and he did not know how to answer it. Katherine had ceased to give him children and he divorced her. Henry Fitz Roy would not be acceptable to the nation as his successor, though such a plan had occurred to him, for he was illegitimate. Mary was rejected, because a queen regnant was a novelty in Europe. In the hope of obtaining an heir to the throne he had taken Anne Boleyn as his wife, and she had disappointed him so far, for the child which she presented to him was nothing better than a daughter. But having taken her and paid so dearly for her, he would give her one more chance; if the coming child were a son, well; if not so much the worse for Anne. But be it son



or be it daughter, one thing was certain : the King must have his amusements, and he did not wish to be disturbed in pursuing them. He had found a woman whom he preferred to Anne. She must be contented to bear the presence of another lady in the palace, and learn to endure something of the misery which she had formerly inflicted upon a better woman than herself.

It is clear then from the correspondence of Chapuys, now brought to light, that at the time of which the Ambassador is speaking, Anne's day was over. She was tolerated indeed, not from any regard to herself, for that had long since passed away, but simply with reference to the child to which she was about to give birth. She was aware that Henry was about to desert her, and the conviction embittered her whole soul. Imagining that his wife and daughter would regain their former influence her hatred towards them burnt with increased fierceness. A few of the events which occurred about this time have been preserved by the Imperial Ambassador, and as they illustrate the condition of affairs in the English Court, and portray the character of the actors, they are worth quotation.

The little Elizabeth at this time was under the care of her mother's aunt, whom Anne did her best to prejudice against Mary. She was told that Mary was not to be permitted to use the title of princess, or to be addressed as such, "and that if she did otherwise she must box her ears," and apply to her a term so disgraceful that I decline to reproduce it here.<sup>5</sup> Henry was betrayed on one occasion into some expression of kindness towards his daughter, which was soon repeated to "his friend" and was wormwood to her. He went, nominally at least, to visit his baby ; but as Mary was an inmate in the same household, Anne, dreading that the King and the Princess might possibly meet, despatched messengers after him to prevent the interview. Accordingly, before arriving at the house he sent orders forbidding Mary to come to him. While he was in the house, Cromwell and others came to her, urging her to renounce her title. She replied that she had already given a decided answer to such a proposal ; that it was labour lost to press her ; and that they were deceived if they thought that harsh treatment, or rudeness, or even the prospect of death itself, would make her change her determination. When Henry was with his new daughter, the princess sent to ask leave

<sup>5</sup> *Id.* 171.

to kiss his hand ; but her petition was rejected. But as he was about to mount his horse Mary went to the top of the house to look at him. He turned round, possibly by chance, possibly by some instinct which warned him that she was there, and seeing her on her knees with her hands joined, he bowed to her, and put his hand to his hat. All who were present rejoiced at what the King had done, and saluted her reverently with signs of good will and compassion. When Anne heard of it she remarked that Mary had too much liberty, and counselled that she should be subjected to a stricter seclusion.<sup>6</sup>

Anne's suggestion seems to have been carried into effect. Shortly after the King's visit, Mary, finding herself nearly destitute of clothes and other necessities, was compelled to send a gentleman to her father, asking him for a supply of what she required. Her messenger was also charged to ask leave for her to attend Mass in the church which adjoined the house, but that petition was rejected. The country people had been in the habit of saluting her as she passed along a gallery, but now she was no longer visible to them. The Duke of Norfolk and Anne's brother (George, Lord Rochford) reprimanded the Keeper of the Household for behaving to the Princess with too much respect and kindness, saying that she ought to be treated as one of the baseborn. The answer made by the Keeper was, that even if she were, she deserved honour and good treatment for her virtues. The report concludes with the remark that she is well in health, and bears her troubles with patience and fortitude.<sup>7</sup>

Things went from bad to worse. From some reason not explained, Elizabeth was removed to another residence ; and for her greater humiliation Mary was required to render certain offices to the baby on the journey, which she refused to do, considering them degrading to her dignity. The result was that she was forcibly put by several gentlemen into a litter along with the aunt of the King's mistress, "and thus compelled to make court to the child."<sup>8</sup> Chapuys thought that this extremity might have been avoided, as it only irritated the King and encouraged Anne, "who was continually plotting the worst she could against the Princess."<sup>9</sup>

When this official correspondence ends in the December of

<sup>6</sup> *Id.* 83.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* 214.

<sup>8</sup> I have here ventured to modify the plain speaking of the original despatch.

<sup>9</sup> *Id.* 393.

1534, the treatment of the Princess had undergone no improvement. One of her attendants, in whom she had the greatest confidence, had been separated from her and thrown into prison upon the supposition that she had given information about her to the Spanish Ambassador. This new severity was supposed to have been employed at the desire of Anne upon her own authority, and without the King's knowledge. He had even showed some signs of a returning affection, as was proved by his conduct during an illness into which she had fallen through the long-continued ill-treatment to which she had been exposed. He sent his own physician to her, telling him that he would not on any account that aught amiss should happen to her. On hearing afterwards from the same authority that her illness arose from the harshness to which she had been subjected, the King heaved a deep sigh, saying that it was a great misfortune that she was so obstinate. The physician advised him to place her under the care of the Queen her mother, to which Henry replied that to this there was one great obstacle, namely, that if he did so there would be no hope of bringing her to do what he wanted, by which he meant, to renounce her lawful rank and due succession to the crown.

One more illustration of the miserable life which was led by Mary Tudor, who bore all so bravely and faithfully. Henry took her confessor from her, and gave her another, who was a Lutheran and a tool of his own. Afterwards he seemed to relent, and finding that he had to deal with a will something like his own, he condescended to adopt milder treatment. Begging her to lay aside her obstinacy, he tried to coax her into submission by promising that before long she should enjoy a royal title and dignity. To this, among many other wise answers, she replied that God had not so blinded her as that she could confess for any kingdom on earth that he, her father, and the Queen her mother had so long lived in adultery, nor would she contravene the ordinance of the Church and make herself an illegitimate. She believed firmly that this dissimulation of the King was being used by him only the more easily to attain his end and cover the poison of which she is in danger. But about that she cares little, for she has full confidence in God that if she die she will go straight to Paradise, and be quit of the tribulations of this world. Her only grief is about the troubles of the Queen her mother.

The troubles of Katherine certainly were many and grinding.

She was separated from her daughter, about whose safety she was in continual suspense and terror. The King, her husband, was so embittered against her that she advised Chapuys not to attempt to intercede with him on her behalf. If he were to speak firmly, Henry would be irritated; if mildly, he would be encouraged to persevere in his conduct. One of her attendants, Elizabeth Hammon, sent a letter, in Latin, to Friar John Forest, from which we gain an insight into the sufferings of this afflicted woman about the time of which I am speaking. Katherine's grief was so intense that her faithful handmaid feared it would be fatal. She wept and prayed without intermission. She cannot understand why the King should be so angry. Last Monday messengers came from him demanding she knew not what, with such threats that she knew not what to do. Yet these gallant women were true to their mistress through all, and the names of eight of them who refused to accept the obnoxious terms proposed by the King and rejected by the Queen, are chronicled for our respect and admiration.<sup>10</sup>

Unmoved by Katherine's request that no appeal on her behalf should be made to her husband, Chapuys considered it to be his duty to remonstrate with Henry as to the way in which she was treated. But he so far conceded to her wishes as to address himself to Cromwell in the first instance, leaving it to him to convey the information to his master according to his discretion. When the Ambassador had stated his case he was assured by Cromwell that Henry was ready to provide Katherine with every convenience, every luxury she could desire, that she should have a noble establishment and a liberal income for the asking—but upon one condition, she must admit that she was not his wife. Such a proposal was a refusal. Cromwell then retorted by complaining of the continued and heavy expense which the King incurred in supporting the two households of the Queen and Princess; but here he was reminded that the outlay might be considerably reduced by permitting the mother and daughter to live together, and dismissing the guards by whom they were at present surrounded. The conference came to nothing. As Chapuys was leaving, Cromwell ostentatiously offered to send four thousand ducats to the Queen that very day; a proposal which of course was rejected.<sup>11</sup>

For some time past there had been growing up in the mind

<sup>10</sup> *Id.* 131, 135.

<sup>11</sup> *Id.* 1297.

of the Spanish Ambassador a vague apprehension that both the Queen and the Princess were in some personal danger, and that possibly the attempt might be made to remove them by poison. The impression was strong in the conviction of both of them; and not without reason. They were entirely in the power of one who was known frequently to have expressed very bitter feelings against them, and whose position would be strengthened by the death of one or both. The servants in whom alone they could trust, were dismissed, and their food was now prepared and served by attendants who were in the pay of their avowed enemy. Katherine's own physician was removed from attending her, and she had no confidence in the skill or the integrity of the person who would be sent as his substitute. She was in excellent health, but the report was widely circulated that she was suffering from an attack of dropsy, to prepare the public, it might be thought, for her death. It was stated that her mind was weakened, in order that no weight might be given to her complaints. She had formerly been permitted to receive visits from the Spanish Ambassador: now she was cut off from all intercourse with him, and in the event of sickness she had no means of letting her danger be known to her friends in the outer world. The impression deepened on the mind of Chapuys, and he did not hesitate to make the Emperor acquainted with it. In February he had gathered from a conversation with Norfolk, that "their hope is only in the death of the Queen." He tells us distinctly that the King himself "has great hope in the Queen's death." Even more decided were his convictions as to the nature of Anne's intentions. The Earl of Northumberland, her old suitor, who may be presumed to have known something of her character, said that he knew for certain that she had determined to poison Mary. The possibility of the deed had ceased to be a secret, for everywhere it began to be believed not only that Anne was capable of committing such a deed; but further, that she was resolved upon doing it. Chapuys shared in the conviction, so did Mary and her mother, so did a large number of the public at home and abroad. Were there any grounds for the suspicion? Did Chapuys abandon the charge or persist in it? The consideration of these questions must be reserved for a subsequent article.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

## *The Domestic Side of Public Life.*

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THERE is a distinctly domestic side to every walk of life, however little that life may possess of a public character. The tradesman who carries on the smallest business is not quite the same man to his family and personal friends that he is to his customers, and the difference between home life and official life widens in proportion as a man's duties bring him more prominently into public notice or place him in a position of higher rank and command over others. It is natural, and perhaps inevitable, that if we know little or nothing of this domestic side of the life and character of such public men as the judge, the statesman, or the monarch, we picture them to ourselves as never unbending to share in the joys or sorrows of more ordinary mortals. Yet the ignorance out of which this mistake is begotten is most unfortunate, for nothing has served more to keep classes of men widely separated, and to give the subjects of any Government an excuse for imagining that the lines of thought and feeling habitual to the daily life of their rulers unfit them for entering into the sympathies of those whom they govern.

No one has helped to dispel this false impression more effectually than has our most gracious Queen, in her own regard. While other Sovereigns have shown themselves capable of public acts of sympathy and generosity on great occasions, she has known how to mingle earnest assurances of her own sorrow with the private grief of her subjects, and thus assuage the pain of many a local calamity and personal bereavement. The publication of *Leaves from a Journal of our Life in the Highlands* was, on the other side of the question, a happily-conceived invitation to interview the Queen at home and learn how simple were the tastes and habits of her domestic life. Far more important results still have been produced by the *Life of the Prince Consort*, due to the same inspiration, and freely admitting all into a full knowledge of the mutual

relations between the several members of the royal family, and their bearing on the policy of the State. The *Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life*, by Lady Bloomfield, which have lately appeared in print, reveal to us many interesting traits of the Queen's kindness to the members of her household during the earlier period of her reign. Such a narrative, written by a former maid-of-honour, tells far more than a few disjointed anecdotes do, and the reading of it carries us back to Madame D'Arblay's very piquant description of her own experiences in the household of George the Third.

The following extracts from Lady Bloomfield's journal, intended for her mother's perusal, are a pleasing refutation of the ill-natured anecdotes once current, which imputed to her Majesty a rather merciless observance of certain rules of etiquette within the Court circle :

I arrived at Windsor Castle yesterday, but did not see the Queen till just before dinner, when we received her Majesty in the corridor. She kissed us both, and, as I was in waiting, I sat within one of the Queen at dinner, and next Lord Ormond. Her Majesty made many inquiries after you, papa, and all my family, and expressed regret at hearing that papa had been unwell. After dinner I delivered the Duchess of Gloucester's present and letter; and when the gentlemen came in, Prince Albert asked me about the festivities at Ravensworth on the coming of age of my eldest brother's son Henry, and whether I had been practising much, and whether we had been a very large family party. Both he and the Queen laughed when I told them we were eighteen brothers and sisters, including the married ones; and as usual the Queen joked about the number of my nephews and nieces. I am so pleased at the smallness of the party here, as I always think Court so much pleasanter without guests, as we see so much more of the dear Queen.

We give another instance of the easy and considerate terms on which the Sovereign stood with the members of her Court :

I went to the Queen's room yesterday, and saw her before we began to sing. She was so thoroughly kind and gracious. The music went off very well, Costa accompanied, and I was pleased by the Queen's telling me, when I asked whether I had not better practise the things a little more, that "that was not necessary, as I knew them perfectly." She also said, "If it was convenient to me I was to go down to her room any evening to try the Masses." Just as if anything she desired could be inconvenient. However, I said of course I should be only too happy, but at the same time I hinted at the possibility of my coming down at a wrong moment, so then her Majesty said she should send for me, and if I was at home I might go to her.

Yachting with her Majesty in 1843 must have been a very enjoyable as well as healthful recreation. The following scene shows how entirely mere etiquette was laid aside :

We left Falmouth at a quarter past three, and sailed for Cherbourg. I remained on deck a long time with her Majesty, and she taught me to plait paper for bonnets, which was a favourite occupation of the Queen's. Lady Canning and I had settled ourselves in a very sheltered place, protected by the paddle-box, and when we had been there some time the Queen came on deck, and remarking what a comfortable spot we had chosen, her Majesty sent for her camp stool and settled herself beside us, plaiting away most composedly, when suddenly we observed a commotion among the sailors, little knots of men talking together in a mysterious manner : first one officer came up to them, then another, they looked puzzled, and at last Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence was called. The Queen, much *intriguée*, asked what was the matter, and inquired whether we were going to have a mutiny on board. Lord Adolphus laughed, but remarked he really did not know what *would* happen unless her Majesty would be graciously pleased to move her seat. "Move my seat," said the Queen, "why should I? What possible harm can I be doing here?" "Well, ma'am," said Lord Adolphus, "the fact is, your Majesty is unwittingly closing up the door of the place where the grog tubs are kept, and so the men cannot have their grog!" "Oh, very well," said the Queen, "I will move on one condition, viz., that you bring me a glass of grog." This was according done, and after tasting it the Queen said, "I am afraid I can only make the same remark I did once before, that I think it would be very good if it were stronger!" This, of course, delighted the men, and the little incident caused much amusement on board.

The unbending of royal dignity in private life, little acts of attention and consideration for the wishes and feelings of others, or an affectionate interest in their absent friends and relatives, are however matters of slight moment compared with the determination to shield them from harm, even at one's own greater risk. And this higher sense of responsibility was manifested by the Queen on one of the painful occasions when she was shot at. Her maid-of-honour narrates how bravely she controlled her emotions after the first attempt on Sunday, the 29th of May, as the royal party were returning to Buckingham Palace from the Chapel Royal. She remained calm and collected, and on arriving home walked up the grand staircase to her apartments, talking to her ladies and commenting on the sermon they had just heard, after which she dismissed them while still in ignorance of what had happened. The next day she drove out alone with Prince Albert in an open carriage, refusing to



take any of her ladies with her, lest she might expose their life to a danger which she felt impending over her own all the time that she was driving. This was in truth a noble example of courage and consideration, as the presence of a second lady in the carriage would naturally cause doubt and hesitation in the aim of an intended assassin. Almost akin to the advice of Polonius to his son, in the play of *Hamlet*, is the letter of motherly counsel which Lady Ravensworth wrote to her daughter at the time of her appointment to the office of maid-of-honour to the Queen. A few sentences from it are especially deserving of attention on the part of young ladies going out into society. After many excellent suggestions, she continues :

I abhor idle gossip about dress, balls, and levees, and look upon such conversation as a positive waste of time and talents. My beloved child, keep yourself to yourself, and whatever spare time you have, employ it well, and lay not up your talents in a napkin. Your first duty is to God ; your second to your Sovereign ; your third to yourself ; and I do most earnestly entreat you never to retire to rest, without examining truly and impartially your conduct during the day ; and if your conscience acquits you of all blame, you may then lie down with an innocent and cheerful heart, and think on your absent mother ; but if, on the contrary, you feel that you have left undone those things you ought to have done, or done those things which you ought not to have done, you should on your knees ask pardon of your heavenly Father, and pray for strength to resist temptation in future, whether it be from vanity, extravagance, want of charity, or idleness. Dearest Georgie, be kind and benevolent to all persons under you, and so regulate your expenses as to be able to set aside a certain portion of your income exclusively for charitable purposes, and put away from you that foolish idea that to dress well you *must* wear expensive things. So far from that being so, I should say simplicity, freshness, and elegance of form constitute real perfection in a young person's dress.

More than half the amusing incidents that brighten the pages of an entertaining book or enliven the domestic circle have happened in connection with some phase or duty of public life, and many of the raciest anecdotes in vogue have come from the misadventures or maladroitnesses of public men. The late Sir Robert Peel could tell of the most ridiculous straits to which a Lord Mayor of London was driven, at the annual civic pageant, in the vain endeavour to divest himself of a huge pair of jack-boots which he had drawn over his shoes and stockings, to keep the mud off. As the Queen approached nearer and nearer to the boundary of his proud domain, this

type and representative of all its ancient dignity was standing with one leg out, whilst several men were tugging at his boot and striving to disentangle his spur from the fur trimming of an alderman's dress. When her Majesty was only a few paces off, the poor man, at last, in a frenzy, shouted out, "For God's sake put my boot on again." This was accomplished only at the last moment, and the Lord Mayor had to preside over the double solemnity of both procession and banquet in this most unbecoming addition to his attire. As a worthy pendant to the indignation once expressed by an alderman at losing the undisturbed relish of a particularly green and rich bit of turtle through the inconsiderate remark of a neighbour, we may take the observation of a famous Alderman Flower to Canning, when seated next him at a Guildhall dinner. "Mr. Canning," said he, "my Lord Ellenborough (the Lord Chief Justice) was a man of uncommon sagacity." Canning bowed assent, and replied he believed he was; but asked what gave rise to the observation at that moment; upon which the alderman answered, "Why, sir, had he been here he would have told me by a single glance of his eye which is the best of those five haunches of venison."

Lord Mayor's banquets seem to be rather fruitful in anecdotes, for Lady Bloomfield gives another from the same source.

The Duke of Wellington was called upon to propose the health of the Lady Mayoress, whom he had never set eyes on, and who happened to be a very plain, wizened little woman; when, to the extreme surprise of Lord Ellenborough (who sat near him), the Duke in his speech called her the model of her sex! After dinner, being asked, "How could you call that ugly little creature the model of her sex?" the Duke laughed and said, "Ha! ha! What the devil could I call her? I had never seen her before."

At the more private table of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, told two amusing stories of himself. After he had preached a sermon which was much commented on and found fault with, one of his admirers, an undergraduate at the same University, taking up the cudgels in his lordship's behalf, said in excuse, "Poor beggar, he did not mean what he said; do not be so hard upon him." When a young man, the Bishop had gone with his father to pay a visit to the well known banker, Mr. Gurney, and being obliged to leave early in the morning he was wishing his Quaker host good-bye, when Mr. Gurney said, "I'm sorry, brother, thou must go, for I thought the Spirit might move me to-morrow

morning to address thee and thy family." The young man answered rather maliciously that if he was *sure* of that he would stay. On which Mr. Gurney remarked, "Nay, but thou oughtest to have the moral certainty!"

Medical men have been known to administer very unpalatable moral remedies to their refractory or imaginative patients but we fancy no patient was ever taken more stringently or mercilessly in hand than the Princess G——, living in St. Petersburg, who used to summon her physician, Dr. Rogerson, from dinner parties or his favourite game of whist, to attend to her imaginary ailments.

She sent for him once in the middle of the night, saying that she was dying, and begged him to come instantly. When he arrived he found that, as usual, it was a false alarm; however, he looked very serious, assured the Princess that she was in great danger, and that he was not at all sure he could save her; but she must instantly drink several glasses of cold water, and get up and walk fifty times up and down the English quay. As the night was bitterly cold, and it was snowing hard, this was considered an extraordinary remedy for a dying woman; but, however, the learned physician insisted, and took his leave. The Princess, in fear and trembling, got out of her bed, and placing implicit trust in the efficacy of her remedy, followed the doctor's advice. The following day Dr. Rogerson called, and found his patient perfectly well; he then told her that he had been so perpetually annoyed by being called in without necessity, he had determined upon giving her a lesson, and he hoped henceforward his services would be dispensed with, except in case of real necessity.

After her marriage to her husband, the Hon. John Arthur D. Bloomfield, at that time Minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, Lady Bloomfield accompanied him on his return to Russia, and commenced her life as Ambassadors in different capitals. Her journal, supplemented at times by notes and letters of her husband, gives evidence of close and intelligent observation, and by quoting the result of her conversation with diplomatists and with men of different ranks and professions, it bears witness to her great interest in all matters that affected the well being of the poorer classes. Her pages are replete with scenes and incidents illustrating the domestic side of public life, and we gather from them how much variety and adventure break the monotony of Court functions, of the discussion of affairs of State, and all the minutiae of despatches, official correspondence, regulations, and the other details which come under the general stigma of red-tapeism. A lady ambassador seems doomed to endure as

many formal and fatiguing audiences, both granted and received, as her liege lord. A few somewhat disconnected extracts will give marked proofs of this under the peculiarly favourable circumstances of the restoration of the Embassy at Vienna in January, 1861.

I joined my husband at Vienna in the spring of 1861. The Emperor opened Parliament in person, and I was amused to hear that some of the remoter provinces of the Austrian dominion selected peasants as their representatives, who could neither read, write, nor understand a word of German! And when they voted in a way disapproved of by their constituents, they were flogged by them on their return home. The Empress was absent in Madeira when I arrived, but I was presented to the Emperor and Archduchesses, and then held my receptions, which were rather formidable. One of the ladies of high rank at Court, Countess Buquoy, was appointed to introduce the Vienna society to me. I sat in full court dress upon a sofa in the middle of the drawing-room at the Embassy, and the person of highest rank present, after being introduced, sat down next to me till a lady of still higher rank arrived, when she immediately got up and gave up her place. This went on till all the society had been introduced to me, and lasted for three evenings; everyone being in Court dress. One of the Chamberlains presented the gentlemen, and after my receptions were over I was expected to return the visits.

Yet, not even a life of such exterior grandeur and elegant refinement as all these Court ceremonials imply, is a safeguard against the inroad of many domestic inconveniences. Thus on reaching an inn where the danger of damp beds was suspected, and Lord Bloomfield insisted that the mattresses had not been sufficiently aired, after vainly endeavouring to tranquillise his fears, the chambermaid at last got impatient, and vociferated: "Mais votre excellence, quand j'assure votre excellence que deux commis voyageurs sont sortis pour faire place a votre excellence!" "I thought to myself," writes his wife, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise, and so I implored my husband not to inquire too narrowly as to who had preceded us in the rooms we occupied."

From Lady Bloomfield's very frequent and pleasing sketches of the home-life of the different members of each Court circle that she visited in succession, where so much simplicity of life and kindness of feeling were exhibited, we extract a striking instance of apparition at the hour of death.

*Vienna.*—Last night I was talking about ghost stories at Princess Schönburg's, when Baron Stockhausen, our Hanoverian colleague,

laughed me to scorn, upon which the Princess rebuked him and said that he was aware that her mother, Princess Schwarzenberg, perished at Paris in the great fire which took place at the Austrian Embassy. She had left her youngest children here at Vienna. The Cardinal, being then a baby of six months old, was in his cradle, one night, when suddenly his nurse, an old and respectable, but by no means a clever or imaginative, woman, fell down on her knees and exclaimed, "Jesu, Maria, Joseph! there is the figure of the Princess standing over the baby's cradle." Several nursery maids who were in the room heard the exclamation, though they saw nothing; but to her dying day the nurse affirmed the truth of the vision, and there being then no telegraphs, it was not for many days after that the news of the Princess Schwarzenberg's untimely fate reached them.

We must conclude our illustrations drawn from the private life of men filling public and official positions by quoting Count Chreptowich's narrative of his interview with Pius the Ninth at Gaeta, during the year 1848. The Russian Minister's object was to persuade the Pope to apply for the protection of the great Roman Catholic Powers, who were disputing amongst themselves which should offer His Holiness an asylum, but had not thought of uniting in his defence.

Being anxious to avoid publicity, Count Chreptowich determined to go to Gaeta in the night, and he applied to Count Filangieri, then Governor of Naples, for a steamer, and asked the Count to accompany him to Gaeta on a mission of great importance, telling him he would give him all particulars during the passage. Accordingly, at 10 p.m., a steamer was in readiness, and they started for Gaeta, and arriving there at midnight found that the Pope and the King of Naples had already retired to rest, so the first step was to awaken the King, who, much surprised, received Count Chreptowich, and was told that he, the Count, must have an audience of the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli at once. There was some demur, but at last, at 1 a.m., the Count was admitted to the Pope's bedroom, a very small room, with a simple camp bed, a sofa, a chair, and a table. The Pope had just risen, and after hearing the Count's proposition, declared that he could give no answer till he had sought guidance from God and heard Mass. Count Chreptowich agreed to this, but said he must be back in Naples early in the morning, as it was of the utmost importance his mission should be kept secret, so the Pope heard Mass at five, and gave his answer at 6 a.m., and in accordance with the Count's advice, the appeal to the Roman Catholic Powers was drawn up by Count Chreptowich, Count Filangieri, and Cardinal Antonelli; and at 9 a.m. the two former were back in Naples, and a messenger was dispatched to Prince Schwarzenberg to inform him of the steps which had been taken, which resulted in the occupation of Rome by the French and the reinstatement of the Pope in the Vatican.

## *A Husband's Story.*

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### CHAPTER XIV.

IT was a strange sensation lying down to rest that night, after so great a change! Such nights rarely occur in the lives of a single individual, and the sensation is as curious as it is rare. It almost belongs to the theatre. Many, however, toil through life, from beginning to end, without change of this kind: all is monotonous—one day succeeds the other. To some again this monotony has all the effect of change, while the change itself operates as a disturbance. In the course of a life, the turn too often, alas! operates in the other direction; one is precipitated downwards instead of upwards—occurring by way of natural cause as well as by disaster. As when some person in high office dies, and his family have to quit their residence and begin life on a smaller scale; or worse, when some opulent merchant, living in luxuriance, falls with a crash, and his unsuspecting family learns some morning that they must quit their grand house and become poor.

I fancy the most acceptable of gala nights must be the night of the news of an election to Parliament, or of your first successful play, with the roar of the audience ringing in your ear, or that grand speech which on awakening next morning you find has made you famous. How delightful, too, the unhopèd for rescue from some impending stroke, which has made you sore and anxious for many a day! Here is indemnification for an anxious temperament: while those who take everything "easily," as it is called, or indifferently, certainly lose this pleasure of relief or rescue.

Now began our new life, yet with it came troubles. Her health, ever frail, was not flourishing, though her "game" spirit, as it might be called, never allowed her to yield to illness or take the airs of an invalid. She would treat contemptuously all those little attacks of the chest—significant warnings—and

never consent to nurse herself. She was not fond of gaiety, but she liked to be in the foremost row of gaiety and amusement. It was at this time that the fashionable folly or craze called "Princes" was in high vogue, and thither she delighted in repairing, chiefly, I believe, for the pleasure of returning home furnished with gossip that was likely to amuse. Yet one of her little colds was duly caught, which was very often, and she had to submit to imprisonment, for weeks it might be, up in her room. It was endured with a patience and gaiety that was amazing. At last she was ordered abroad, to the south of France, for the winter, which proved to be of unusual severity, but the change brought no profit, rather did mischief.

There are, happily, plenty of instances of the conventional graces of life, of affection, consideration, unselfishness, and sacrifice. That is an exceptional family in which some members, at least, are not thus distinguished. Not so often are these virtues found embellished, as it were, with a tracery and ornamentation, taking shape in little unexpected turns and far fetched graces which affection evolves out of itself. Doreen's delicate nature could not be satisfied with the existing plain conventions: it must correspond to her own tender and exquisitely sensitive disposition. Pages could be filled were I to enumerate the little original devices of this finely strung disposition, and the unceasing subject of wonder to me ever was, how this never flagged for an instant, but seemed to gather strength as the years went on. In most married lives the early romance wears off or dulls; indeed, repetition is the damp and mildew of romance. But she was ever fresh and buoyant, but quick to detect what escaped you, she thought of some undercurrent, so that one had to be careful in choosing the fitting words. She seemed to live for affection; a *cold* word, not a harsh or angry one, chilled her like an East wind, and went to her heart. The same quick sensitiveness made her detect in a second any words and assurances that seemed to be used, as of course. She knew the real ring, and her bright eyes would often settle on you with an uneasy suspicion, changing from an eager sparkle to despondency. Indeed her whole nature was like some instrument, delicate as one of Professor Crooke's little discs, which will flutter and move under the mere impression of the rays of light. Once, after some trifling cloud, when she could not conceal her enchantment at all being well again, her eyes filled suddenly with suspicion. She had detected something formal in the tones.

"No. I don't like you," she said, turning away. "*I see, it was your duty, or religion, that made you do this.*"

This was almost dramatic. Rarely indeed could be found a nature so *natural*, as it were, so utterly unaffected by habit or convention, or the pardonable little hyperboles or affectations of life. One of her pretty customs, picked up in some foreign country, was to stand at the window and kiss both hands to the departing one whom she liked. Often returning home of an evening, I found lying on my papers some little souvenir: a little bunch of cherries—tied up in a piquant fashion peculiar to herself—or a *bonne bouche* of choice French *bon-bons*. The coquettish way in which these were arrayed, the very twist of the ribbon, were characteristic of herself, and like the crimson ribbon with which she would fasten her hair. Such little elegancies are the charms of life. And these trifles always took some new and varied shape, her affection suggesting it to her without effort.

But never shall her pride, her delight, and gratitude be forgotten when the always disagreeable duty of *copying* was asked, not unnaturally with hesitation, for there is no such painful drudgery. One would think some favour had been conferred, or some present given, so joyfully was it received. And at the end of the day there it was lying on the desk, in the most careful, legible penmanship, complete, neat, and satisfactory. Naturally one shrank from wishing such service, but was tempted to ask it occasionally, if only for the pleasure given. Once indeed, much pressed for time, I seriously invited her aid, on the ground of necessity. There was a theatrical patent, duly engrossed on "skins," each line of the legal writing stretching across, and some two or three feet in length. A portion of this had to be copied. I was about to get a professional copyist, but she seized on it with her usual joyful alacrity. It would be a matter of some days. On coming in as usual at the close of the day, there lay my patent copied into ten or twelve pages, neatly tied up with a ribbon, lying ready, with an inviting surprise! I felt a sort of pain, as I thought of the long and the weary writing, the little fingers travelling painfully but zealously along the monotonous track. But such feeling was overpowered in her joyful delight and satisfaction, her very anxiety being to know "was it right?" or "of use?" Trivial as this may seem, it is in its way as high a trait of amiability as some grander, *official*, and more showy act.



I have spoken before of her welcome smile, not conventional or forced, but thoroughly genuine and sympathetic. Often at some banquet have I seen her peering across the table, her eyes struggling with the intercepting flowers, to show that she was still sympathetic and not forgetful. The same watchful smile was to be seen, the dancing eyes, all through the night of a ball or rout. And going home in the carriage, the first words were:

"And you liked me? Did you *really* like me?"

In one so tenderly gentle there was a surprising intrepidity. For those she loved she would have walked up to a cannon's mouth. Once a friend, who was in a rather reduced state, came to her with a bracelet, or some trinket, begging, as she was not "equal" to the task, or did not know how to go about it, that she would take it to some jeweller and offer it for sale. With infinite alacrity and pleasure, she arrayed herself in unpretending garments, set off, and for a whole morning trudged from shop to shop, now received superciliously, oftener rebuffed, welcoming all the slights of this disagreeable duty with the utmost cheerfulness, finally coming home in successful triumph, having secured a good price, to recount her rebuffs and mortifications. I frankly own I would have shrunk from the ungrateful office: but, in its little way, there is a certain minature heroism in this which would have attempted far greater things. No wonder that it was once sung of her:

#### HER LITTLE SHOE!

Little Blue Shoe—sad little shoe!  
Face that was tender—heart that was true!

Full many and many a year has flown  
Since into the sunlight she came:  
And one there is left and one there is gone,  
The tender, the bright little Dame.  
I see her now—with the dancing eyes,  
The sea-shell tint, the glance so sweet.  
The fluttering lip and laugh of surprise,  
And the bright blue shoes on the little feet.  
Little Blue Shoe! gay little shoe!  
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

Full many and many a year has flown  
Since a sunny day in June  
She brightened the house that was now her own:  
Her laugh as gay as a tune.  
For up the stair, and down the stair,  
And busily through the street,

Fluttered so fast in matronly care,  
Little blue shoes and restless feet.  
Little Blue Shoe, bright little shoe,  
Face that was tender, heart that was true !

Now many and many a year has flown,  
Each bringing a colder chill ;  
One there is left, and one there is gone—  
The little feet are still.  
All in these days of November gloom  
The house I wander through,  
And find in a lone, forgotten room,  
Lost in a corner, a little Shoe !  
Little Blue Shoe ! sad little shoe !  
Face that was tender, heart that was true !

We both held ever a favourite theory, that we all do not make enough of the little cheap accessible pleasures and amusements of life, and which delight the more because nothing is expected from them. The little obscure town and buildings on the Continent, unproclaimed and unofficial, often delight far more than the grand registered show places that you take long and expensive journeys to see. Not so long since I was describing to some wealthy, flourishing friends, who had all the "resources of civilization" at their command, how I spent a week on the top of Hampstead Heath, at that half hotel, half public, "Jack Straw's Castle," queer and quaint, and how delightful it was : on which with a sigh he turned to his wife and said, "There ! we don't half enjoy our life !" as who should say, "The world is too much with us." Many were the solemn expeditions that Doreen and I had made to far off places—long, and to say the truth, weary journeys ; but it was curious and also pleasant to think that of all these expeditions the one to which her eyes ever turned with a sort of delighted affection, was an impromptu journey—whither will the reader think ? To Kew Common ! It was but for a week or two. This familiar spot has, for all its familiarity, a pleasantly quaint and old-fashioned air. It seems to dream or snooze ; there are the memories of the old King and Queen, and the Dukes and Duchesses. In one of the roads that stray out I had noticed a row of little ivy-clustered houses, built in a cheap Elizabethan style, with little rooms in the roof. I saw one was to be let : went in and treated. Next day we were down there. It was beautiful weather. They were worthy people, doing their best to please, and unaccustomed to letting. The mornings were inexpressibly welcome, the light

coming in through the ivy and the sham Elizabethan panes (but they did well enough), and there was the Common, with the queer old church perched in the middle, where the "old Duchess" used to come to service; and the river at the back, with the boats always ready; and the pretty walks about; and the "Coach and Horses," which every single coach, car, cart, and pedestrian was by some iron law prevented passing—it was so artfully pitched, exactly at the entrance of the Common, so that both broke on the traveller at the same instant, and seemed to say, "This is the end of your journey." Then there was our hostess' family tribulations, she being sorely "put upon" by an extravagant elderly boy. She foresaw they would not long be there, through *his* doings. The days went by very quickly. We seemed to be abroad. It required management even to procure a newspaper. Of evenings it was rural and snug, and then there were the tea-gardens: for she ever delighted, like myself, studying the shifting phases and humours of vulgar life. Yet what value was there in that short "outing!" Nothing was ever looked back to with such wistful enjoyment. It was "Dear old Kew," "Those happy Kew days," and "This is not like dear old Kew!" Now I look on the place with a sort of veneration, and only the other day wandered down past the old house and the Elizabethan window. The host and his wife had long since been turned out. But I wish I could do justice to the charm she possessed of thus setting off, or even to the *emblazoning* of little ordinary occasions like this. "Foolish little creature!" the profoundly wise will exclaim, in which she herself might have joined, adding her own tender plaint: "I know that I *am* foolish, and the only thing I know or can do *is to love you!*"

Ever delicate, and as it were without "*staminet*," as a worthy menial once put it—she had that frail sensitive chest of hers to contend with. Many were the visits we paid to the great men of medicine, to the Sir Williams, Sir Jameses, and the rest, and who always took a deep interest in their patient. There was a fatherly, grave lecturing tone in the manner in which these eminent personages used to receive their interesting little patient, whose spirit and "game" actually served to hide the very serious character of her illness. She seemed indeed to enjoy the visit as a sort of pleasant excursion, and dressed herself in her most coquettish style, to make an impression on the special Sir William or

Sir James she had selected to visit. Meanwhile the dreadful and insidious malady was slowly making its way, and though warnings were gravely given about "we must take the greatest care," still no one dreamed that there was anything that the greatest care, which could always be reckoned upon, would not protect her against.

In the course of all this, she would do imprudent things, catching cold and coughs, and it was always wonderful to see with what patience she would submit to the necessary imprisonment, the shutting up in a warm room, often alone for days, ever found cheerful and smiling and uncomplaining. Such unfailing, unvarying sweetness seems extraordinary. Never was there seen the slightest pettishness or complaint. At the end of a long day's imprisonment, when I would return from work, then she would rise, closing her book, which must have been weary enough for her, and with a bright gaiety greet the wanderer returned.

During one of these little attacks, which, alas! began to recur very often, it was thought that "change of air," which with many is a sort of fetish, but is, at least, capricious enough in its working, would have its usual beneficial use. One of these unmeaning beliefs in the efficacy of a place, founded on what was picked up at a dinner party, or upon some careless conversation, led to our fancying that Southend would work a miracle. A favourite physician consulted on the point seemed to be impressed by the *bizarre* character of the idea.

"Well, I don't say but that Southend," he said oracularly, "is really an efficacious spot in the winter. Well, I don't say but that it might be a good idea. By all means go."

It was in the winter, about January. There was an idea that the cool, mild shelter of the place, half on the river, and within sight of the sea, would be "just the thing." With great cheerfulness and alacrity, she got ready for this change. It was a chill, steel-blue evening on which she set off with her maid, my own avocations keeping me in town. There was an air of something gloomy in her being thus sent off to the sad and deserted watering-place, under a sort of conscientious idea of duty, and doing for the best. But she took her way, as I said, cheerfully departing from the Great Eastern Station, while I returned to work—work which was ever at work.

Not till long after did I see the place, when I wandered sadly through it, in the winter time also, and noted the triste

solemnity and stagnantly depressing air of the place—the river drifting gloomily by, the ships passing with a ceaseless monotony. It was then I understood the desolation of those few days spent there. I ever look at the place with some secret strange feeling, of its sad torpor and sense of desertion. The river never seems to me to run so melancholy as there.

In the time of her visits, with the usual ill-luck of such changes, a season of bleak and cutting winds had set in. The long range of terraces were without tenants—the place was, as it were, shut up. She dare not venture forth to meet the stabbing “Easters,” and so remained imprisoned for the whole of the three or four days she was there. There was here once more the wretched fiction of something being done in the direction of mending; but it had been better had she remained where she was. I picture her on one of those long cold-blue evenings, closing in betimes, the light twinkling, the winds sweeping round the corner in gusts, the glimpse of the depressing river, and the little prisoner, alone at her fire, and consoling herself with writing home such pleasing, tender appeals.

Her letters were ever charming to read from their simple tenderness, perfect nature, and varied forms of affection, a variety that came of her writing from her heart. There was little in these things, few facts and less “news,” yet they were always welcome from this genuine ring, contrasting so with those perhaps insipid and formal letters which married people write to each other, filled with commissions and “requests” of the family, and remarks somewhat in a newspaper strain. As one reads *hers*, one seems to hear her soft earnest voice and coaxing ways. She had a little vehement or energetic fashion of writing of her own. There was a little old-fashioned strain about them which reveals some of these touching simple letters written by Steele in the *Tatler*—an antique simplicity. With Thackeray and other commentators, it has been a favourite subject this of letters: the letters of those gone before. The writings speak gently from the grave: the favourite character of the paper, the scent, these are like words and tones.

Let the reader put it to himself as a little exercise, how he would devise any variety in the playing on the same string, and he will see the difficulty: also how easily it is overcome, by the force of earnestness and nature. These contain little more than gentle protests against neglect in writing the daily

letter, with other protests of affection—and yet how fresh and natural and unconventional is the whole series.

Sunday.

My own,—How much better off you are than I am; for you can get a letter every day in the country, while I am so longing for mine to-morrow. Tell me all about yourself. Did you feel the rough passage, and are you taking care of cold? I know you won't be away a moment longer than you can help, but every moment seems very long to me. My own, I can't bear going into the dining-room and seeing the desk without you looking round at me. Even Toby misses you and seems to have grown stupid since you left.

My own,—I have just returned and find your dear note. If you are amusing yourself don't come back, but I am longing to see you again; and I went to Mrs. D—— last night, a kind of half-concert, half-drum. A—— played, accompanied by a Miss ——, and B—— said did it very well. I am no judge. E—— looked like her mother; not that she will ever be as handsome as mamma—my mamma-in-law. I looked very well in the pink dress. It was a trial to put it on, but sooner or latter I knew I should have to wear colours. When you are away I seem to feel my loss. I hope you will have your picture done. Your note is, like your photo, on my neck.

Ever your fond

Dor.

Love to Toby and tell him I don't forget him.

How prettily put, how earnest and varied where her appeals and gentle reproaches in not writing—and nothing could be more effective for her purpose.

Just a line to day, to tell my lazy darling he has made me very unhappy and anxious not having heard from him for two days. You ought not to make me *spoil my eyes*, fretting. I always get so uneasy thinking you may be ill when no letter comes. M—— is here and takes such care of me. *She* would not leave me so long, without a note even. Do write and say how you are, I am longing to see your dear face again.

My own,—Your *nine* words came this morning and comforted me, as I did not hear from you yesterday. Do write me *a letter* and say what you are doing, and how the mud is.

You cannot think how anxious I am about you, and how I long to see you on the platform of the railway.

My own,—I was so glad to get your *little* note this morning. You have forgiven me quite for my crossness, as I feel quite happy now. Do write me an account of all your doings. I will tell you when I return why I ask you to let F—— pay the bills. My own, it seems an age

since I left you. I do hope you are not working too hard. I wake at night thinking of you, and cannot sleep. Sometimes I cannot help crying when I wonder how you are. Now write often, and don't tell me to stay a month away from you. My own, I cannot express in writing what I feel for you, but I am really miserable when you are away. Your letters, and seeing mamma, are now my only comforts. I long to see you again. I waited until the last moment to post, as I thought Sir W. — (the doctor) might have come before this, but I will write to-morrow all he says.

My own,—I was afraid I had annoyed you in some way, as no news from you arrived yesterday, and then I imagined you would steal in early this morning. But I am glad you are amusing yourself at dinner-parties after all the day's bother. Of course, dearest, you must spend a day or two with our people, but I hope very soon to tell you how glad I am to have you back.

I was so glad to get your little note this morning, saying you had arrived safely and found all well. The thunderstorm frightened me so much that mamma made me lie down afterwards, so I missed post hour. I cannot bear going into the study, now I know your dear face will not be there, but I am sure you will come back as soon as you can to your Dot. Don't think I am worrying. How I long to see you, my *own* own!

I am longing to hear how you got over, and that you had a good passage, and found all well at Spa. I was so lonely after you left. Your Mary brought me from her people a present of a lovely bouquet, three pots of rare plants, and two large bunches of grapes cut from the vine with the leaves and stalks on. I wish they had come before you left. Now, darling, do take care of yourself and enjoy your "holiday" by not writing so much, and don't forget *our* prayers every night. I have your hair next my heart, and it is a little comfort to me when you are away. Give my best love—no *next* best love—to all at Spa, and do write every day, if only a line, to your own loving

Dot.

My own,—Forgive me, I have been so worried lately, and then one of your letters made me imagine you did not care about seeing me, that I was very, very cross. But why should you not amuse yourself without your Dot, and perhaps far better; but whatever you do, remember she is always, though cross and disagreeable, your loving

Dot.

My own,—Why do you "hope I think of you?" Don't you know I am always doing so? Your letters are such a comfort to me. It is very good of you to let me have one every day; but you will be able to let me have a talk with you soon. You must be greatly bored having

to go about with the judges and sitting in court. So you will be glad to come home, though you said "this was your holiday." Fortunately I did not believe it. I am so glad the "turn out" was successful. How I should have liked to have seen you in all the goings and comings. No news here, except that the rain is still coming, always about twelve o'clock it begins and prevents my going out. The fire, Toby, and Muff are my companions.

My own,—Do be as good as you have been, and write to your "old woman" *every* day. I long so for your letters. They make the day seem less lonely. . . . Dear old man, are you taking care of yourself in all this trouble? My own, it seems ages since you left. It is such a comfort to me to write all my thoughts to you, though I am sometimes afraid of boring you with my selfishness. Still, I like you to know all I think. I am getting well by degrees. The measles always make one very weak for some time afterwards; but thank God I got over it so well.

My own,—I thought you liked even "a scrap" from me; but don't take such a horrid way of punishing me by not letting me know every day how you are. You are very busy, my own; but I hope you are not overworking yourself. . . . Darling, how slowly the time goes now, away from you: the nearer our meeting comes, the slower it seems.

My own dear,—Your note of this morning did me so much good. You cannot think how I love to hear from you. When you don't write I am miserable the whole day. At least, last time I came here I was, but this time you must be good and send me a line every day. Do tell me by telegraph if you think I may go to a ball given by the Freemasons. You know, darling, I don't know whether it is forbidden or not, as I am only a convert.

My own,—Your letter this morning was a disappointment. I have been looking forward to seeing you on Tuesday. If the "Mud" is really in great distress at your leaving, I will be good and *permit* you to stay till Saturday, not a day longer. . . . I am glad — has bought the yacht; it was a cheap bargain for him, but we never could have gone about in it. Now, darling, we must save and buy a good one. It would be great fun now that I am, D.G., strong, to go to sea. Do you miss me really? Every moment, my own, I am really thinking of you. It is such a long time since you left. Sometimes I stay awake at night, crying; but I burn a large candle, which only shows me your absence. Most of all I miss you in the day, and I hate going down-stairs while you are away, though I have to do it. Dear darling, come back soon; but if the "Mud" wants you to stay, she must come with you.



From Southend.

My own and *not* my own, as you wont come to see me,—I am always glad to hear from you, as you know. It is very east windy here now, and I think the week will be enough for me. Even — (the maid) was glad I didn't venture out this morning. She said the church was very cold, and it is more than a mile off. The real truth is, I cannot be happy without my "hub," so, if you can't come to me, Mahomet must go to the mountain. . . . It is so bright and smiling now, I should like to go out, but am afraid of the east wind. I miss you so dreadfully. I have no news to tell you, except what is in the *Daily Telegraph*, which they take in here. Yesterday I had no letter from you ; but I am always your loving

Dor.

From Southend.

My own,—How I wish you were here. You would, I know, like the place, and, from what I have seen of it, I think it only wants you to make it quite delightful. To-day it is warm and clear—no fogs or rain like yesterday. I arrived all safe, and no one came into my carriage. The woman of the house seems pleasant and kind. Already my cold seems better. *Do* come down and see me. *I* can put you up. Darling, I have no seal. Do send me the small seal ring. Are you taking care of yourself? I have been hoping to see you here. Why are you too busy to come and look after your "dearest Pet." Where I am is very like Blankenberghe without the promenaders. Do come—you want a change and I am so lonely. To-morrow, D.V., I shall be with you to "bother" you. This is such a comfortable house in the way of rooms and food, but it is so LONELY. I cannot stay any longer ; besides, this very cold east wind does not agree with me. Send me some cash, please, to pay Mrs. C.—; if you don't she will think you a myth, and keep me till called for.

My own,—I will, D.V., be *really* with you on Monday morning. I am so glad my darling wants to see me again. I was afraid the fiddle had taken my place. They will not let me travel on Friday, or I should have seen you to-morrow. The "Mud" is better since she has had me to take care of, and she looks well. She is so good, and has promised, now that, as she says, "the spell is broken" by my coming to stay with her, she will come to us in town. I *did* send you a line on Wednesday. It is such a fine day that we must order a carriage to take me out—.

I must write to ask how you got over. I have been so uneasy listening to the storm all last night. . . . I hope dear Mud will decide on going to Spa soon, though I shall miss her greatly. Darling, write and say how you are, and when I may see you on the pier. I have been so unhappy since you left me as you did, but I still comfort myself

thinking your love for me CANNOT have gone. Ever your fond though miserable

Dot.

Sunday.

I have been thinking of you all this morning, and wondering what church you went to, and if you thought of your poor little Dot in your prayers. But I cannot bore you any more, but when I am writing to you I get selfish and say all I think. Do you know I am very angry with you for forgetting my requests. I asked you for the magazines in which you write, and you never sent them. But, notwithstanding, I long to see you again. You have so much to do you can't miss me as much as I do you. No letter from you to-day. I am counting the hours till to-morrow's post. Ever your loving

Dot.

## Reviews.

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### I.—LIBRARY OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.<sup>1</sup>

A COMPLETE translation of the writings of St. Francis de Sales has long been wanted, and it is now being prepared by a learned Benedictine, who attempts the difficult task of rendering in English not only the full meaning of the author, but also somewhat of the quaintness of the original text. The first volume, containing the letters of the Saint to various persons, has already been published with Bishop Hedley's *imprimatur*, and will be found an excellent book of spiritual reading for persons living in and mixing with the world. The spirit and essence of St. Francis' teaching, as we are reminded in the Preface, was that Christianity is intended to sanctify the world, not to abolish it; that we must try and be holy not by imitating in the letter the practices of the religious life, for the world is not, and never can be the cloister, and the attempt would necessarily be a failure, but by trying to be good men and good women in the world. For the generality of men the true Apostle is he who makes the way of perfection as easy and as smooth as it can be made without sacrificing essentials, and no one has understood how to do this better than St. Francis de Sales. Even fashionable life, for those whose position forbids them to hold aloof from it, he shows not to be incompatible with the practice of Christian virtues, notwithstanding its inevitable dangers and distractions. The following is the prudent advice he gives to a gentleman going to live at Court :

I would recommend to you the gentle and sincere courtesy which offends no one and obliges all; which seeks love rather than honour; which never rallies any one so as to hurt them, nor stingingly; which repels no one and is itself never repelled. Or if repelled, it is but

<sup>1</sup> *Library of St. Francis de Sales. I. Letters to Persons in the World.* Translated into English by the Rev. Henry Benedict Mackey, O.S.B., with Preface by the Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. London: Burns and Oates.

rarely ; in exchange for which it is very often honourably advanced. . . . I would wish that first in speech, in hearing, and in intercourse with others, you should make open and express profession of wishing to live virtuously, judiciously, perseveringly, and Christianly.

I say virtuously, that no one may attempt to engage you in immoralities. Judiciously, that you may not show extreme signs exteriorly of your intention, but such only as, according to your condition, may not be censured by the wise. Perseveringly, because unless you show with perseverance an equal and inviolable will, you will expose your resolutions to the designs and attempts of many miserable souls, who attack others to draw them into their company.

In fine, I say Christianly, because some make profession of wishing to be virtuous philosophically (*à la philosophique*) who, however, are not so, and can in no way be so ; and are nothing else but phantoms of virtue, hiding from those who are not familiar with them their bad life and ways by graceful manners and words (book iv. letter ii.)

Again, how excellent are the words wherein he exhorts those under his direction to act in a spirit of holy liberty, which does all by love, and nothing by force ; loving to obey rather than fearing to disobey. This is the holy liberty of the children of God, which he defines as *a detachment of the Christian heart from all things to follow the known will of God* ; this it is which excludes the pernicious spirit of constraint and obligation, and the consequent scruples which are a barrier to the advancement of so many souls.

The soul which has this liberty [he writes] is not attached to consolations, but receives afflictions with all the sweetness that the flesh can permit. I do not say that it does not love and desire consolations, but I say that it does not attach itself to them. Second mark : it does not at all attach its affection to spiritual exercises, so that if by sickness or any other accident kept therefrom it feels no grief thereat. Here also I do not say that it does not love them, but it is not attached to them.

Interrupt a soul which is attached to the exercise of meditation ; you will see it leave with annoyance, worried and surprised. A soul which has true liberty will leave its exercise with an equal countenance, and a heart gracious to the importunate person who has inconvenienced her. For it is all one to her whether she serve God by meditating, or serve Him by bearing with her neighbour ; both are the will of God, but the bearing with her neighbour is necessary at that time.

A person should never omit his exercises and the common rules of virtues unless he sees the will of God to be on the other side. Now the will of God shows itself in two ways, by necessity and charity. I want to preach this Lent in a little place of my diocese ; if, however, I get ill, or break my leg, I must not be grieved or disquieted because I

cannot preach, for it is certainly the will of God that I should serve Him by suffering and not by preaching. Or if I am not ill, but an occasion presents itself of going to some other place, where, if I go not, the people will become Huguenots, there is the will of God sufficiently declared to turn me gently from my design.

Spiridion, an ancient Bishop, having received a pilgrim almost dead with hunger during Lent, and in a place where there was nothing but salt meat, had some of this cooked, and offered it to the pilgrim. The pilgrim was unwilling to take it, in spite of his necessity. Spiridion had no need of it, but ate some first for charity, in order to remove by his example the scruple of the pilgrim. Here was a charitable liberty in this holy man.

St. Ignatius of Loyola ate meat on Wednesday in Holy Week on the simple order of the doctor, who judged it expedient for a little sickness he had. A spirit of constraint would have had to be besought three days (pp. 165, seq.).

The following letter (No. 22, Book 6) is addressed by St. Francis to one of his Sisters on the humble acceptance of those mortifications which come without our seeking them, and which bring no external honour to those called upon to bear them.

Do not worry yourself ; no, believe me, practise serving our Lord with a gentleness full of strength and zeal ; that is the true method of this service. Wish not to do all, but only something, and without doubt you will do much. Practise the mortifications which oftenest present themselves to you ; this is the thing we must do first ; after that we will do others. Often kiss in spirit the crosses which our Lord Himself has placed on your shoulders. Do not look whether they are of a precious or fragrant wood ; they are truer crosses when they are of vile, abject, worthless wood. It is remarkable that this always comes back to my mind, and that I know only this song ; without doubt, it is the canticle of the Lamb ; it is a little sad, but it is harmonious and beautiful : " My Father, be it not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Magdalen seeks our Lord while she has Him ; she demands Him from Himself. Wherefore she is not content to see Him thus, and seeks Him to find Him otherwise ; she wanted to see Him in His glorious dress, not in a gardener's vile dress ; but still at last she knew it was He, when He said " Mary."

Look now, my dear sister, it is our Lord in gardener's dress that you meet here and there every day in the occasions of ordinary mortifications which present themselves to you. You would like Him to offer you other and finer mortifications. O God, the finest are not the best. Do you not think He says, " Mary, Mary ?" No ; before you see Him in His glory, He wishes to plant in your garden many flowers, little and lowly, but to His liking ; that is why He is dressed so.

A recent Pontifical decree, as Bishop Hedley reminds us, has enrolled St. Francis amongst those who are formally called Doctors of the Church. Those pious persons who love the "sweet simplicity" of his teaching, have therefore the authority of the Vicar of Christ in taking him for their master and guide; and none, however feeble and faint-hearted, need fear to entrust herself to so gentle a pastor, who so well understood how much allowance is to be made for the frailty of human nature in carrying on the work of the sanctification of souls.

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2.—RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH PROVINCE S.J.<sup>1</sup>

This handsome volume just issued from the Manresa Press, and forming the second part of the seventh series of the *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*, fully maintains the high character of its predecessors. The historical researches of Brother Foley have already won a well deserved mead of praise, not only from Catholic but also from Protestant reviewers; for no one can fail to appreciate the indefatigable industry, the painstaking accuracy, and the general literary ability with which he prosecutes his useful task. The present volume will not only confirm the favourable judgment passed upon the previous issues, but will also greatly enhance the public estimate as to the valuable nature of the materials which the author has collected with so much labour and perseverance.

The first portion of the volume is devoted to the completion of the Collectanea, or biographical account of the deceased members of the Province. The alphabetical list, here terminated, is supplemented by two appendices and a general list of names and aliases. To these are added a list of the ancient members of the Scotch Mission, and, in a later part of the volume, a chronological catalogue of the Irish members of the Society, brought up to A.D. 1814, and accompanied with short biographical notices.

The Annual Reports made by the English Superiors to the Father General, and those of the Rectors of the Colleges and religious houses abroad in connection with the English Mission, furnish a mass of important and interesting information on the state of the Church in England during the early part of the

<sup>1</sup> *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*. Vol. vii. Part ii. The Collectanea completed; with Appendices, Catalogues, Annual Letters, Biographies, and Miscellanea. By Henry Foley, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1883.

seventeenth century. Supplemented as they are from other sources, and arranged in chronological order, they form a short epitome of the history of the persecuted church from A.D. 1607 to 1627. During these years the insidious oath of allegiance, framed by King James the First, and proposed as a test on the slightest pretext and under the severest penalties to reputed or suspected Catholics, became the unhappy cause of numerous defections and grievous dissensions among the Catholic body. Many of the clergy, both secular and regular, headed by the Archpriest Blackwell, were of opinion that this oath, which contained a repudiation of the Pope's deposing power, could be taken with a safe conscience, and numbers of the laity, anxious to preserve if possible the remnants of their estates, were eager to endorse this view, and avail themselves of the favourable interpretation put upon the oath by their spiritual teachers. The Fathers of the Society, on the contrary, were constant and unanimous in condemning and rejecting it, and their course of conduct, though it exposed them to the brunt of the persecution and was the occasion of much obloquy, was proved by the formal and repeated condemnation at Rome of the oath in question, to be the only safe and consistent one.

The reports from the English Province for the succeeding years, up to A.D. 1645, are given in an abridged form, "the originals," says the author, "not having as yet become accessible." In these, as in the previous letters, we have set before us a vivid picture of the hopes and fears, the labours and sufferings, of the heroic missionaries, and of the exactions, imprisonments, tortures, &c., of which their flocks, as well as they themselves, were the victims. We find also many edifying details of extraordinary conversions, miraculous cures, remarkable interpositions of Providence, and signal punishments inflicted upon persecutors, which furnish abundant evidence that in these disastrous times, as in the early ages of the Church, our Blessed Lord made frequent use of such supernatural means to confirm the faith of his disciples, and to comfort and encourage them under their severe trials. Thus we read of Father Lawrence Hide, who had suffered imprisonment and exile for the faith, that

Some years ago, while he was celebrating Mass, at the Elevation of the Host, a child who was present cried out, "Oh, what a lovely baby." On his mother asking him what was the matter, he replied that the priest held in his hands a most lovely infant, and soon began to complain that it had been consumed (p. 984).

And again :

In Lancashire sixty persons were delivered from the cruel thralldom in which they were held by an evil spirit, and as the supposed effects of witchcraft. Among these was a girl, a truly melancholy spectacle, interdicted from food and drink for the space of three years ; she often appeared to be dead, and then commenced turning and twisting, and became frightfully distorted. She was at length restored to her proper shape and former health by means of prayer and the rites of the Church, and having first cast up small bits of iron and brass with a large quantity of blood, she began to cry out in a clear and joyful voice, "Praise be to God, it is now gone !" upon which a large torch standing near was instantly extinguished, as though by water thrown upon it, and the girl was perfectly cured to the amazement and joy of the bystanders (p. 1112).

Several interesting biographies, more or less complete, follow the extracts from the Annual Letters. One of the most remarkable of these is that of Father Thomas Woodhouse, S.J., who may be justly styled *the Martyr of the Holy See*, as he fell a victim to his zeal in defending the authority of the Vicar of Christ in the matter of the excommunication and deposition of Elizabeth. This father was originally a secular priest, and had held a living in Lincolnshire in the reign of Queen Mary, but was received into the Society of Jesus during the course of his long imprisonment. His simple faith and ardent zeal led him at times into acts which the heretics professed to regard as proofs of madness, and which many Catholics deplored under the critical circumstances of the times as savouring of imprudence. No one, however, can fail to admire his fervent piety, ardent charity, and undaunted courage. The following trait is both characteristic and edifying. Soon after his examination before the Lord Treasurer,

A smith was called to lay irons on him ; which being done, Mr. Woodhouse rewarded him with two shillings. But seven days after, when the smith, by order of the Council, had taken off his irons, he stood with cap in hand looking to be rewarded much better than before, till he saw Mr. Woodhouse attend to his business and little to mind him, that he thought it necessary to put Mr. Woodhouse in remembrance with these words : "Sir, this day seven-night, when I burdened you with irons, you rewarded me with two shillings ; now that I have taken them away for your more ease, I trust your worship will reward me much better." "No," saith Mr. Woodhouse, "then I gave thee wages for laying irons on me, because I was sure to have my wages for bearing them ; now thou must have patience if thou lose thy wages, whereas



thou hast, with taking away mine irons, taken also away those wages I have for carrying them. But come when you will to load me with irons, and, if I have money, thou shalt not go home with an empty purse" (p. 1263).

We are glad to notice in the biographical portion of the volume a reprint of the edifying history of Brother William Elphinston, S.J., which has already enriched the pages of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. The life of Father John Meade (*alias* Almeida), which follows, transports us to a fresh scene of missionary enterprise, as his labours were entirely confined to the Brazilian Province. We may congratulate ourselves that the edifying details of the heroic virtues and apostolic labours of this saintly man have found a place in these *Records*, where they will be preserved in a permanent form for the example and instruction of future generations.

Among the letters which follow the biographies, and which principally relate to the sufferings of the English martyrs, there is one of special value from Father Henry Garnett, S.J., which contains the most interesting details regarding several of the heroic confessors of the faith who preceded the writer himself on the way to Tyburn. In this and the succeeding letters we are made acquainted with many edifying circumstances regarding the lives and sufferings of these holy men, which are not to be found in the valuable records of the *Missionary Priests* collected by Bishop Challoner.

The concluding portion of this interesting volume is devoted to matters of a more miscellaneous and antiquarian character. Thus we have an account of the Colleges of Penitentiaries at St. Peter's in Rome and the holy House of Loreto, a sketch and pedigree of the Hornyold family, a history of the Scarisbricks of Scarisbrick Hall, Lancashire, from the pen of the Rev. W. A. Bulbeck, O.S.B., &c.

The volume is adorned with six well executed photographic likenesses of the martyred priests, and is unexceptionable in regard to paper, type, and general get up.

In taking leave of the author, we must again express our gratitude to him for the flood of light which, by his unwearied researches, he has let in to this obscure but deeply interesting period of our ecclesiastical history. These seven volumes of *Records* (the work being, as we understand, completed in the present issue) have made us fully acquainted with the important part which the Society of Jesus has had in the preservation and

revival of Catholic faith in this country during the ages of persecution, and at the same time afford an authentic refutation of the Protestant theory, so industriously circulated by her enemies, that her work is that of a secret and unscrupulous organization, labouring with unbounded resources and by the most unworthy means for selfish and political objects.

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### 3.—THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON.<sup>1</sup>

The second volume of Dr. Brownson's collected works opens with an elaborate Essay in Refutation of Atheism, wherein is contained a very complete account of the author's own philosophical system. That system we cannot approve, so far as it asserts a direct intuition of God, which intuition, however, is not knowledge, but becomes knowledge in the analysis of the reflecting mind. "Ideal intuition is not perception or cognition. Perception is empirical, whether mediate or immediate, and in it the soul is always the percipient agent. Intuition of the ideal is solely the act of the object, and in relation to it the intellect is passive." In paralleling this view with the scholastic doctrine about the *species impressa* and the *intellectus agens*, Dr. Brownson seems to us quite to misconceive the scholastics. If, however, by the direct action of God in illuminating the intellect and manifesting Himself to it, the author really meant no more than might be understood of words used in a later essay, we should not have much cause to differ from him. "Why," he asks, after stating the fact of Divine conservation and concurrence, "should we hesitate to, allow our dependence on God, and that it is by His immediate presence and affirmation of Himself as the ideal to the soul that we are able to think and know? Why should we fancy that we can think and know without His permanent presence and direct action, giving the soul its ideal object and light?" Up to a certain point all Catholics admit that God is the light of the intellect and is seen in His own light; but Dr. Brownson extends this doctrine to a degree quite beyond the necessity of the case, and, we will add, beyond what, as a matter of fact, is true.

Dr. Brownson next turns his attention to Gioberti's theories. The latter has his special method of dealing with the schism between the priestly and the secular power.

<sup>1</sup> *The Works of Orestes A. Brownson*, Collected and Arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. II. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse, publisher, 1883.

Of this divergence the principal cause, if we understand him aright, is that the sacerdotal society has lost its control of the lay society, by having lost its former moral and intellectual superiority over it, and yet insists on maintaining the dominion it rightfully exercised when it possessed that superiority; and the remedy is to be sought in the voluntary cession, as far as civilized Europe is concerned, on the part of the sacerdotal society, of that former dominion, become incompatible with modern civilization. . . He denies, indeed, the right of lay society to assert its emancipation by violence, and thus far condemns modern liberalists, but contends that the clerical order should voluntarily concede the emancipation from sacerdotal tutelage, and invest the lay order with an independence that was denied it, and very properly denied it, in the earlier medieval times.

In reply Dr. Brownson has some excellent things to say about the power of the priest, as such, not being essentially in his personal qualities, intellectual and moral, and about that inherent weakness of mankind, which makes the full observance even of the natural law dependent on supernatural aids. He insists that civil government, even within its own sphere, cannot take up that absolutely independent position which it claims, and simply throw off the tutelage of the Church. The Church, he says, has been the great civilizer, and, if civilization is not to retrograde, it must still consent to lean for support on the same strong arm that drew it out of barbarism at the beginning. All these are vital truths; but in stating the connexion of Church and State, Dr. Brownson ventures on certain propositions which are likely to give a false impression. For instance, he says, "We hold that civil society is the creature of the priesthood, and that, in all times and places, it is through the priesthood that God invests civil society with its authority to govern; and that the civil, no less than the spiritual society, under God, rests immediately under the divinely instituted priesthood, and civil society only *mediante* the sacerdotal society." There is a certain independence of the two orders which ought to be admitted.

There are a number of details in which we regret to be unable to agree with our able and excellent author: and we are more and more convinced that it was a great misfortune to him to have entered, by his own gate, into the domains of Catholic philosophy and theology. His suggested improvements are often no real improvements at all. Nor in his perpetual conflicts with the schools does he show the best of temper in denouncing his opponents as mere followers of routine, as forced

to keep to tradition, and as being impervious to new lights. The fact is that they were better situated for taking a just view of things than he was in his comparative isolation. As a grave instance of what we mean, we will take his enthusiasm for Gioberti's view, that the natural and the supernatural are not two distinct provinces, but that the latter is the mere completion of the former. So far as the supernatural builds upon nature and does not destroy it but elevate it, Catholic theologians have always been aware of the harmonious relations. And yet, for excellent reasons, they have always insisted that the supernatural rises quite into a realm of its own, and is not the completion of nature in the same order. Hence we dissent from Dr. Brownson when he writes: "The difficulty which so many feel in accepting revelation as an element in philosophical science, is much lessened, if not completely removed, by Gioberti's doctrine of the supernatural which unites and identifies the supernatural and the creative act of God, thus making the supernatural as intelligible to us as the natural. The difficulty has grown out of supposing revelation to be the revelation of an order distinct from, and above, and intrinsically unconnected with the order intelligible to our natural reason, a doctrine of which the Jesuits and their followers are the chief patrons." No such thing: the doctrine is St. Paul's,<sup>2</sup> and Catholic theologians generally are agreed on the matter.

Dr. Brownson's error is an utter misconception of the point at issue. For, starting with the definition that "the supernatural is God in His immediate act, the natural is what is effected by second causes," it is no wonder that our author comes to the conclusion that "the Incarnation is supernatural, but no more so than the action of God creating the Cosmos, and indeed is only that act completed, . . . that there is no radical diversity between what is called nature and what is called grace. The distinction is simply that between the commencement and the completion." Every theologian will see what an egregious misunderstanding this is of the point at issue. There are minor blunders of a like character, and, in view of them, our great reverence for Dr. Brownson, for his ability and high moral character, must not prevent us from declaring that his works are not suited simply as guides to the formation of opinions, but rather call for a reader whose mind has already been trained, so as to enable him to correct or reject what is offered to his perusal, as frequent

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. ii.

occasion shall require. We would add, however, that even the mistakes of so vigorous a writer as Dr. Brownson are often usefully suggestive.

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#### 4.—PRINCIPLES OF HEALTH.<sup>1</sup>

This is by far the best popular book we have ever seen on the way to preserve health. It is a medical book, treating of all that it is most important for non-professional persons to know on the subject of medicine. Yet at the same time it avoids any foolish advice about details which might encourage those unfortunate persons who are nervous about their health to adopt for themselves first one remedy, then another. It provides useful knowledge about the houses we live in, both houses of brick or stone and houses of mortal clay. Yet there is not a word from beginning to end which could mar the modesty of the most modest maiden. It gives valuable directions about drainage, digestion, stimulants, the management of childhood, manhood, and old age, yet in all its directions it is never dull; above all, the author is clearly a sensible man and a practical man, free from those fads and fancies which so often make the writer on health unreliable. The style is easy and pleasant, and the anecdotes and illustrations which vary its pages make it amusing and agreeable reading.

We turn, for instance, to the chapter on the much-controverted question of stimulants, and cannot fail to be attracted by the moderate view which appeals at once to the reader's common-sense and experience. After stating that the amount of alcohol which exercises a tonic effect on the system without subsequent ill effects is about an ounce and a half in twenty-four hours, and that this amount would be contained in about four ordinary glasses of port or sherry, nine of claret, a pint of champagne, two pints of table beer, &c., he sums up—

Adults who enjoy average health do not require stimulants, but may indulge without injury in the quantity which has been mentioned... Old people, whose failing energies need some support, are usually greatly benefited by the tonic quantity, the good they derive being in proportion to the amount of care which has been taken not to indulge in early life (p. 139).

In a very few words Mr. King disposes of the anti-vaccination fanatics.

<sup>1</sup> *Principles of Health in Childhood, Manhood, and Old Age.* By Louis King, M.R.C.S. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

In order to appreciate the wonderful preventive power of vaccination it is only necessary for any sensible person to study statistics for themselves, and not to be led away by those who, as a rule, with little knowledge, have endeavoured to prevent others from employing this marvellous preventive. The argument that some ill effects may be originated from unskilfully performed vaccination is as foolish as to maintain that we should not eat bread because some people have been choked by it (p. 94).

Parents will read with interest Mr. King's advice respecting that much neglected subject—the management of children in their early years and during their school life. We are glad to find from so excellent an authority an opinion in favour of corporal punishment, and a strong protest against that worst of punishments for boys, long written tasks. "It is exceedingly hurtful," says Mr. King, "to give long tasks as a punishment, which necessitate remaining indoors and consequent loss of exercise" (p. 70).

The last two chapters in the book give a number of practical hints how to proceed in the case of the most ordinary accidents, and when some poison has been swallowed. Many a life would be saved if every family had those most useful and simple directions to act upon when lives are endangered by scalding, or burning, or drowning, fractured limbs, or hæmorrhage, or a mad dog's bite, and there is no doctor at hand. Many lives, moreover, and much cruel agony would be saved if every one had at hand the remedies for the commonest poisons, given in a table at the end of the volume. We may add that much ill health would be avoided and many a sickness kept away if the thousand and one valuable suggestions of Mr. King's book were to be observed.

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#### 5.—SOUVENIRS D'ENFANCE ET DE JEUNESSE.<sup>1</sup>

One of the many popular legends current in Brittany tells of a fabulous city long since buried beneath the waters of the sea. Breton fishermen still point out its site to the traveller, and relate how ever and anon the steeples of its churches peep out above the crest of the waves, and how in calm weather the sound of bells chiming the Church's hymns rises up out of the deep. M. Renan prefaces what purports to be the story

<sup>1</sup> *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse.* Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut, Académie Française, et Académie des Inscriptions. Paris : Calmann Lévy, Editeur, Rue Auber 3, et Boulevard des Italiens 15. 1883.

of his Boyhood and Youth with the recital of this legend, and tells how he too, hears, now more distinctly than ever at the approach of old age, sounds, as of another world, vibrating in the lowest depths of his soul. He has long ago buried his faith and stifled his conscience, but echoes, as he confesses further on in his work, of the worship of other days, sweet memories of blessed thoughts, stirred up in his soul by the thought of her who is the "Star of the sea" and the Solace of those "who mourn and weep in this vale of tears," are even now heard to trouble the serenity of his philosophy, and almost make of him in his old age an apostate from the worship of the Goddess of Reason, as pride and rebellion have made a renegade of him from the faith of his youth, and from the God of the Christians.

M. Renan reminds us at the outset that Goethe gave to his Memoirs the title of *Truth and Poetry*, as if, he hints, to indicate that a man cannot write his own as he could the life of another, because in one's own case imagination must necessarily and to a very great extent colour the facts we state about ourselves. M. Renan's imagination, which to an Englishman's plain thinking, will, we think, appear to wear a very pale, sickly, and generally unwholesome cast of countenance, has accordingly very largely reflected the hues of its own pasty complexion on to the facts, in themselves dull, ordinary, and uninteresting enough, of his early life as stated by himself. If, as M. Renan affirms, all that we say about ourselves is poetry—is poetry here the French for "flummery"?—his readers will be indebted to the writer himself for a test of the reliance to be placed on the soundness of his judgments.

The story, then, of M. Renan's Boyhood and Youth, as told by himself, when stripped of the poetry and glamour with which he has succeeded in investing it by the charms of an indisputably fascinating style, will be found to amount to the plain unvarnished narrative of the old story, the history of a "prêtre manqué" and his subsequent apostacy with an enumeration of all the so-called reasons which led up to the final emancipation of a great intellect and a noble nature from the trammels of superstition and bigotry. Boyhood, properly so called, and as it is understood in England, he had none by his own showing. That interesting period of life was replaced in his case by a prolonged babyhood. At a time when a healthy English, and for that matter a sensible French, boy is fond of toffy, marbles, and cricket, the interesting Ernest was clinging with all the

intensity of his sensitive nature to his mother's apron-strings, or hanging on to his sister, or, naughty little fellow, making sheep's eyes at pretty little girls, the village rose-buds of the neighbourhood. Renan would in all probability have been a more sensible, modest, and certainly a happier man, if as a boy he had found his level amongst other boys, who would have knocked not a little of his maudlin nonsense and self-conceit out of him.

What he was as a child he continued to be after he had reached man's estate, so much so that we find the shrewd observer, as Renan calls him, M. Challemel-Lacour, making the remark that "Renan thinks like a man, feels like a woman, and acts like a child,"—a verdict as to his character with which Renan has no fault to find, because, as he goes on to observe, "the moral constitution described in these words has procured for me the keenest intellectual enjoyments given to a man to taste."

From an excellent provincial school conducted by worthy Breton priests, who taught Renan the elements of Latin, our little prodigy, who was in after life to be one-third man, one-third woman, and the remaining third a child, passed to Mgr. Dupanloup's well-known Little Seminary, thence to the Seminary of Issy, and finally to that of Saint-Sulpice. It is in these chapters that Renan tells us of the "terrible struggle" which went on in his soul between faith and incredulity, ending as we all know now in the final victory of the latter, to the complete and lasting overthrow of the former. Our limits obviously make it impossible to follow the author over so wide a field. Suffice it to say that in many respects the history bears a striking resemblance to that of the unfortunate man, Blanco White, whose story is so graphically described in one of his Lectures by Cardinal Newman, with this difference in favour of Renan, that he had the grace to renounce the idea of going on to the priesthood, when he finally resolved to renounce the faith of his fathers. Of his clerical masters and professors it is only fair to add, that Renan invariably speaks with respect and affection. Of their methods of education, and their theology, dogmatic, moral, and ascetical, he is unsparing in his denunciation. But let their schooling of boys be all that he makes it, narrow-minded and rigid in the extreme, their dogmatic theology tinged with Gallicanism, and their moral and ascetical with Jansenism, let the horrors of an "âpre scolastique" be



what they will, drawbacks such as these in one little corner of the Catholic Church are a poor pretext to a man of M. Renan's intellect and logical powers for the rejection at one fell swoop of all Revelation and all Christianity.

No, this was not the rock upon which the vessel of Renan's faith split and went to the bottom. The cause of his apostasy is to be found in the self-concentration, the self-sufficiency, the self-conceit, which are transparent in every page and every line of the *Reminiscences* of the man, who setting himself up against the wisdom of ages, plumes himself upon having discovered and exploded by the aid of German philology and German philosophy the gigantic impostures of Christianity. Singularly felicitous man, to be envied of his fellows, who not having either his wit or leisure for Hebrew studies, and having still less taste and inclination for a philosophy, the depths of whose conceptions is only equalled by the brilliancy and sprightliness of the style in which they are expressed, must be content to grope their way on to end in all the darkness of the old road! But the Lion of Judah has conquered and parried attacks abler, more vigorous, and more blasphemous even than Renan's, and He will triumph once again as He has triumphed a hundred times before. In the meantime we can only heartily pray that the triumph will be in this case what it has been in so many others, the revenge of "good for evil," and that Renan may yet live to undo in his old age the mischief he has done and the scandal he has given by the vagaries of his youth and manhood.

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#### LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.<sup>1</sup>

Messrs. Nimmo and Bain have furnished us with an edition of Dr. Lingard's celebrated *History of England*, of which we can speak in terms of warm approbation. The type and paper are all that could be desired, and the book will take its place as one of the handsomest productions of the press.

It seems scarcely necessary to inform our readers that this important work has secured for itself an acknowledged reputation among the historical masterpieces of the age. On its first appearance it had to contend with much opposition, arising partly from the fact that its author was a Catholic, and partly

<sup>1</sup> *The History of England*, from the First Invasion of the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688. By John Lingard. In ten volumes. London: J. C. Nimmo and Bain, 1883.

that he thought it his duty to vindicate the Church from the attacks of many an assailant, without regard to the position which they might happen to occupy among the dignitaries of the Establishment. Gradually, however, Lingard's history won its way towards eminence; and at the time of its author's lamented death it had secured for itself a rank which it still retains among the standard historical productions of the age.

During the lifetime of its author this work has gone through many editions, each of which was superior to that which preceded it, for Dr. Lingard continued carefully to correct and enlarge his History until a short time before his last illness. The present edition contains his latest notes and emendations, together with a Memoir of the writer founded upon one drawn up by his friend, the Rev. Canon Tierney, of Arundel. It is further enriched with ten portraits, including one of the author, newly etched by B. Damman, of Paris.

We shall be glad if the success of the present undertaking should encourage the spirited publishers to advance a step further in the good work which they have begun. *The History of the Anglo-Saxon Church* is well worthy of a new edition, and would form an admirable companion to the *History of England*. And if to these two works were added a corrected and complete reprint of Lingard's tracts and miscellaneous writings, we should be still more grateful. All of these minor pieces are of acknowledged historical value, most of them are scarcely known, and some of them are so rare as to be almost unattainable. Many of them were written at the suggestion of Cardinal Wiseman, and all of them had his approval and recommendation. When the historical student had possessed himself of this series of works he would have on his shelves all that he need know of his country from the Roman Invasion until the accession of William and Mary.

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#### 7.—ON BLUE-WATER.<sup>1</sup>

To follow a sea-faring life requires a very special vocation. For the boy who is truly born to go to sea this calling has so strong a fascination that no amount of hardships, privations, and even ill-treatment can prevent him from choosing it before any other. Mr. Keane, when we met him last—and a very pleasant

<sup>1</sup> *On Blue-Water*. Some Narratives of Sport and Adventure in the Modern Merchant Service. By J. F. Keane. London: Tinsley Brothers, 8, Catherine Street, Strand, 1883.

meeting it was—was journeying on the ship of the desert over waves of sand; now we find him tossing on “blue-water,” as true a sailor as ever climbed the rigging, and relating for our amusement some of his experiences during seventeen years spent before the mast. He was an incorrigibly bad boy, he tells us, and at twelve years old ran away to sea, preferring—although he was a gentleman’s son—the arduous duties of a ship’s boy in a collier brig, to the comfortable home and gentle instructions of a good old parson tutor, full of the milk of human kindness, with whom he had been placed. His object in publishing the volume before us is to illustrate life among the junior officers and seamen of the merchant service of to-day; in it he employs a nautical style of phraseology, and introduces a great many sporting adventures on “blue water.” For the benefit of the uninitiated we must let him explain what is meant by this expression.

By this term, “blue-water,” I do not mean the “deep-blue sea” of the poet or landsman, who probably never saw the ultra-ultra-marine of the true blue sea. For, in order to see it, one must go (off some coasts at least) away hundreds of miles to sea, out of soundings; that is to say, one must have a hundred fathoms of water between him and the bottom—“the nearest land,” as I have heard it called. There—out on the great, heaving, lonely ocean, where the sailor spends his two, three, often four months, without receiving one particle of evidence of the existence of his fellow-man anywhere in the world outside his ship—there is the blue-water. . . . To give some idea of the depth of colour in the dark blue ocean: To the landsman standing on the Land’s End what a charming blue the calm sea beneath presents to his eye! To our homeward bound sailor the colour of the water has now become a disagreeable pea-green (p. 4).

Shark-catching seems to have formed a very pleasant diversion to the author on his cruises, besides affording a welcome change to the never-varying and often stinted diet to which the sailors were condemned. The followers of Isaac Walton will doubtless rejoice in the descriptions of the various modes of catching and killing this denizen of the deep, which Mr. Keane states to be far more harmless than it is generally supposed to be. Under ordinary circumstances, he tells us, there is not a more cowardly or cautious animal, and, far from being an habitual man-eater, the shark only bites a man inadvertently or when unable to procure its proper prey. But even were the shark what his worst enemies have painted him, nothing could justify the wanton barbarities often practised upon him by his

captors, and the cruel and lingering death to which he is put. Englishmen who are horrified at the thought of a bull-fight will do well to remember that the delighted participants—some four hundred people—in the scene described below were almost exclusively their own countrymen.

About six years ago I was serving as a "small officer" in a large passenger steamboat bound out to India. About the middle of the Red Sea we were delayed eight hours in a calm. While we lay rolling about on the swell, a large school of sharks assembled all round the ship. . . . The surface of the water swarmed with them, and their devilish green eyes seemed looking hungrily up at us. The distressing heat and provoking delay were all forgotten at the wonderful sight. Rifles and revolvers were brought up by the passengers, and a general all-round fusillade opened on the sharks, but with no apparent effect whatever, for a shark takes no more notice of a few bullet perforations than he would if he were being peppered with a pea-shooter. This soon became a very unsatisfactory kind of sport, and having no shark-hooks on board, some began feeding the sharks with newspapers, chips of wood, and other rubbish, all of which the sharks took inside the moment they touched the water. But even this innocent amusement was beginning to fail, when a junior engineer hit upon a most glorious expedient for getting sport out of the fish. He heated a fire-brick in the boiler furnaces, and then, bringing it on deck, watched the approach of a shark, and dropped it in the water just before him. Nothing more attractive to a hungry shark, in size and colour, together with the disturbance it created in the water, could have been conceived than a hot fire-brick, as the result proved. No sooner was one of them thrown in than it was immediately gulped down like a pill by some shark. The surface of a red-hot brick would lose its heat almost the instant after immersion, but internally it would still contain heat enough to burn its way right through the shark's body, one would have thought. The contortions, springs into the air, rushings, twistings, and twirlings of those tormented creatures with the fires inside them, were indeed hellish to look at; nevertheless the sport was kept up with the greatest *éclat* from all spectators until, our damage being repaired, we steamed away from the scene at a rate no shark could follow for long (p. 74).

The sailors seem to have been expected to be almost as omnivorous as the sharks, to judge by the description of the food, the badness of which was the greatest cause of discontent amongst the men. In fact, it is said that provisions cannot now be procured anywhere of such a desperately bad description as were sent on board ships some years ago.

The bread (so-called) of which we received one pound daily, four biscuits, was that curious adamant specimen of sea-cake known as

*the London pan-tile.* Popular belief said it was composed of ground beans and "seconds;" but I hesitate about doubting a statement that Portland cement was its only ingredient. Be that as it may, it was only less pliable than a grindstone, lacking its brittleness. A captain once gave a hungry little nigger-boy a raw sea-biscuit, but as his ivories ceased grinding when about half-way through it, the captain said: "What, belly-full already, boy?" "No, Massah Cap. Belly no full, jaw-bone weary." I have never been able to eat a whole "pan-tile" in my life, nor did I ever meet a man who could eat on an average more than two-thirds of his allowance a-day of the best and freshest. The biscuits have, however, a strange attraction for insects and rats, and always by the time they were three months on board, were swarming with weevils, maggots, and consequent dirt and dust. Some sailors affected to like this sort of thing, as a slight change of diet (p. 33).

Mr. Keane also describes graphically the other hardships endured by the toilers of the sea—"down right misery" on some vessels, in bad weather, when the only time allowed for rest and food are two periods of three and a half hours each in the twenty-four; and after a night of strenuous exertion—six hours perhaps at the wheel, steering hard till the horny hands are blistered, or working at the pumps knee-deep in water, with five minutes' interval of rest every half hour—when the men go to breakfast.

What a breakfast! Nine wretches in a dripping den of a fore-castle, the salt water running out of their clothes in streams, making a meal off a pot of unsweetened coffee and a nibble at a sea-cake, harder than the knocker of a workhouse door. Force it down, though perhaps you would rather have nothing, but you must eat though you do not care for it. Then fill the pipe, throw yourself down wet upon the deck, and just lie long enough to feel how tired you really are, when the mate comes along again, and sings out: "Pump ship, the watch!" and we have to leave the shelter of the fore-castle and go out into the bitterly cold whistling gale again (p. 241).

Such is the ordinary life of a western ocean sailor in winter-time. Nevertheless, old salts retain their physical powers to a great age, the hardships attending such a life apparently only serving to bring out their powers of endurance. The worst is the system of brutality and violence on board some trading vessels, hundreds of men having been wilfully murdered or maimed and disfigured for life during the last ten years on board such ships, which are mostly manned by the dregs and offscouring of the sea-faring classes of various nationalities. The officers give their commands in terms of disgusting abuse, fol-

lowing them up, if not understood and obeyed aright, by knock-down blows and brutal kickings. The lack of proper supervision enables these crimes and cruelties to be committed with impunity, and, no redress being obtainable, the men's only desire is to escape as soon as land is reached. This is a great blot on the English flag. Mr. Keane says that whilst making a passage in an Austrian barque, where he was well-fed and experienced nothing but most civil treatment, he often thought with shame how differently was he being treated to the way he had seen many a poor foreigner treated in the forecastle of an English ship. The mixture of nationalities must in reality often interfere much with the due execution of orders.

There is a story of an American mate who was obliged to re-name all the ropes in the ship, so that his orders could be understood. He took packs of cards and nailed one card close to where each rope was made fast, and named the rope after the card. It must have been rather curious to hear such orders as "Let go the ace of spades!" "Man the nine of hearts and nine of diamonds!" "Haul tight the queen of clubs!" (p. 237).

We must not omit to state that many interesting facts of natural history are scattered up and down throughout these pages. The reader may be amused to hear an explanation of the strange name, "Mother Carey's chickens," applied to the stormy petrel. These little birds, met with at sea and only at sea, on every part of the ocean, thousands of miles from the nearest land, were supposed to lay their eggs on the waves in certain calm regions; and even "to this day hundreds of sailors may be found who firmly believe that the stormy petrel carries its eggs or young among its feathers under its wing, or, in other words, that *the mother carries chickens*."

## Literary Record.

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THIS play,<sup>1</sup> which has for its *dramatis personæ* some well-known historical characters of the times of Queen Elizabeth, displays no small amount of dramatic power, as well as poetic talent. Although himself a Frenchman, the author has placed true Englishmen upon the stage. He has allowed himself some licence in the transposition of certain historical details and episodes, but has kept close to the truth in the delineation of character. Cecil, Leicester, Cheney, Hopton, and the rest are all faithfully portrayed, and the hero himself, the gifted and eloquent son of Oxford, loved by all who knew him, a Jesuit, missionary, and martyr, forms one of the most striking and attractive characters out of the many Englishmen who suffered and died for the faith. The mental conflict which it cost him to inflict pain upon his friends and appear ungrateful to his royal benefactress, is well depicted by Father Longhay. The versification of this little tragedy is excellent throughout, and in some passages he merits comparison with Racine.

F. Legnani's *Roma e Costantinopoli*<sup>2</sup> is a very useful little book, and one which is no less pleasing than useful. After sketching the typical parallelism between the House of Jacob in the Old and the Church of Christ in the New Testament, the writer proves the identity of the Church of Rome with the One Church of Christ by many quotations from the writings of Greek and Syriac Fathers, and by extracts from decrees and statements of the General Councils admitted by the Greeks. The concise and popular style in which these proofs of fundamental Catholic truth, drawn from sources not too well known amongst us, have been put together, suggests a wish that this little compilation may appear in an English dress.

<sup>1</sup> *Campion*. Tragédie en vers. Par le R. P. Longhay, S.J. Tours : Mame et Fils.

<sup>2</sup> *Roma e Costantinopoli*, ossia la divina istituzione del Primato della sede Romana, dimostrata colla testimonianza della Chiesa Greca. Modena, 1883.

Father Richards has issued the third part of his comprehensive and useful *Manuals of Scripture History*,<sup>3</sup> extending from the beginning of the reign of King Saul to the Babylonish Captivity. The notes he appends to the history are excellent. Thus in speaking of the "boys" who mocked Eliseus, he brings out in a few words certain facts which we confess never struck us in reading the story. We have often heard that the "boys" were "boys" in the Irish sense, full-grown young men, but it never occurred to us to notice what is undoubtedly true, that the guilt lay in the fact that these young men were worshippers of the golden calf, and in crying out, "Go up, thou bald head," were mocking at the recent translation of Elias into Heaven.

But we do not understand the object of inserting after proper names their Greek equivalent before giving their meaning. It misleads, for it conveys the false idea that the names of the Old Testament are Greek by origin. When we come across "Rechab ('Ρηχάβ, horseman)," or "Sellum (Σελλούμ, retribution)," the reader is led to think that 'Ρηχάβ is the Greek for a horseman, and Σελλούμ for retribution, and this in spite of the prefatory note, which most readers will overlook. This is a trifle, but in so exact and admirable a little book, it is of importance to guard against pitfalls for the learner.

An anonymous defender of the claims of Thomas à Kempis against the supposed Benedictine Abbot Gersen, sums up with precision and ability the arguments by which those claims are established, and at the same time notices briefly and refutes the objections which are raised to the theory he advocates. Gerson he declares to be a purely mythical personage, whose existence is founded on the fact of John Gerson, Chancellor of Paris, having written a little ascetical work, *De Meditatione Cordis*. The rights of Thomas à Kempis (whose real name was Thomas Hamercken) were, he says, never contested for some two hundred years, and there exists a contemporaneous copy of the *Imitation* in which it is clearly stated that it was finished and completed by the hands of Brother Thomas à Kempis. But we must refer our readers to the pamphlet<sup>4</sup> itself for any further particulars. It is beautifully printed, and has at the beginning an engraving of à Kempis from a print of 1606.

The *Sixth Standard Reading Book*,<sup>5</sup> just issued by Messrs.

<sup>3</sup> *A Manual of Scripture History*. By J. B. Richards, D.D. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>4</sup> *Thomas à Kempis and the Imitation of Christ*. London: Suttaby and Co.



Burns and Oates, is a model of what such a Reading Book should be. It is most varied in its contents, contains a judicious mixture of pieces of prose and poetry of every style; and each piece has an interest of its own and cannot fail to attract the young reader and leave its impress on his mind. Any one who has mastered its contents will have picked up no small store of historical knowledge, from the account of the stone and bronze period (where we call attention to the excellent illustrations) down to the "Charge of the Six Hundred," told in prose by W. H. Russell, and in verse in Tennyson's well-known lines. We heartily congratulate the editor, and hope that the whole series will be widely adopted.

Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have issued a beautiful little edition of the *Maxims of St. Francis of Sales*,<sup>6</sup> a book which we noticed a month or two since as lately published in America. We are sure that it will be valued as much on this as on the other side of the Atlantic.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

On the occasion of the anniversary of Bishop Greith's death, some reminiscences of that exemplary prelate are published in the pages of *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*. He belonged to the school of Görres and Brentano, but his interests were varied and many sided; in the world of literature and science he held no insignificant place. After thirty years of unremitting labour on behalf of the Catholic cause in Switzerland, in 1863 he was raised to the episcopate, being the second Bishop of St. Gallen, a new see, the formation of which was mainly owing to his exertions. In the same number of the *Stimmen* we have Father Dressel's concluding article on the subterranean caverns of Bavarian Austria, in which he discusses the various conjectures of archæologists as to the purposes for which they were originally constructed. Were they cellars? or hiding-places? or heathen temples? or the dwellings of primitive races? or the retreat of anchorites and penitents of the third or fourth century? The most probable theory, we are told, is that they

<sup>5</sup> *The Standard Reading Book* (Granville Series, No. VI.). London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>6</sup> *Maxims and Counsels of St. Francis de Sales for every day of the year*. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

were the sepulchres of the dead, rather than the abode of living men, since in remote times it was customary for nations, where cremation was not the usage, to inter the dead in subterranean chambers connected by narrow galleries; the construction of these caves, moreover, resembles in many points the burial places on the left bank of the Nile. The chief difficulty in accepting this theory is that no human remains have as yet been discovered in them; these may, however, have been effectually concealed or removed subsequent to their interment. The researches of Father Karner, O.S.B., in these remarkable cavernous structures offers incitement to further investigation, rather than a satisfactory explanation of their use. The recent contest respecting the Affirmation Bill in England has unsealed the lips of many in Germany who would fain see the State not only independent of the Church, but entirely unconnected with any religion whatever. In a former article on the sacredness of the oath, Father Lehmkuhl showed how its abrogation would remove the principal bulwarks of society, and that the profanation of it is a tacit denial of God. He now shows the profanation of an oath to be of various kinds: deliberate perjury, which is punished by human law; the violation of the oath, or its abuse, as if a man should pledge himself by it to commit sin, or deliver himself over to the power of another, as is the case in secret societies; or, again, carelessness in its use. It is impossible to deprive the oath of its religious character, and in all European countries it is still regarded as a guarantee of fidelity to the State; but the steady advance of unbelief will gradually submerge this ancient bulwark which is already being removed piecemeal.

In the *Katholik* Dr. Liesen comes forward to pay a just tribute to the merits of Father Kleutgen, S.J., who died last January. It would be difficult to over-estimate the services rendered by this eminent theologian and *savant* to the cause of Catholicism in Germany, and the influence he exercised for nearly forty years on philosophical studies. A Westphalian by birth, he spent the greater part of his life in Rome, where he filled the post of professor of rhetoric in the Jesuit College. The Cardinal's hat was offered to him both by Leo the Thirteenth and his predecessor in the Holy See, but the honour was each time declined. The most important of Father Kleutgen's works is on the *Theology and Philosophy of Antiquity*; this occupied him for several years. All his

writings testify to immense intellectual activity and persevering study, and in all, as the *Katholik* remarks, it may be said that *incessu patuit doctor*. Justizrath Reinhard contributes a short article comparing the biblical narrative of Joseph with the history of Bellerophon in the Sixth Book of the Iliad, and that of Hippolytus as related by Euripides. The points of similarity are so striking as to suggest the idea that the first-named was not unknown to the Greek poets; and not less striking is the dissimilarity between the pagan view of sin and its consequences, and that held by a worshipper of the true God.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (Nos. 790 and 791) deplors the lamentable effects of the usurpation by the State of the natural rights of the individual and of families. The control exercised over public instruction of the young in Italy results not only in the unbelief and immorality consequent on the elimination of the religious element, but—as recent examinations have proved—in lowering considerably the standard of literary proficiency in the lyceums and colleges. The *reform of studies* has introduced the bad system of cramming the pupils by obliging them to study the numerous list of subjects simultaneously instead of successively; the staff of professors also is inferior and inefficient. The same number contains a notice of the works of Paolo Ferrari, who is by almost common consent considered to stand foremost among modern Italian dramatists. The *Civiltà* attributes his success to the way in which he truckles to popular taste, falling in with the notions of the day with regard to duelling, suicides, &c., and ignoring the duty man owes his Creator. The style of his plays moreover is, we are told, flashy and false, the plots extravagant, and the characters unreal; the language teems with gallicisms, and offences against morality and even decorum are so frequent as to render the plays unfit for representation in the presence of young people. Another article of interest treats of the lowest forms of inorganic life, the study of which is useful as demonstrating how definitely marked is the separation between vegetable life and animal life, even in the most primitive types.

## *Moruca; or, A few days among the Indians.*

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OUR little tent boat being prepared, Indian paddlemen procured, and all necessary and many useful things provided, we stepped into our places ready to work our way into the interior, there to administer to the spiritual wants of the simple children of the woods.

Just before starting, however, we took the wise precaution of running over once more our memorandum list, to assure ourselves that nothing of real importance had been omitted in our packing process, that the lucifer matches had not been forgotten, or misplaced, or exposed to damp, that a sufficient supply of salt was there, that our Breviaries were in our pockets, and that the keys of the canister were in safe keeping.

Being well satisfied that all was right and ready, we seated ourselves under some three yards of coarse brown canvas, bade our men push off from the land and betake themselves to rowing.

Our crew consisted of seven young Indians of the woods, men low in stature, but of a strong, broad build, with muscular arms. Their countenances were smooth and placid, all of a dull copper colour.

What strikes one so much in looking at these aboriginal natives of the forest, is the total absence of anything like expression or character stamped on their countenance, neither pleasure nor sorrow, neither surprise, anger, nor impatience, nor any other passion is depicted there; no thought seemed to flit or flash across their mind, no grief or trouble seemed to distress or agitate them, or leave one single tracemark on their brow. They were the quiet possessors of human life, and capable of much labour and endurance, and that seemed saying about all. Darwin no doubt, or his sceptic friends, would have tried to have drawn mischievous conclusions from their inanimate looks and vacant stares, and in their anxiety to extend far and wide their family connections, might probably have linked them on

to creatures of a lower grade. These hard remarks do not apply of course to every aboriginal Indian, for sometimes their looks belie them. Our seven Indian paddlemen, more favoured than their brethren of the bush, wore on their heads some sort of covering, and rejoiced moreover in wearing apparel, not of the latest or most fashionable London or Paris cut, but answering well all good purposes.

Our passengers were easily counted, consisting of two Priests of the Society of Jesus, drawn to these parts from very different quarters, one from the Roman Province, the other from London.

Our cargo consisted of a supply of provisions of a simple sort : rice in abundance, some much prized potatoes (the gift of a good Irish captain), plantains, cassava bread, hard biscuit, salt-fish, coffee, sugar, and red pepper. These formed our chief supply ; but we had luxuries on board, consisting of water, cocoa-nuts, limes, and a few oranges, some sardines, not to forget a well cared for tin of roast beef, to be eaten on some Italian feast-day, in honour of old England. We also took with us some little cakes, nuts, and coloured sweetmeats for the small native children. Besides all these commodities, carefully had we sequestered in a corner of our boat, under close personal inspection, some bottles of very indifferent rum, good enough for the intended purpose, together with many ragged leaves of the tobacco plant, with clay pipes to match.

All these things were for the use and special benefit of our copper-coloured crew. Poor fellows, they well deserved whatever they received in that shape, exposed as they were to the sun's hot rays by day, to the heavy rainfalls and to the dampness of the dewy nights, besides that they had much hard pulling to go through and many other manual labours.

Among our treasures on board, as might naturally be expected, was a canister containing a portable altar, vestments, and sacred vessels : in a word, everything necessary for Mass and for the due administration of the sacraments. A fair sized bundle of beads, crosses, and bright medals found its way into this canister, besides some religious prints. These pictures are much prized by our good Indians, and when they hang or stick them with a thorn the right way up, not on walls (for walls they have none), but upon the posts of their dwelling, they add much to the religious aspect of the place. A few paint brushes, with some bright colours, insisted on a free passage in our boat, and were not refused. A clock, a lamp, a portable tin kitchen,

measuring at least nine inches square, and of much more inconvenience than ever worth, made up the rest of our precious cargo.

So much then for our crew, our black-gowned passengers, and our well selected store of the good and useful things of this world.

A word now about our voyage, and on the first place whither we are steering. We are going to make a pastoral visit of a few days to some Indians of the Arawack tribe, or some Spanish speaking Indians living round about the Moruca River, at the Jesuit Mission of St. Rosa, some thirty miles south of the broad Orinoco, running into the Caribbean Sea.

These good Indians some many years ago, on account of the never-ceasing troubles and perpetual disturbances in Venezuela, fled from that territory and sought refuge, if not protection, in the now much disputed borderland of British Guiana. There they live unmolested and unknown, keeping to the ancient tradition of their people, and adhering strictly to the principles of their holy religion.

With their strong-built wooden church in their midst, and the high mission cross towering over its roof, belfry, and buildings, they spend their days and hours in peace, happiness, and health, cultivating some few acres of good productive soil. There they plant the cassava root, the buck or Indian yam, sweet potatoes, plantains, and hot peppers, and besides they grow sufficient coffee and sugar for their daily wants. Fruit trees flourish there as well as the cocoa-nut palm, West Indian pines, castor oil, and cotton.

These good people, moreover, do a little trade in aromatic and varnish-making gums, searching the dense forest for them and sending them to town as occasion lends, where they find a ready market.

Some there are expert in capturing the bright-plumed birds, such as the macaws, parrots, paroquets, and other pretty specimens of the feathered tribe. These poor little captives are sent to town, bartered or bought, then sold again, spending, poor things, the rest of their lives in perpetual imprisonment. Noisy and unwelcome next door neighbours they become to quiet-going folks. Besides these larger and living birds, they bring the dried feathered skins of smaller ones, such as the humming bird, with its bright glittering mantle, or the cotingas, of gayest plumage : and these too they sell to passers-by as best they can.

They bring teeth and tusks of savage beasts, bright metal-looking beetle wings, all strung on a string, and other strange natural curiosities of the wood. And thus the Indians make out an honest livelihood, free from many anxious cares and worldly troubles. But our men are waiting in the boat, ready to dip in their oars and commence their rowing. Let us not keep them waiting longer.

The word of command was given, and away they went like so many machines well wound up, looking neither to the right nor to the left, indulging in no smiles, exchanging no words. True, there was not much to see to the right nor to the left, or much just then to speak about, for the first part of our journey was signally uninteresting. Two straight-cut mud banks of an estate canal confined the muddy water. On the one side was the cane-field, all waving and flourishing with green sugar-canes, on the other—waste or uncultivated land was all we could observe. Some time was lost, and much patience too expended, in extricating ourselves from some half-dozen square-built punts unceremoniously disputing with us the whole width of the muddy stream, beside some time wasted in pulling up hurdles rather firmly fixed across our water-path, for reasons better known to others than to ourselves.

But soon all our petty troubles came to a happy ending, and the scene became, as if by magic, marvellously changed. Delightful views and vistas and fairy visions were before us now, such as travellers rarely witness, say what they may about the Trossachs, and other hackneyed though pretty European spots. Our little boat had glided swiftly and smoothly into an arcade of wondrous beauty. Tropical trees, tall, thin, and elegant of growth, shot up on either side of the forest stream, while trees of lower and more irregular growth and of foliage more luxuriant, bent gracefully forward over the dark deep waters in Gothic arch-like form, while parasites and flowering creepers of varied hues clustered or hung about in rich profusion, some in careless festoon fashion, or as if in loving pity and compassion for some decayed and fallen or ancient monarch of the forest, mantelling it all over with a new garment of richest verdure.

There too the orchid family felt quite at home, fresh and ever flowering, trespassing on every sturdy branch or stem or ancient stump. Begonias were there, with their soft, dark, velvet leaves, such as Kew or Chatsworth might well be proud of, and there too grew, half-hiding itself, as if in disgrace, that

curious specimen of the wild arum, with bright blood-coloured spots upon its leaves, as if guilty of some dark deed or wicked crime.

And what lent so much to the strange artistic beauty of the picture spread out before us, and in itself formed one of the strangest features, was the numerous long string and rope-like pendant hangings from the lofty trees above. Some of these rope-hangings, cable-like in size, hung from a height of eighty feet or more, and as some of these ropes or cables, call them what you will, trailed downwards and touched the mother earth below, they asserted at once an independence of their own, struck out vigorous roots and shoots from their downward heads, and then reversed 'twould seem their growth, and grew to all appearance upwards, and in time swelled out to the size of slender trees. Some of these long pendants were playful, nay, malicious in their downward growth, clinging to some poor young tree or struggling sapling, and squeezing it to the very death by twisting round it in cruel corkscrew fashion, forming at the time, it may be, a pretty fantastic object in the wood for travellers to point at and admire, or perhaps providing now and then, if a woodcutter passed that way or was wandering there in quest of gums, a crooked, twisted walking-stick for some curious-minded man.

As just hinted above, the waters of the creek are dark—they are dark indeed, of a true coffee colour, but like unto the qualities of real good coffee are as clear as well could be—so bright and clear that every green leaf or tender leaflet, every flower or fern, or root or moss, twig or broken branch, is strongly reflected there as in the brightest *boudoir* mirror. So charming was the effect, and yet so puzzling too, and so hard it was to distinguish between the leaf or flower or fern and its reflected counterpart; in a word, to draw the line between earth and water, recalling to one's mind the words of Pope :

Grove nods to grove, each alley has a brother,  
And half the garden but reflects the other.

Among other of nature's beauties in this paradise of artistic pleasure, grew the *Victoria Regia* lily, so courted on its first introduction to England some thirty years ago, when placed in the waters of Kew, where, as its name doth verily import, our Gracious Majesty the Queen stood godmother for it, and when thousands ran from London town and its vast suburbs to see it,



marvel, and admire. In Kew Gardens not many of these beautiful aquatic flowers "are born to blush unseen," whereas out here the poet's words are better verified—profusely growing unobserved, and often never seen at all, losing their delightful fragrance, I know not where.

The specimens at Kew are, if memory fails me not, larger than those out here, but wanting in that bright freshness natural to plants in their native earth or element.

Besides this majestic queen of water lilies, our watery way was overgrown in places with another species, much smaller and of peculiar habits, for, as if jealous of its queenly rival, this lily expanded its pure white petals only at dead of night, emitting a perfume pleasant enough at a distance, but in its essence too strong for Rimmel, Truefitt, or their trade.

During the day-time we did boyish violence to several of its young buds, and were surprised to find in almost every one we forced open two large beetles of sable hue. How they got there, or what they did, and how they stood their strange confinement was our puzzle, though perhaps naturalists have written in a book some five pages or more, telling us the *why*, the how, and all about it, for aught we poor missionaries may know.

Flowers and trees, curious creepers and orchids, roots, blood-stained leaves, and strange roots, and hanging ropes, have charmed and interested us much, but one thing has, with reason, disappointed us, and we marvelled at it; it was the total absence of the feathered tribe, for we heard no song, no warbling, no merry chirping, nor did the bell-bird sing out a tune or toll its bell, or the mocking birds, so numerous, favour us with their deceptive notes, or even the humming-bird "flit by ever then so merrily." Green parrots in vast numbers flew about high over our heads and above the lofty trees, screeching unpleasantly in their homeward flight, or the heron, or some long-legged bird, would wing his way swiftly past us to the sea, but none of nature's pretty pets, with their gay and lovely plumage, ventured near us; and Demerara is noted for the beauty and variety of its birds. I suppose they were too frightened, or thought we had some powder or a gun, or feared, as well they might, the swift, unerring arrow of the Indian.

Disappointed here, by way of compensation, we were once or twice amused at the antics of the little "sacawinki" of the monkey tribe, droll little things they were, jumping and springing from branch to bough, now gazing impudently at us, then hiding

their tiny faces, then out again, forcibly suggesting, even coaxing us to a game of peep-bo or some such ancient nursery fun ; then they would chatter as if they wish to say, "Catch me if you can," looking all the while as monkeys are wont to look, so pitifully beseeching, perhaps begging us not to use the bended bow, or shoot them with a leaden ball. Poor little creatures, we would not, could not hit or harm or hurt them for the world, no, not even to obtain a pretty skin or well-stuffed specimen for the Stonyhurst Museum, though later on we robbed, with some remorse we own, the mocking-bird of its long bag nest, eggs and all, to add to the specimens of that valuable and well-cared collection, and are prepared to make other such petty thefts for the sake of science or learning in that far distant well-beloved Alma Mater.

And now to resume. Hours of intense delight had passed away, ever to be remembered, and the windings of the Tapacuma Creek, for such is the Indian name of this meandering stream, with its varied views and charming vistas, were fast fading from before us, leading us out into the broad sunlight and floating us on into an expansive savannah or wide-spread but shallow lake, surrounded by mighty forest trees. There the tall greenheart grows, and the locust tree, the crab or common mahogany. The Mora Ducalabali and other Demerarian trees, much appreciated at home for the beauty and hardness and durability of their woods, all in full leaf, as ever in these parts, and many in full flowering or "beautiful in various dyes around me trees unnumbered rise."

Quickly our men plied their oars, pushing their way relentlessly through smiling lily-beds, ranunculus, and other water weeds, till we reached the opposite shore, where labours of a new nature met us, and for a time impeded our fair progress. Here we had to unload our boat of everything, and thus lightened drag it by main force up the embankment of the lake, and then with gentle care let it down some seven feet into the shallow creek below, and this done, restore each in its allotted place, our goods and chattels, tin kitchen, plantains, rice bags, Breviaries, and bottles. Whilst the process of re-packing was going on, I observed close to the Troolee covered shelter of a black African man, who had strangely settled there, about the only specimen of his species far and near, an Indian youth quietly engaged in removing, with a tuft of grass, blood stain marks from his feet and legs. Thinking some misfortune had befallen him, I

inquired anxiously the cause. The man understanding me well, though not my words, straightway and silently led me off some hundred yards or more, then diving into the woods or entangled bush he brought me before the slaughtered remains of an immense Camudi snake, some sixteen feet long and six inches in diameter, with a bright coat of many colours. Its head had been severed from its long body, still it twisted and turned when even slightly touched, as if full conscious of enemies around, while its little ones, four or five in number, lay in still death beside their beheaded mother. Examining the dead Camudi and its slaughtered innocents, I observed scattered all about spinal and curved or rib-bones of many Camudi snakes, great and small, and then I was made to understand that when captured they were dragged to that spot to undergo the severest penalty of the Indian law. The blood then on the man's feet and legs was the poor Camudi's life-blood, not his own, for the Indian had been the courageous executioner.

Leaving then the snake with its "long lingering length" behind, I retraced my steps to the tent-boat ; all was in order and the men ready to start away. So leaving the shade of an immense locust-tree, having first however collected some of its fruits or pods, we again took our places, and the men their oars, and paddled off once more. Without treasuring up our locust fruit, we broke into the pods, thus to form an intimate acquaintance with their contents at once. This fruit, eagerly sought after and relished so well by boys, Indian and African, did not at all come up to our expectation, or delight or tempt us in the least. The eating of an old unclean worsted sock (and the word unclean should be underlined), steeped in sugar and allowed to dry, gives some idea of this sweet West Indian delicacy.

"The shades of night were falling fast," as the poet puts it, and soon all nature's beauties, and there were many there, were wrapped in its dark mantle. We therefore lit our lamp, dealt out supper portions to our men, refreshing them with some coffee and some water mixed with rum. At times some wild Indians in their narrow skiff shot by, or we could view them on the leafy bank, grouped together cooking their last caught fish, or munching at their fruit ; imperturbable people, no shower of little biscuits or of hard nuts provoked them, but they picked them up and, like monkeys, looked at them, then cracked or swallowed them without a smile or a thought of thanks, poor children of

the wild woods and waters. When supper was finished and night prayers said, and the rosary well responded to, we composed ourselves to rest as best we could, while our poor Indians kept rowing on, but when the tide turned, they wisely shipped their oars and slept or rested on till the turning of the next tide favoured them again. The distant howling of the red monkey of the wood, distinctly heard, did not disturb or make us sleep less. Croaking frogs or "crapauds" did their best to waken us, but failed in the attempt, for we were tired.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun "Put the darkness to flight and the stars one by one," we arose and shook off all sleep and drowsiness, and having attended to some higher duties, putting away our breviaries, we attended next to the temporal wants of our hungry men, not neglecting our own. Coffee we boiled, and then cakes and cassava we distributed, and what fruit remained passed round.

By this time, and even before the break of day, we had entered the great Pomeroon River, a river of very considerable width in places here and there along its shores. We ran in our boat and clambered up the slippery bank to visit some of the good Portuguese people who had settled there, and who, by dint of hard work and wonderful perseverance, had cleared parts of the forest or wild bush, and converted them into provision grounds, and moreover constructed fit dwelling places for themselves and families, and even had run up here and there a shop for the benefit of the wayfarer, the Indian, and themselves.

Kindly indeed did these good people welcome the priest, killing, if not the "fatted calf," at least running after the plumpest duck, pulling up the best roots, thus to lay a dainty repast before us.

Then would they bring their little ones before us, to kiss our hand and receive a priestly blessing. Dear little ones of God, how their bright eyes gleamed with delight, and their fair faces smiled all over with infant joy, as they looked at the shining cross or medal pressed into their tiny hands, running off at once to show the brass treasure to every member of the household.

Our object in visiting the Portuguese along the river banks was to tell them that on a fixed day on our return, if wild beasts had not devoured us or hungry Indians eaten us both up, we would say Mass in a certain place called "Caledonia,"

and would then attend as best we could to their spiritual wants, and that they must promptly do their part by spreading the news to all around. And these tidings of great joy did travel far and fast, bringing contentment and consolation to many good Catholic souls in those outlandish parts. The correspondence to our call was quite equal to our expectation, as later on we witnessed.

The river was gradually widening out as it was nearing or emptying itself into the sea, though not so much as rivers generally do, and after a long and hot and somewhat tedious voyage, we found ourselves at the mouth of the Pomoroon, and in the jaws of the boisterous ocean, or Caribbean Sea. It is almost always rough and unpleasant at this point, and this roughness we had to encounter before we could find an entrance into the mouth of the Moruca, unless we had taken a long circuitous route through many narrow, winding watercourses, intercepted with fallen trees or branches, rendering it necessary to unload our boat more often than we felt inclined to do. So we preferred of the two evils to encounter the troubled waters than delay our course, imperil our frail bark, or try too much our patience.

After a vigorous row of some three hours or more, and having shipped many a wave, and with a calabash bailed them all out again, we found ourselves not certainly the dryer, but all safe and sound at the Boca, or mouth of the Moruca. The sun was fast hurrying on in its downward course, and well-nigh "had pillowed its chin upon an orient wave," when caring for our love of nature's wonders with its wild and varied charms, it lent us just time enough to admire a scene before us beautiful in the extreme, and rendered more beautiful still by the glowing splendour cast upon it by its own bright, now golden, now ruby-coloured rays, now gilding or tipping in gold each leaf and line, now deep tinging all around by its crimson purple or varied-coloured light, making even the unrippled waters blush where it chanced to smile upon them.

It would be difficult to find a spot more inspiring to the poet, more puzzling to the painter, or more enchanting to the enthusiastic traveller, as this wild romantic entrance into the Moruca.

Its beauty consists not so much in the luxuriant foliage, or in the profusion of vines and flowery creepers, though these were not wanting there ; but rather in the fantastic growth of

the tall trees, so interlaced or interwoven with each other, and again in the curious appearances of their high uplifted roots. These roots, or natural tree-supports, have an utter abhorrence to hide themselves in the soil, like unto children with new shoes or boots—they must needs be seen by all, standing, these roots, as if on tiptoe on the dark water-edge, ready either to slip in or to take a plunge, or make a jump or spring across; while some of the higher branches of these strange, absent-minded trees, as if forgetting their high calling, dip down and degrade themselves to the rank of common roots, and grow as such. The sea and tidal waves no doubt have robbed these trees of their landed property, or much of their earthly inheritance; but still, not incommoded by the loss, they rather rejoice in it, and thrive all the better in their amphibious mode of life.

Nature has wondrous wild ways of its own out here, but few there are to note down or admire its wanton freaks and curious fancies.

The waters of the Moruca are darker and much deeper than either of the creeks we had passed through; besides, it is much broader, for it claims a right of being called a river. We had not long rowed up its current before we turned sharply to the left, finding an entrance into a shallow Indian port of six feet wide, and there, as evening was coming on, we determined to take supper, and hang our hammocks and rest awhile, till the next washing of the waters at midnight favoured our onward progress. We landed, and soon found ourselves under the covering of an "Indian Logie," or large thatched open-sided dwelling, where all might hang their hammocks, cook, and take shelter for the night. Pagan Indians, according to their way, seemed hardly to recognize our presence; while hungry, half-starved dogs certainly did and fiercely eyed us, half smelling the good things we had in our boat, ready to snatch or claim even a lion's share. The little children ran away, till a few sweet biscuits dispelled their infant fears, and made them soon our bosom friends, and the dogs were in good time propitiated by sundry fragments of our food.

Soon were we busy cooking, and—sad to be forced to own our human weakness—we fell at once upon that roast-beef tin so prized, and ate it up for hunger sake, forgetting all about Old England and the Italian feast day. We cooked potatoes, such as never were cooked before or since, at least, so we thought, forgetting we had brought a good, cheap, wholesome sauce with us in the shape of hunger.

This work over, and carefully packing up both our knives and forks and two tin spoons, for which we paid one penny each, and other such valuable wares, and securing all useful remnants from the greedy dogs and little voracious ants, we took a stroll along the river bank, coming across some of the good Indians of St. Rosa's Mission, who promised to meet us later at the Sunday's Mass. Returning to the Logie before dark, we swung our hammocks and prepared to sleep and rest.

"But oh, I passed a miserable night, far worse indeed than Clarence," for he had but an ugly dream, or nightmare, but with me it seemed as if every stinging mosquito of the colony was for my many sins let loose upon me, while sand-flies innumerable had no pity or compassion, teasing and tormenting me most cruelly, as if in very truth they themselves had *once* been angels!

Twisting and turning, rocking and rolling, I longed for the change of the tide or the brisk washing of the midnight waters. Twelve o'clock did come at last, as if some four or five hours late, and I felt as I turned out of my hammock on the gritty ground below, like unto one who by the holy and wholesome thought of others had been prayed out of or released from the pains of Purgatory.

The men were soon at their posts and we in our places, so off we rowed in the midnight darkness with our lanterns lit before us, feeling sure that the morning's sun would light up a new prospect before us, and land us safe among our Indian people, or bring us to the long looked-for "promised land." And so it was as the sun arose in its usual splendour and warmth, dispelling a slight fog or heavy dew. Up high upon the sand-hill of "Santa Rosa" we beheld first the tall missionary cross, and then the church with its detached belfry to the right, then the presbytery in the background.

Our arrival was quickly made known by the brisk, loud ringing of the big bell. "The Padre is come," they would say, "and we needs must go clad in our Sunday's best to meet him, and then assist at the Holy Mass, and bring at once our sickly babies to be baptized." The altar things we wanted most were quickly carried up from the boat by our good men. One of us about half-past six began to make the altar ready and prepare to vest for Mass, and soon, after much loud ringing at the bell, the faithful were seen toiling up the hill to assist thereat. It was quite an unexpected satisfaction to find how well the Spanish-Indian boys could answer and serve at Mass; so well,

indeed, that even Baldeschi would find but little to complain of, save perhaps that they served in the dual number, or that their four little copper-coloured feet were bare. All this good teaching or manners was due to the indefatigable labours of a long-trying catechist, residing there for many years.

When Mass and prayers were over we mingled with the people, and at once rejoiced the hearts of young and old by a judicious if not generous distribution of medals, crucifixes, and pious prints; for they who came first desired the first gift or little offerings, and well pleased they were with those simple pious presents.

In questioning the children about their names and ages, and how much good catechism they knew, it was refreshing to see how they all rejoiced in most Christian names—Isidore, Ignatius, Anastasia, Apollonia, Francis, Agnes, Jerome, and Maria, the queen of names: such names as these fell sweetly upon our ears, and the reason of it all is quickly explained, for they call their children after the saint on whose feast-day they were born. What a pleasing contrast to the pagan custom of English estate owners or Dutch slave-holders in days not so very long gone by! For as a proof let me say "November" is still alive; old "October" quite dead and gone; but lately only "Goodluck" passed away; good "Neptune," with his hair and teeth so white, and his face and hands so black, has gone to his reward; "Welcome" is lingering on; "Adam" and "Eve" have long since gone to Paradise, and the green grass is growing over them; "Princess" is without a shoe to her royal heel or a stocking to her foot; while "Prince" would thank you for a penny or would quarrel for a pin. Such names as these are far too common in town and country.

The next day a very respectable congregation assembled for Mass, after which they were told the order of the week, and when to come to their religious duties. At the end of this Mass seven little Indians were presented for baptism, all having their god-parents present; five of the babies were of the Arawack tribe, two of the Warau tribe. One of these Warau babies was fairly frightened at the preparations going on, and ran up the side of its mother in true rat-like fashion. It was as much as we could do to tame it down for the more essential parts of the sacrament.

Some long hours of this morning and some other hours beside were spent in working the brushes and applying the



bright colours brought with us in ornamenting or decorating the church, especially the chancel arch, the flat surfaces around it, and the spandrils above. On one side the instruments and emblems of the Passion were depicted in as lively colours as the subject would allow of, and on the other side emblems of the Blessed Sacrament, the Sacred Heart, &c., were painted, while a profusion of conventional and mystical leaves and flowers—lilies, roses, Passion-flowers—helped to enrich the work, or relieve or tone down the harshness or whiteness of the light-painted walls and posts.

In the afternoon of that same day we borrowed a canoe some 18 feet long and 2 feet wide, balancing in it our precious bodies as best we could, swiftly making our way along the water-courses, till we came in sight of some of the settlements of our good people. Here we halted and paid each in turn a visit, inquiring and finding out all about them, and encouraging them to send their children to the school to learn, if not "Algebra" or the other R's, at least Catechism and the other prayers. One little boy, to secure the benefit of a liberal education, would swim across the river in the morning on his way to school, and repeat the healthy plunge to gain his home at eventide.

The dwelling-places of the Indians are large, lofty, and commodious places, and freely ventilated, for there are no walls to encompass them. A few straight palm-tree poles, with a high-pitched roof thatched with troolee palm leaves in a most artistic and masterly manner, covering an area, say of 40 feet long by 20 feet wide, make up these mansions of the woods. Anyhow, they are not, as many would very erroneously suppose, Indian huts or hovels. In some of the more respectable abodes, if not in most of them, a small apartment of some 8 or 10 feet square is divided off by some leaf or wicker-work walls from the rest of the dwelling, where papa or mama, or broken-legged brother, or snake-bitten cousin and little sick sister might rest and be cared for; and this sanctum contains, moreover, the family chest, some poor old battered box, where the scanty wardrobe of the household is kept together, with a few glass beads and other such priceless treasures.

The rest of the family or household swung their hammocks from pole to pole, snugly sleeping there during the long night, and lazily lounging in them too many hours during the hot day.

The hammock for the Indians is chair and table, sofa, bed, smoking saloon, and all.

And what do these simple people do under their ample troolee covered sheds while the men are busy hunting down the game, or capturing the fish, or collecting fruit, birds, and gums? In most of the dwellings of the Indians you will observe a long hollow tree, or more often it may be an ancient canoe or corial no longer sea-worthy, but most useful there, for it is into this that they grate the cassava root, and in it too they squeeze its juice after the grating process is ended. This cassava grating, when almost dry, is spread upon large iron disks, under which a fire is made, and quickly the cassava cake is cooked and ready for consumption. This bread is their "staff of life," while "life itself" is made from the fermented juice of the same cassava root, and many are inebriated with the drink thereof. It is called "Parwarri," and corresponds in great measure to the beer or ale of the Englishman.

From this cassava juice, however, something of a much better quality is produced than the nasty "Parwarri" drink, for when boiled down to the consistency of treacle, and in colour much resembling it, it becomes the far-famed "Cassareep," the preserving element of the pepper-pot, and the basis, as some will tell us, of almost every dark-coloured dinner sauce. The cassareep finds in town a ready market, and travels far and wide. Cassava, too, is sold in town, not quite so publicly as it was some few years ago, when little negro girls, with the bread upon their heads, would have in their mouths, or on their lips, these strange utterances :

Nice Cassava bread, ladies,  
Nice Cassava bread ;  
He who want me call me,  
He who no want me no call me ;  
He shame to call me give me the  
Wink, wink, wink.

Not quite a London cry, it must be owned, or rendered in the Queen's best English, but quite as intelligible as most of the street cries of that huge distant city.

But to return to the Indians and their limited industries. They make among other things a peculiar sort of matted basket-work from the splittings of a palm, staining some of the slender pieces black, and interweaving them in their work, producing thereby surface designs as chaste and true to art as Owen Jones,

Ruskin, or the elder Pugin would well wish to see, faithful as if by instinct to the great true art-principle of decorating construction without constructing decoration, and consequently producing ornaments truthful in art and pleasing to the eye.

'Tis just congruity of parts combined  
Must please the taste and satisfy the mind.

In the style alluded to the Indians make a sort of basket called "peghalls," "matapees," "sieves," "strainers," and many other articles peculiar to their own domestic wants. Some again spin the cotton from the cotton tree that grows hard by, manufacturing it into hammocks of all sorts and sizes. Others carried on a little trade referred to above in collecting macaws, parrots, paroquets, and other birds of richest plumage, taming them, teaching them to speak, and then bringing them into town to sell, or exchange for a gun, it may be, or a knife, some yards of coloured cotton, some bright buttons, or some glass beads. Monkeys, too, are brought to town, sold, and reduced to utter slavery, but kindly treated, even by little black boys, as if they had a sort of fellow-feeling.

We passed from house to house gathering information as we went along, and interesting ourselves with the good people young and old, and pleasing the little ones with pious lectures, or soothing their infant fears with sweetmeats or with cakes. One interesting child came forward and timidly begged for a cross, "through which you peeped and saw the whole Heaven." She meant a cross with the tiny photo of a saint within, much magnified. A priest had once brought these things among them. And now the six o'clock beetle has begun his loud knife-grinding sound, reminding us to beat a retreat, to seek our canoe and paddle homewards before all the daylight disappeared, for twilight in these parts there is none worth speaking of.

On the next day we changed our circuit, seeking out other souls farther down the river, warning some, for an old sinner or so here and there crossed our path, encouraging again others, and trying to visit and speak to all. When the Sunday came we had much good work to do, and it was joy to see the church so fairly filled at Mass time, the men on one side, the women and children on the other, dressed in truly modest but gay attire. Some pagan women of the Warau tribe remained outside on account of their scanty dress. When Mass was over and instruction given, they retired, leaving us some six children to

be baptized. They returned in the afternoon to say and sing their prayers and Catechism according to their custom. Sing out indeed they did, and the church roof stood it well! When instructions were over and Benediction given, young Moruca, encouraged by some of the ancients, found themselves collected outside the church on the vacant ground, expecting some little innocent recreation. Showers of biscuits and nuts and other things kept the little Indian boys as brisk as any boys could be, while without a scramble the little girls received with a grateful smile their just share; but nuts and biscuits in due time failing, and the oranges all gone, another device amused them much, and brought merriment to all around, for some mixed colours, *not in oil*, were standing hard by, and paint brushes were not far distant. By way of fun, a snake was painted on the white sleeve of a little unsuspecting girl. At first she jumped and then enjoyed the joke, then all came up in quick succession, clamorously insisting on some device to adorn their white shirt front, their shoulders, sleeves, arms, caps, or head-dress. Rats and bats, butterflies and birds were painted on the boys in various bright colours. One droll little fellow submitted to be painted in tattoo fashion, like to a wild Indian or savage chieftain, and he caused no little fun and laughter to the rest. The little girls had flowers painted on their sleeves or on their white modest head-tie. To satisfy the ambitious looks of some, these head-bands were turned by yellow colour into costly crowns and coronets; some again rejoiced in flower garlands, all done in paint, while others had a holy motto or their Christian names printed on them. And thus the evening passed away in utter merriment and childish mirth. And when the *Angelus* had rung, and the little children quickly ran home, the mothers did want to know how the wild duck had got on Polecat's shirt, or the red rose on Apollonia's sleeve, and who had crowned their daughters queens, or written their fair names upon their brow.

Poor painter-priest, he had to pay for his fun or folly on the morrow, for when at Mass time he turned round, the rats and bats, birds, butterflies, and reptiles were before him on the one side, while on the other four queens sat in a rustic row bearing so modestly their painted crowns, praying all the while so piously! The unexpected sight at that moment did more than half upset the gravity of the priest, and had it not been for the very close and most painful contact of lips and teeth, he fairly

would have committed himself to something very like a laugh.

And now our short and interesting visit to Moruca has come to its close. Many children during it had become God's favourites by baptism, no one had died, one person had been anointed, and many had approached the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist. So packing up our traps, blessing and bidding "God speed" to all around, at midnight we left St. Rosa's mission and worked our way homewards by the same romantic route we came, not forgetting the promise made to say Mass on the banks of the Pomoroon river. For a week-day the attendance there was as good as we could reasonably expect. Thirty, mostly Portuguese, collected there; several went to the sacraments, and some five or six babies, of different tribes and nations, were brought to be baptized, though some (not many) hardened sinners still remained unreclaimed among the Portuguese settlers there. That word "sinner" recalls to my mind a somewhat curious if not interesting story. I will tell it before my pen gets weary, for it has been working fast. On the banks of this river, there resided for many, many years, an old man of African descent, though with some white blood running in his dark veins. He lived almost alone, and sad for him, lived not *quite* alone, for marry he would not. He supported himself and his wicked Pagan-Indian partner on the produce of a few acres of half-cultivated land—his own. The old sinner could read, and many good Catholic books he had. What is more, the faith was there strong enough, but one would have thought he expected to be saved by faith alone. Time after time the Moruca missionary would call at his place, hunt him up, and if at night-time and the tide was against the rowers, he would condescend to hang up his hammock in his place, and in the early morning drink hot coffee with him, and remain there till the turning of the tide. Time after time would the good priest try by every means, persuasive or otherwise, to draw him to repentance and to put away the occasions of grievous sin, but all to no purpose. Civil and reverent was the old man always, and even proud and happy to see the priest, but unmoved and impenitent he remained.

It happened some few years ago another priest, not the Moruca missionary, had to return to town all alone for Lenten duty, and passed that way, and knew of the old Pomoroon sinner and his wicked doings, and as the tide, when he was passing the

place, was on the turn, he put into the little port at midday and made his way straight to the poor man's house. Refreshments at once were forthcoming, such as they were, for the old man was noted for his hospitality; but this kind attention was refused at once, unless the sinner would promise there and then to take steps to change his evil course and mend his ways. No promise could be extorted from him. "Later on, later on, not just now," was all that could be got or exacted from him. The priest did his poor best, reminding him of death and how it must soon overtake him, old, withered, and white as he was; then again he bade him to remember the future punishments of sins so terrible and eternal, but all of no avail. Soon the Indian paddle-men cried out that the waters were washing, and the priest made his way disappointed, like many a priest had been before him, to the river bank. Just, however, as he was about to resume his seat, some large bird had come within gunshot range, and was at once brought down by the unerring shot of the Indian boatmen; humbly they requested to tarry a while, and eat up that unlucky bird. Their petition was granted; plucking and cooking soon began, and the eating quickly followed. The priest, for want of something better to do, turned towards the old man's house, determined to make a last attack. He entered the house, rambled all about it, no one was there, nor were there any signs of life. Possibly the old sinner had had enough of the priest and his preaching, and had hidden himself away; but there was another sermon in store for him, and this time a stereotyped edition of the last one delivered. There stood in healthy vigour a large cochineal cactus tree, shading with its many thick broad leaves the window of the old man's room. This plant is valuable, for its green succulent leaves are employed by old women and semi-quack doctors as the best of cooling poultices, hence it was not likely to be destroyed, however bold, obnoxious, or officious it might make itself some fine day.

From past experiments the priest well knew that any deep scratch made upon or into the leaf of this cactus tree, while scarcely visible at the moment made, would in the course of about three days time come out or appear in a clear, contrasting colour upon the leaf like straw-coloured embroidery on a dark green velvet ground; so losing no time he detached the pin from the Roman collar-band, and steadily engraved, in good round Roman capitals, the essence of his sermon just delivered on the broad leaves, so kindly lending to the pious work. Death

and Judgment, Hell and its horrors, the dangers of delay, the sad state of the sinner, the shamefulness of sin, were all deeply engraven there, but for the present quite invisible to all. Scarce had the sermon been written and the precious pin restored, than the Indian cry was heard once more, the bird had been all eaten, and the boat was waiting, and the waters well washing. So the Father, looking neither to the right or to the left, made his way straight to the wooden stelling, and was on the very point of setting himself down, when he was startled by the presence and voice of the old sinner ; poor old man, he felt something very intensely and it touched him deeply, it was not the sermon, sad to say, but the refusal of the priest to break bread with him under his humble roof, and he made a last earnest appeal. "No," said the priest, as he stood up on the prow of the boat, and somewhat raised his voice, "no, you would not grant my request, I will not grant yours ; you have refused not once but many times to listen to the voice of God's ministers, you persist in remaining in sin, and rejecting God's grace ; but mark my words," he said, raising his voice still higher, "a time will come, and it is very close at hand, when the very trees on your estate will cry out against you, will speak to you, and tell you truths such, nay, the very same, I have spoken to you this day. I am no prophet or saint, nor do I work miracles, but soon, and very soon, you will verify to the letter the truth of these my words, strange sounding as they may seem to you." "But," said the old man, bewildered and rather taken aback at the loud authoritative voice of the priest, and struck at the novel statement, "but," he said, "it would be a great blessing if my trees could speak," and he repeated the words again, as if he knew not what else to say. "Blessing or not," said the priest, "listen to what they say," and without a word more he sank into his little boat and bade his men swiftly row away, leaving the old sinner on the shore puzzled and perplexed, and it would seem not too well pleased.

And now, what is the sequence of this strange (may we or is it wrong to call it *pious*) stratagem ? The guilty priest soon after was re-called to England, and spent six cold summers there, and as many more miserable winters, and then returned with pleasure to the tropics. Soon he made inquiries, and was surprised to hear that the old man was living still. But the sermon which the trees had preached had at length made its way, through God's grace, to the hardened heart. Shortly after the old man made his peace with God, for becoming

sick unto death, a priest happened, as good Providence would have it, to be journeying that way and joyfully hastened to his bedside with the message of forgiveness and love to the now contrite sinner, and, like the good Samaritan, poured in oil and wine into his deep wounded soul. Brought back by the Sacrament of Penance to his God, and left in safe keeping, the old man soon after died in peace. One thing I heard of him worthy of notice and significant to many sinners such as he was—he actually said the Rosary every day.

And here my story has an ending, and with it shall end this description of our journey and our quaint doings among the Indians.

IGNATIUS SCOLES.



## *Novel-Reading.*

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IF we have not improved upon the ways and views of our progenitors in all respects at least, the nineteenth century can deservedly plume itself upon having made a decided step in advance upon the taste and morality of the eighteenth in the matter of novels. It is true that Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett are so far from being out of date that new and handsome editions of their novels are still brought out. Moreover, a very safe conjecture may be hazarded, that *Tom Jones* and *Humphrey Clinker* will never be out of print as long as the English language lasts. But at the same time it is undeniable that neither young nor even old ladies are in the habit of perusing these works, and this is unfortunately more than can be said of our great-great-grandmothers.

It is a proverbial difficulty, if not impossibility, to settle any standard of judgment in mere matters of taste, but the difficulties are increased tenfold when doctors have to be brought to an agreement on a question such as novel-reading, which involves all sorts of complicated problems of not merely æsthetic but moral taste and discrimination. If the senses of our bodies differ enormously in their sensitiveness and powers of appreciation, so that the noise which is torture to the nervous invalid is fun to the schoolboy and delight to the savage, our moral senses differ at least fifty times as much.

We may safely say that the judgment of most men of the world of the present day with regard to the most celebrated novel of the last century would confirm that of Thackeray, who wrote :

I can't say but that I think Fielding's evident liking and admiration for Mr. Jones shows that the great humourist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and that here, in *Art and Ethics*, there is a great error.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *English Humourists*, p. 276.

Coleridge, on the other hand, strange as it may appear, actually writes with regard to *Tom Jones* :

I do not speak of young women ; but a young man whose heart or feelings can be injured, or even his passions excited by this novel, is already thoroughly corrupt. There is a cheerful, sunshiny, breezy spirit that prevails everywhere, strongly contrasted with the close, but day-dreamy continuity of Richardson.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Forsyth in his *Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century*, is very indignant at Coleridge's words.

Who that has read *Tom Jones* [he asks] can read this passage without amazement? If no young man's heart or feelings can be injured, or even his passions be excited by the novel, unless he is already thoroughly corrupt, why in the name of common sense does Coleridge imply that young women can be injured by its perusal? What he says of *Tom Jones* is undoubtedly true of Shakespeare; and therefore it is that we allow our wives and sisters and daughters to read him without fear or scruple.<sup>3</sup>

Nothing would be easier than to multiply examples proving both the very different views with regard to novels and novel-reading which prevailed a hundred years ago, and also the very different standards by which men of our own day judge of the morality or immorality of works of fiction—the moral sense or senses of one man differ so very widely from those of another.

Still at the present day when the supply and demand for this particular species of light reading is at least a hundred times as large as it was in the days of Fielding and Smollett, it cannot but be a matter of considerable interest, not to say importance, to have a few sound views and principles whereby to guide oneself, and perhaps others, in the matter. To this end it may be useful to start by distinguishing some of the different classes into which works of fiction may be divided for moral purposes, as we shall be concerned chiefly with questions relating to the morality of novel-reading. In the first place, then, there are books extant under the name of novels, chiefly French ones—for as yet happily there is little demand for mere obscenity in England—about which there is little to be said except that they are wholly, utterly, and irredeemably bad. The living novelists of this school, which calls itself the naturalistic, and of which M. Emile Zola is the leader, are

<sup>2</sup> *Literary Remains*, ii. p. 374.

<sup>3</sup> *Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century*. By William Forsyth, M.A., Q.C.

sufficiently well known to fame or infamy in France, and perhaps out of it, for everywhere a certain class of readers will be found who are not proof against the fascination of disgusting subjects merely because they are disgusting. The prominent characteristics hitherto displayed by the naturalist school are a certain graphic power of morbid anatomy, the successful ambition to mention the unmentionable with as much fulness of detail as possible, a boundless command of argot or slang, and beyond this inextinguishable dullness. Next door to the naturalist's productions, at least in their objectionable character, come certain romances which, without being *avowedly* devoted to filth and obscenity, contain such a number of what, now-a-days at least, are held to be indecent passages, that whatever may be their merit from a merely literary point of view, and many of them have absolutely none, the less they are known and the less they are circulated the better for the morals of all classes of readers—men or women, young or old. If the "naturalists" are as yet chiefly confined to France, unfortunately England has long ago had her full share of these novelists who revel in exhibiting the coarser side of human nature—the brutal passions of human beings in a form which often, to say the least of it, is not calculated to disgust so much as to incite to imitation.

Not to mention writers like Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Aphra Behn, and Mrs. Heywood, to whom belongs the unenviable distinction—women though they were—of being the authors of some of the most immoral novels in the language; or again, Charles Johnson, who wrote *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*, and Coventry, the author of *Pompey, or the Adventures of a Lap-dog*, from whom the modern "Puck" is presumably lineally descended—to say nothing about these and a host of other once popular writers, if we desire to know what indecencies were once tolerated and admired in English fiction we have only to recall six of the most distinguished names in the whole range of our prose literature, Swift, Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne. M. Emile Zola, says Mr. Saintsbury, is one of the dullest of writers, his style is also very bad, but with the exception of Richardson, who is certainly not lively reading, there is not much chance of their worst enemies accusing the great English novelists of the last century of being dull. We are thus without that natural safeguard in the case of Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, which greatly helps to protect our French

brethren against the "scientific" attacks on their virtue of M. Zola, the brothers Goncourt, and M. Guy de Maupassant.

To pass on, however, to what more nearly concerns us of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. It cannot but be matter for considerable self-congratulation that if our fashionable novelists now-a-days lack the wit of Swift and Sterne, and the rollicking vigour of Fielding and Smollett, they at the same time are also a little more choice in their language, and not quite so bold in the scenes which they paint for their readers. No doubt many critics will still be found to agree with Coleridge as to the breezy May morning, sunshiny, wholesome character of *Tom Jones*; no doubt some will be found to declare that Fielding and Smollett only said in a downright straightforward English John Bull fashion what more than one of even our lady novelists of the present day are not ashamed to be constantly hinting at and implying; *doubles entendres* they will proclaim, with great show of reason, are infinitely more objectionable than any amount of plain-speaking, call a spade a spade, &c., &c. We have all listened to these arguments times without number. However, the fact remains, explain it as you may, that the vast majority of English men and women of the present day are quite agreed that the greater number of those who now cater for their novel-reading propensities, and whose works are to be counted by thousands at Mudie's and Smith's stalls, do not write indecently or immorally, and they are equally agreed that last century novelists or most of them did.

Taking it for granted then that we are better off than our ancestors, we come to the difficult question—how far would the *vox populi* be ratified above in the case of our contemporary writers of fiction? This is, however, an inquiry the answer to which it would be particularly dangerous to endeavour to put into a nut-shell. Putting aside altogether novels and romances, which the aggregate wisdom of the majority of those who are capable of forming an opinion recognize as vicious, we have spread out before us a huge field of fiction, the component parts of which differ as widely from each other in character as do the natural features of Switzerland and the Sahara. A more heterogeneous happy-family sort of collection than is to be found at a large railway bookstall or a seaside circulating library it would be difficult for the genius of an American travelling menagerie conductor to conceive. *Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni*, ought undoubtedly to be the motto of Messrs. Mudie and

W. H. Smith and Sons, for this is certainly one of the first ideas suggested by the most cursory inspection of their literary wares. Demand and supply however always go hand-in-hand in these matters, and if the British public demands an extraordinary variety of romantic *pabulum* wherewith to satisfy the cravings of its imaginative faculties, that variety is sure to be forthcoming. "The British public requires facts, sir," wrote the editor of a monthly to an aspiring young contributor, "facts, sir, and you give them fiction." But Mr. Mudie knows that the same enlightened public also requires fiction, and much more universally than fact, and hence our charming variety. George Eliot and Dickens, Thackeray and Miss Rhoda Broughton, Charles Lever and Mrs. Wood, Messrs. Mark Twain and Mallock, Disraeli and Miss Braddon, James Payn and Charlotte Bronte, Justin M'Carthy and Wilkie Collins, Bulwer Lytton and Ouida, Fenimore Cooper and Bret Harte, Black and Blackmore, Harrison Ainsworth and Jane Austen, the author of *Waverley* and Miss Florence Marryat, Messrs. Grant, Besant and Rice, White Melville and Henry James, and a host of others far too numerous to attempt to catalogue, all come dancing together before one's mind's eye. In the midst of this motley assemblage how is the luckless intending novel-reader to separate the sheep from the goats, and, to use a more polite metaphor, the chaff from the wheat; for, without ingratitude to our literary caterers, we may fairly take for granted that there will be a considerable amount of chaff where there is clearly so much good grain.

There are two prominent points of view from which to regard a novel—that of purely artistic or literary merit, and that of moral excellence. Some happy writers, such as Scott, have succeeded in combining both advantages, and that in a very remarkable degree.

The works of these authors are strictly classic, and their study ought to form a part of the training of all who aspire to a liberal education. Others have put forth works, the morals of which are hardly better or more instructive than the style in which they are written, and that is saying a great deal. Fortunately there are not many of the above-named authors who are open to the charge of having produced such useless, or worse than useless books, but still it is undeniable that there are many perfectly competent judges who regard many of the novels of Ouida and Miss Broughton, for example, as being as far removed

from a just standard as models of style as they are from being conducive to purity of mind and heart.

A third class of writers, perhaps the smallest and most dangerous of all, combine in some of their novels a very high degree of literary talent, not to say genius, with subject matter and treatment of the same, which is often, at best, extremely questionable. Without returning to the last century for examples, Mr. Mallock is a most powerful writer, George Eliot is nearly always charming, Bulwer Lytton, though somewhat out of fashion, will ever hold a foremost place amongst English novelists, and yet neither *A Novel of the Ninetcenth Century*, nor *Adam Bede*, nor *Ernest Maltravers*, with its sequel *Alice*, not to mention other works, have succeeded in warding off adverse and well-deserved criticisms on moral grounds.

A fourth and very large class of circulating library novels have little or nothing to recommend them, either on the score of artistic or moral utility; whilst they also contain little or nothing that is at all likely to prove noxious—the vast class of smiling mediocrity. If one can while away a pleasant hour in company with Miss Braddon or Charles Lever, when wearied out with mental or physical labour, why not?

It only remains to speak of a class of novel which is now-a-days numerous enough fortunately to supply the needs of the most inveterate novel-reader for many a long year, provided, of course, that he or she does not make novel-reading *the* business of life. Without counting the purely classical novelists, such as Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, we have now many writers of romances who, if on the one hand they fall a little short of classical excellence of style, on the other possess such a large share of artistic merit, that to read their works is as pleasing as it is often instructive, whilst their subject-matter is beyond question healthy in tone and feeling. To mention only half a dozen names, by way of example, where one might no doubt make out a list of nearly half a hundred. What more pleasant reading for a leisure hour than Anthony Trollope, Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte, Black, Blackmore, or Disraeli? Then if we add to our list of works of these absolutely unimpeachable authors, selected volumes of novelists who, like Bulwer Lytton and Wilkie Collins, are not always equally careful in their choice of subjects, matter, or style of treatment, we shall find that we have before us a very goodly stock of light literature, which we can with both profit and pleasure have

recourse to ourselves, and without the smallest imprudence recommend even to young friends. For men accustomed to severe mental work, a good novel, especially one that requires little or no intellectual effort to follow, such as those of Trollope or Jane Austen, is oftentimes out and out the best relaxation, and many is the man who would save himself from serious injury to health of body or mind if he would occasionally allow himself this relief when he felt the edge of his intellect to be blunted, his brain refusing to function healthily any longer, through physical or mental exhaustion. Moreover, we shall do well to remember that a good novel is not merely a very wholesome relaxation, but also, and perhaps much more frequently, a very material assistance to the proper training and cultivation of the imagination. Mr. Morley somewhere in his *Oxford Reminiscences* jocosely remarks that Greek scholarship and boorish or eccentric manners were once upon a time thought to be so far from being as incompatible as they ought to be, that a very strong connection even was not unfrequently supposed to exist between them. Be this as it may, certain it is that a too exclusive devotion either to Greek particles, mathematics, or any one of the now-a-days more fashionable 'ologies or 'osophies, uncorrected by the slightest tincture of more liberal pursuits, has in some cases even in our own times a most unrefining and uncivilizing influence. And here again a skilful psychological physician might often prescribe a short course of the novel-reading cure, and confidently look forward to the most beneficial and satisfactory results.

The enemies of novel-reading have generally one, to them, convincing argument to oppose to the practice—that it is a waste of precious time, and moreover very often a waste of immense quantities of this most valuable of all commodities. The answer is simply that novels are a waste of time either when they are bad, or when no good is to be got from them, or when the reader reads inordinately, as some young ladies do, well-nigh all day long. Eating and drinking is also waste of precious time, either when the food is bad and indigestible, or when you are neither hungry nor thirsty, or when you eat or drink too much. So is everything else in this world waste of time when you have had enough, or when indulged in without rhyme, reason, or measure. But we are not all literary toppers, any more than we are all over-addicted to the bottle; and as long as literature and wine are used in moderation, there is as

much, or rather as little reason for taking the pledge in one case as the other. Some men and women have actually attained to such a control over their feelings and imaginations as to be able to take up the fascinating Miss Braddon for half an hour, and lay her down and work for the next. Why should not they be permitted to amuse themselves so very harmlessly ?

Having said something in favour of novel-reading, perhaps a word of caution may not be amiss. It has frequently been remarked that whilst the greatest care is taken by parents and others charged with the care of the young to prevent their getting hold of literature held to be immoral or unhealthy on the ground of delicacy, comparatively at least very little is said or thought about the danger of thoroughly worldly books. Now this is a mistake, for the dangers arising from the literature that offends against modesty are perhaps less frequent, and to some characters less dangerous than the more subtle and insidious snares of romances saturated from beginning to end with the spirit of the world—worldly maxims, worldly ways of looking at everything, worldly standards by which alone to judge of every character and principle of action. The total absence, the total ignoring of the supernatural in religion, is of course a characteristic of all our English nineteenth-century literature, the inevitable result of the eminently respectable, eminently unsupernatural, not to say worldly character of the Establishment and many of its adherents ; but nowhere is this complete indifference to everything except the ordinarily recognized conventionalities and proprieties and respectabilities of God's service more prominently displayed than in our average novel. The best novels are taken to be more or less faithful pictures of the lives, customs, and manners of our fellow-men and women ; at home and abroad, in their public and private, civil and domestic existences. What are the pictures ordinarily presented to our minds, not of the frivolous, but of those whom the author or authoress evidently means to be taken as the model men and women of the world in decent society ? To speak of the ladies first, they are as a rule delineated as having all their energies, all their faculties of mind and body engrossed, directed, and governed by three or four master ideas. Marriage for themselves or their daughters, or both ; increase of social rank, the outstripping of others, their female friends, in the scramble for social distinctions ; increase of social pleasure or dissipation ; the labours of the toilet. The successful and model men, on



the other hand, when they are too old, too ugly, or for some other reason have done making love, are not unfrequently mild or forcible, personifications, as the case may be, of ambition or covetousness, pride or dignified consciousness of the obligations of social standing, or even of love of sport. The typical English squire has his entire existence centred in fox hunting. And then, if turning from the men and women we ask ourselves, what ideas are most likely to become fixed and rooted in the minds of constant novel-readers, especially young ones, merely from the necessary attention they pay to the characters who pass because it is the immediate purchaser of all pleasures and most in procession before them, we shall find that amongst them are the following. That money is the *summum bonum* of earthly existence honours. That earthly pleasures are, it is true, very short-lived and fleeting, but that on this account we are not to despise them, but rather take great care to make the most of them whilst they do last, and above all seize the present, the heathen maxim of the old heathen sensualist—*Carpe diem quam minime credula postero*. Again, that purely natural virtues, natural benevolence, good temper, domestic affection, and so forth, are the only virtues which either our fellow men or God need or will take any account of. Finally, more universally and more powerfully than of anything else, the novel-reader, if he be thoughtful, must be reminded of the fearful truth that God engrosses but a very small, a very tiny fraction of the thoughts and lives of His own creatures; that the Creator, to use a somewhat slang phrase, is, in spite of His omnipresence, almost nowhere in His own creation.

The objection raised against this conclusion, overwhelming though the evidence would seem to be, is that men and women of the world, especially English men and women, are not accustomed to make a parade of their religious sentiments and feelings, or obtrude them upon their neighbours, and that consequently a man may be a very good Christian without his friends suspecting it. But the species of Christianity which betrays no external tokens whatever of its presence or existence is at least open to suspicion, and in fact differs very little from paganism.

Such, then, are some of the ideas which novel-reading is likely to suggest. That they constitute a distinct source of danger to morals is unquestioned, though this danger, like most others of the kind, will be felt rather by the worldly

and the unguarded than by those who are really making an effort towards a better life. Moreover, as the effect of the majority of temptations and dangerous occasions is to make the worldly more worldly still, and the unworldly more unworldly still, so we may well hope that there are many who get positive good from novel-reading. The great thing is to recognize the danger, to guard ourselves and others, the care of whom devolves upon us, against it. After all, there are few occupations in this world which do not expose us to a certain amount of risk, few pursuits which cannot be made an occasion of evil, and a moderate, reasonable use of well-chosen novels need not involve more danger than the study of natural science or history.

There is a time for all things. Moreover, whilst remembering the worldliness and frivolity of mind which is apt to be engendered or nourished by indiscriminate novel-reading, we not unfrequently forget or lose sight of the lessons of virtue which many a good romance inculcates with far more effect in certain cases than a long sermon can hope to do. And not only are the moral beauty of goodness and the hideousness of vice in the sight of men and angels most powerfully brought home to us in many a page of fiction, but more frequently still perhaps the better class of novelists of our own and past generations hold the mirror up to nature so effectually as to cast most scathing ridicule on the petty meannesses, vanities, falsehoods of society and the world at large. The contempt which they thus fling upon what is loathsome and deserving of contempt, even if it be not very grievously sinful, cannot but have a very useful effect, and will most certainly bring much of the hollowness of the world home to many who are quite beyond the reach of pulpit oratory. Keble and Newman have been regarded as two of the most powerful and moral guides of our day, owing to their writings and example. And yet we may doubt if even *Lead, Kindly Light*, contains a more perfect moral lesson, far more finished and exquisite though the form be, than the following paragraph from *Holmby House*, the very popular work, as our readers well know, of one of our most popular modern novelists.<sup>4</sup>

It was cruel work. What could she do? There was but one resource—there never has been but one resource for human sorrow since the world began. When the burden became too heavy to bear,

<sup>4</sup> Whyte-Melville.

she knelt beneath it, and she rose again if not hopeful, yet resigned; humbled but consoled, as those alone rise who ask for comfort meekly, on their knees. She was often in that position now; had she never known sorrow she had never sought Heaven. Providence leads us like children through the wilderness by many a devious track towards our home. Joy lightens the path for one, and he walks on thankfully and happily in its rosy light. Grief takes another by the hand, and clutching him in her stern gripe, points with wasted arm along the narrow way. What matter for so short a distance, how we reach the goal? Brother! help me with my knapsack the while I guide thy feeble steps, and share with thee the crumbs in my homely wallet. Let us assist rather than hinder one another. Yonder, where the lights are twinkling, is a welcome for us all. Dark is the night, and sore the weary feet, and rough the way. Cheer up! toil on! We shall get there at last.

Here is one passage out of a thousand. Such words tell us not only that the novelist ought to be, and may be, a powerful moralist but that he often is. They tell us too, that if we wish to form a correct estimate of the moral value of novel-reading, we must regard the subject from more sides than one. Prejudice, bias, narrow views, are fatal here to truth as everywhere else.

## *A Personal Visit to Distressed Ireland.*

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### PART THE THIRD.

MY time in Ireland was necessarily a very limited one, and I was obliged to leave Ballaghadereen almost as soon as I had made acquaintance with it. I said Mass while there at the convent, the good nuns of which not only conduct the poor schools of the place, but have a most varied establishment, in which they teach the young girls of the town to cook, to work, to iron, to sew, and other accomplishments most valuable to them in their career through life. To those who emigrate the possession of this knowledge ensures a good situation at once: to the mother of a family such a training in early life contributes much to make her home comfortable and her husband happy. A story told me by one of the Emigration Commissioners illustrates the advantages of these convent arts. At a large town in the West of Ireland he was puzzled by the countless applications he received from young girls to be sent by the Government to Queensland. Why should they one and all set their heart on Queensland? Inquiries into their motives either received the vague reply that they had a friend there or were encountered by blushes and a gentle tittering. But one day it happened that a maiden bent on emigration to Queensland was accompanied by an outspoken brother, who in answer to the usual inquiry as to the reason why she was bent on Queensland, rudely volunteered the explanation, "It's because of the big husband she thinks she'll get there, your honour." Subsequent investigation explained the mystery. A year or two before a girl, trained at the convent in the town, had gone to Queensland, and not long since had written home to the good nuns and to her friends in general, announcing that she had lately married a rich man, and that her *trousseau* had cost £60. Enclosed was a photograph of her in her wedding dress. Of course the story and the picture went the round of the town, and from that day forward there was a perfect *furor* among

the maidens for emigration to Queensland. Poor feminine nature, the same all the world over! All agog with flustered expectation at the thought of a rich husband and a *trousseau* costing £60! But I tell the story because it shows the practical good in the mere material order done by the religious communities of Ireland.

I was taken over the convent at Ballaghadereen, and was not a little startled when I first entered the large school-room. It might have been a Board School rather than one taught by pious nuns. No crucifix was there, no statue of our Lady—nothing to remind the children of God or of the Saints, nothing save one engraving of Raphael's "*Vierge à la chaise*," high up and almost out of sight. I looked surprised, and the priest who accompanied me volunteered at once the explanation. In the Government schools in Ireland, no religious emblems whatever are allowed—nothing but "works of art." It matters not that the children are every one of them Catholics—it matters not even that the teachers are religious men or religious women. In that Catholic land the symbols dear to every Catholic heart are prohibited, the visible emblems of their holy religion are banished by Protestant ascendancy, unless they would forfeit the Government aid necessary to their support. In every National School that I subsequently visited it was the same thing. The little room crowded with the bright, eager, intelligent faces of Irish boys and Irish girls, longing for knowledge and drinking in, for good or evil, the indelible teaching of those early years—Catholics all of them, but all sign of their being Catholics eliminated by law. On the walls around nothing but "works of art," maps and machinery, whales and elephants and Canadian geese. But no sweet symbol of the world's redemption! nothing to remind them of the love of Jesus for little children, or of Mary their Mother watching their innocent childhood! no little altar or statue for their childish hands to deck with flowers, none of the Patron Saints of children smiling down upon them from the walls! The poisonous blight of Protestant ascendancy hovers over poor Ireland. It has failed in its thousand and one attempts to rob her of her faith. But it still does its best to chill the warmth of her children's early piety, on the poor excuse that religious emblems would offend the tender consciences of Protestant children, if Protestant perchance were there!

From Ballaghadereen I made my way through Cloontheb

to Tubbercurry to Swinford, where I enjoyed the kind hospitality of the good Dean Finn, and thus on by car and rail to Ballina. As I passed through the various towns and villages of Western Ireland, I could not but remark the universal prevalence of what Mr. Sydney Buxton aptly calls the New Exodus. The walls of every little town are placarded with the advertisements of the various lines of steamers, announcing the excellence of their accommodation and the lowness of their rates. The Free Emigration scheme has thousands of applicants of every age and degree: assisted Emigration offers to those who do not fulfil the conditions required by the Government grant, the most advantageous terms of passage, and youths and maidens in every place are looking across the Atlantic as the scene of their future career. A stalwart boy, who showed me the way to the priest's house in a little town not far from Swinford, told me that he had sent in his name to the Board of Guardians, and hoped ere long to be able to sail for America. In cottages more than one I was shown the letter from Chicago or Kentucky, and told that they waited only a further remittance from the daughter who was in "service" or had married in the States, to send another boy or girl to seek his or her fortune in the West.

This hunger after emigration is one of the most important facts in the present condition of Ireland. It is a fact the importance of which can scarcely be overstated in its bearing on the future of Ireland and the Irish race. It is also a many-sided fact, and the partisans or enemies of emigration ought to look at some other side as well as the one which immediately affects themselves, before they pronounce judgment on its beneficial or injurious results. For emigration may be regarded in its effects either on the temporal or spiritual interests of individuals emigrating, or on the welfare of those that they leave behind them, or on the prosperity of the Empire at large or of Ireland in particular, or on the advance of the cause of true religion throughout the world. These various interests are different one from the other, and often are in collision with each other. For it may be of advantage to a man's success in this world to emigrate, but it may very seriously injure his spiritual welfare. It may be to the interest of England that the Emerald Isle should be thinned of its inhabitants, but not at all to the interest of poor Ireland herself. It may be satisfactory to the landlord to drive across the Atlantic the tenantry on his estate,

while it is most unsatisfactory to the tenants expelled. Emigration again may be a source of danger to individuals, families, or nations, while at the same time it may in general further the spread of Truth and the knowledge of God taken as a whole. To the people of God in ancient times it was a source of serious danger to be carried into captivity in some heathen land. Yet the blessing that they carried with them to the lands where they sojourned was so great a one, that the Guardian Angel of Persia prayed God that they might remain there instead of returning to their own country. In the same way the children of the Church, settling in distant regions of Canada or the States, may themselves run a great risk and a certain percentage may go astray, but yet on the whole the general results may be decidedly advantageous to religion. Thus if we find by experience that out of those who emigrate twenty-five per cent. neglect the practice of their religion, whereas at home ninety-five or more remain fervent Catholics, emigration is obviously a spiritual misfortune for the individuals emigrating. If, however, the seventy-five who remain faithful in their distant land are the means of establishing Catholic churches and Catholic schools—if some of them attain to position and wealth and influence, which they employ in spreading their religion, they may more than counterbalance the loss of the twenty-five per cent. The children who by their means are educated in Catholic instead of in godless schools, the converts that are won by their good example, the churches built by their liberality, may render their emigration a signal service to the Church at large, and compensate in a very short time for the unhappy defaulters. Here the spiritual interests of the individuals emigrating would be directly opposed to the interests of religion generally.

When, therefore, I am asked whether I regard emigration as a thing to be approved or a thing to be condemned, I am not prepared at once to give a categorical answer. I have to draw distinctions. If I had been asked in the early days of Christianity whether I approved of the expulsion of the Christians from Rome by Claudius, regarded not as a matter of justice, but in its probable results, I should answer: Wait a little. Do you mean me to consider the consequences of their expulsion to themselves, or to the city they are quitting, or to the world at large? For themselves it is an evil temporally, but for those of them who are Christians it is probably a spiritual benefit. As regards the city they are

leaving, it is a misfortune for the moment, but after a time Christianity will return and will reign over the place whence it is now banished. To the nations whither they are driven it will be an invaluable benefit, for they will carry with them the religion they profess. To the world at large it will be the chief means of its conversion to the faith of Jesus Christ.

In just the same way I cannot express any opinion with regard to emigration without first warning my readers of the very complex nature of the subject, and the consequent difficulty of arriving at any definite conclusion. Nor can we expect, as we shall see presently, any unanimity of opinion respecting it. A Protestant will regard as a benefit what a Catholic knows is the greatest of all misfortunes—viz., the weakening or loss of faith. An Englishman will regret anything likely to weaken the future power or influence of England, while the majority of Irishmen will rejoice over any misfortune which may befall the power that governs their country. Ordinary men will judge according to the proximate results on individuals or countries, whereas the far-seeing statesman will fix his eye on the distant future, and modify his judgment according as he desires or fears the time when the little cloud on the horizon will cover the sky and deluge the plains beneath. In fact, the more I consider the question the more I appreciate its difficulties. If I venture on an opinion, I necessarily do so as a Catholic Englishman, loving my country, loving and pitying poor Ireland, but above all loving with my whole heart that holy religion compared with whose interests the interests of nations become insignificant and contemptible; or rather I should say, whose interests are identical with the true interests of every nation, since no nation can be truly prosperous or truly great which is not faithful to the Church of God. Spite of wealth unlimited, commerce world-wide, armies the most powerful, fleets which command the seas, a teeming population, distinguished men of genius as her statesmen, colonies in every quarter of the world, every nation which is not Catholic has in her an element of decay and death which must in time work out her ruin. And every nation which is Catholic, and does not in her internal administration and her conduct to subject nations and conquered countries carry out Catholic principles, is equally doomed as a nation to fall from her position into comparative obscurity, just as Spain fell by reason of the un-Christian treatment of the natives of South America by Spanish colonists.



I enter, therefore, on the subject of emigration, the desirability of emigration, the necessity of emigration, with considerable diffidence and hesitation. I have heard so many people talk confidently about it, and express the most decided opinions, when they were not in possession even of an elementary knowledge of facts, that I almost distrust my own conclusions respecting it. I am not in a position to dogmatize on a matter of so much importance, for although I have neglected no opportunity of gathering information from those whose experience was a wide one and their judgment moderate and fair, yet I still am conscious that I see the truth about emigration only hazily and in the distance. I can give data which may aid a man of intelligence to form his opinion, with more satisfaction to myself than I can lay down a definite opinion as my own. I can also state certain facts for which I can vouch, and which I have had full opportunity of observing.

I find, as a general rule, that the friends of Ireland, those who really wish to promote her happiness and welfare, and who are not mere observers from a distance, well-wishers to her in a vague sort of way, but brought into an intimate contact with the state of the country, are completely divided in their opinions.

1. English (and to some extent also, Irish) philanthropists, the charitable men and women who have come forward nobly and unselfishly to assist with their time and money the distressed Irish, who have spent weeks and months among them, investigating their needs, relieving their wants, feeding them, clothing them, helping them with generous self-devotion, are almost invariably strong advocates of emigration. They look upon it as the one only means that can be of any permanent utility. Let us hear what their arguments are.

They tell us first of all, and they tell us with good reason, that organized relief bestowed upon the distressed districts is not only a most uncertain and unsatisfactory means of keeping them from starvation and misery, but is a real injury to their true interests, and an incentive to idleness, demoralising to their national characters, destructive of self-respect; that it may be a necessity here and there for a time, but it is an unfortunate necessity; that it is like putting an opiate plaister on a cancer of which the roots only strike more deeply into the system because it receives some temporary relief. They further assure us that the very conditions of existence in the various congested

districts are such that any permanent prosperity is impossible. The barren land, which in the best seasons will scarcely support the dwellers on it, must leave them starving whenever there is a lack of rain or sun at the time when moisture or warmth are needed by the crops. It is but cruel kindness, they tell us, to encourage them to remain on the stony plot of five, or ten, or even twenty acres, which will never afford them even the necessities of life, and the insufficiency of which becomes every year more fatal to their welfare as children are born and the increasing family makes fresh demands upon the scanty means of the parents. It is, they say, better even to let them learn the hard lesson of privation, if by this means alone they can be forced to seek a land of plenty that generously rewards the tiller, instead of tilling the stony soil at home, which certainly deserves no love from them in its stubborn refusal to recompense its children with even a moderate return for their labour.

They then point to the other side of the Atlantic, and to the waving plains of golden grain, to the ever-increasing demand for labour, to the flourishing colonies of prosperous emigrants, to the families they have themselves assisted by their benevolence, and who write with overflowing gratitude for their changed condition. *There* no children with cheeks pale from hunger. *There* no visits of the famine fever sweeping off whole families. *There* no constitutions with their strength and vigour gone under the miserable pittance of flour and water which at home was their only food for long weeks and months. *There* no mothers with their sickly infants unable to suck healthy nourishment from the ill-fed breast. *There* no half-naked children herding together for the sake of getting a little warmth into their half-starved bodies—but plenty, prosperity, good wages, good food, stout, rosy urchins, bronzed under the summer sun. Bread and meat, milk and butter within the reach of all. No sickness in their smiling cottages. The very name of want unknown. No longer serfs toiling under a sense of oppression, and hating the rule under which they live, but free citizens of a great Republic in which they bear their part as citizens with all the rest. What prospect could be more halcyon, what change could be happier on earth than this change from poverty to comparative wealth, from want to plenty, from sickness to health, from misery to comfort and joy?

2. On the other hand, the bishops and priests of Ireland are generally, if not universally, enemies of wholesale emigration.

At first sight their opposition puzzles the thoughtful Englishman as he wonders what can be the motive of what seems to him their stupid prejudice.

Sometimes he attributes it to selfishness. They fear lest their Easter dues should be diminished, lest the departure of a portion of their flocks should lessen the amount in their own well-filled pockets. So spoke in public a great English nobleman, himself an absentee Irish landlord. He brought against the faithful shepherds the charge of thinking not of the interests of their sheep, but of the profit they themselves could squeeze out of their flock. The drone who sucks the honey from the hive, and brings no profit to it, accuses the working bees of being too fond of honey, because, forsooth, they do not like to see their hive emptied of the dwellers in it!

This unworthy charge, as ignorant as it is unworthy, would scarcely be worth mentioning were it not so commonly believed, and so absolutely the reverse of truth. As a matter of fact, the departure of the starving class is a pecuniary benefit rather than a loss to the pastor. What Easter dues is he likely to receive from struggling poverty? What fees can be paid by those who can scarce find food for their hungry little ones? On the contrary, the departure of the destitute frees him from a periodical drain upon his funds. He cannot see his people starve while he has any means of feeding them. They look to him in their every want. They expect him to keep them, to pay their fare to England when they go for the harvesting, to assist them when crops fail, to feed their children when there is no food for them at home. Clear off the poverty-stricken, and leave the rest in comparative plenty, and the priest would, in many cases, himself be far more comfortably off.

But why is it that they dislike any sort of large emigration?

1. No one who lives in a country likes to see it depopulated. What more mournful sight than ruined houses, empty cottages, towns falling into decay? The traveller through Ireland has to encounter this painful sight. If it is painful to him, how much more to those who dwell there! Not only painful, but a source of a thousand miseries. Trade decays, shopkeepers depart, the country markets are deserted, there is no life, no activity, no demand for the work of the carpenter or the mason or the smith. No one, again, likes to see his flock diminish. Ask the angry colonel who finds that a number of his men have volunteered into another regiment, whether he is pleased to lose

them, and the chance is that you will hear him deplore their loss in language not of the gentlest, and yet his own pocket is not affected. He himself will probably have less to do for his pay, but this never enters into his thoughts. Ask again the master of a school who has a fixed income, whether he likes to see his boys drop off and their numbers diminish, even though it may leave him in learned leisure. So the priest very naturally is jealous over his flock. Add to this that the departure of each is the loss of a personal friend. The link between pastor and people is so close, they are so thoroughly members of one family, that he is pained when they leave their homes, as the father is pained as he sees the sons he loves go into a far country.

2. But there is a far more solid reason than this for his reluctance to see them depart. No one who has travelled over the various Catholic countries of Europe can fail to note the striking difference between Ireland and the rest in their adherence to their faith and the practice of their holy religion, with the exception perhaps of parts of the Tyrol. There is no part, even of Catholic Spain, where devotion to the Church, earnest piety, and the necessary consequence, purity of morals and honesty of life, is so deeply rooted in the hearts of the people, both of men and women, boys and girls, as in Ireland. It is, I fear, true that in some parts of Ireland their simple, childlike spirit of dependence has suffered from the harangues of the paid agitator, inculcating ideas which the priest is bound to condemn as opposed to the laws of justice. But, still worse, their innocence and simplicity has been corrupted by the sensational and sometimes worse than sensational romances which have been largely imported from England since the spread of education and the removal of the paper tax gave so great an impulse to cheap, rubbishy literature. Such literature too often is not only cheap and rubbishy, but immoral and polluting to the mind. Yet in spite of those evil influences, in spite of dangers manifold, St. Patrick still holds the mass of his people true to their faith, pure in their lives, obedient to the Church's laws, loyal in their submission to the authority of their pastors. In most parts of Ireland anything like habitual absence from Mass, or neglect of the sacraments, is practically unknown. To die without the priest is considered as a frightful, almost unheard-of calamity. The loss of maidenly innocence is regarded among the poorest as a terrible misfortune and perpetual

disgrace. Dishonesty is an unknown vice. "Honest, do you say?" remarked to me an English visitor to Ireland, who was by no means prejudiced in favour of the Irish, "why, I could leave my portmanteau in the middle of the street, and no one would touch it!"

But in a far-off land, away from priest and school and chapel, surrounded by the careless and the indifferent, mixing continually with those who jeer at innocence and mock at virtue, too often the elders forget the lessons of their happy youth, and the children lose the bloom of innocence and the brightness of their faith. The spirit of evil independence gains upon them, and the attractions of the world entice them, or perhaps the lust of gold creeps over them; and though the generation born and bred in the old country never lose their faith, and send far for a priest when the hour of death draws nigh, yet the children grow up wayward, careless, godless, ignorant of their religion. At the American "public schools," or in the streets of the big cities, mind and heart are corrupted, and those who at home would, amid earthly poverty and hardship, have preserved the pearl of great price, the invaluable jewel of the fear of God and the faith of Jesus Christ, barter it away for external prosperity and worldly success. A sorry exchange indeed! "For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" What doth it profit him, to exchange the mud hovel for the palace, if the exchange involves a decay of faith and purity? What doth it profit him to live on the richest viands and to drink the costliest wines, in place of the Indian meal and water of his childhood, if at the same time he cease to feed on the bread of angels and to drink of the living water of the fountain of the grace of God?

This is the true reason why the clergy as a rule set their faces against emigration, especially Government emigration. But there are a number of different considerations which must not be forgotten.

1. There is emigration and emigration. There is the emigration of individual enterprise, which many sincere well-wishers to Ireland advocate, and the wholesale emigration, which is the special object of the dislike of the clergy, and of the national party generally in Ireland. There is, again, Catholic emigration as distinguished from general or mixed emigration. There is also emigration directed by the watchful care of benevolence, and having for its object the benefit of the emigrants, and

emigration which seeks first of all to clear off what is regarded as a surplus population, and ceases to take an interest in them when once they are shipped for the distant home whither they are bound.

Men are prone to forget these differences, and take the sweeping view of the mind untrained to distractions and careless of detail. Some benevolent Englishwoman has assisted some poor family to emigrate, has taken care that they were looked after on board ship, has written to secure a friend for them on landing, has chosen a home for them where work was plentiful and labour scarce, has paid their journey thither from the port of disembarkation, and has commended them to the good priest of the village whither they are bound. She is rewarded for her charity by the success of her little enterprise—all goes prosperously, husband, wife, and children innumerable, all grow up strong and turn out well. Henceforward in her eyes emigration is the panacea for all the miseries of Ireland. Tell her that hundreds are starving, and her invariable answer is, "Foolish people, why do they not emigrate?" and she quotes triumphantly her own experiment as a proof of the value of her remedy. But she forgets that it is only one among a hundred who has a friend like herself to guide them and look to their highest interests. A large proportion of the remaining ninety-nine are landed at New York or Boston with the vaguest idea of their destination, perhaps with no idea at all, expecting that friends who are four or five hundred miles up country will be able to run down to the port where they disembark, and welcome them on their arrival.

2. Most of us have read of the benevolent exertions of the Society of Friends and other Protestants in behalf of the suffering Irish since the years of famine. All praise and honour to them for their generous liberality, for their noble self-sacrifice, for their kindly interest in the poor of Jesus Christ! But we must remember that they cannot be expected to take the same view as a Catholic would do. In their eyes the priceless jewel of faith is but a silly plaything, a childish superstition. They regard it as rather a benefit than the reverse that the stalwart labourer or artisan should be removed from priestly influence. They consider the sacramental system a mischievous delusion or imposture. By planting a family of emigrants where there is neither chapel nor Catholic clergyman, they think they are doing them good service in helping them to escape from a

degrading subservience to an authority which keeps them down, that they are furthering the cause of manly self-reliance and independence of character if they aid their clients to settle where the children will be taught to think for themselves instead of to believe what they are taught with unquestioning obedience. Hence they very naturally (and most Englishmen with them) regard the enmity of the priests about their flock as either not unmingled with selfishness or else a very mistaken form of benevolence.

3. On the other hand we must remember, in forming our opinion about emigration, that dwellers in Ireland, priests or laymen, are liable to be misled by their own experience. They have seen the fatal results of emigration to England. They know (who, alas! does not know?) the frightful deterioration of the poor Irish in the English cities. I dare not enter on this painful, this mournful topic. I have myself seen enough of the Irish quarters of Liverpool and London to be able to bear witness to that saddest of sights—moral decay, physical decay, spiritual decay, cursing, with all the rankest weeds of vice, the field where once grew the fairest flowers of virtue. The laws of the Church set at nought, purity held of no account, intemperance, violence, recklessness, crime, coming in to dwell where once dwelt simplicity, obedience, and honesty of heart—till at length even faith fades away, if not in the parents, at least in the unfortunate children. I am alluding to this because I think it has strengthened the dislike of the Irish clergy to emigration.

At the same time we must remember the very considerable change that has taken place in America during the last few years. *Now* it is comparatively of rare occurrence for the emigrant to be far removed from Catholic chapel or Catholic school. In every part of the States new missions are being started, new churches built, and the landowner will often give a piece of land gratis and build a house and church himself for the priest, whose presence he knows will gather to the spot a number of Catholic settlers. The increase within the last fifty years in the number of bishops, priests, nuns, training colleges, religious houses, charitable associations of all kinds, in the States is simply incredible, and the objection to emigration which held valid half a century ago, that the emigrant and his family was too often removed out of the reach of all Catholic influences, and therefore exposed to the

fatal danger of the loss of faith, scarcely holds good at the present time.

But while this evil has thus diminished, there is another which has rather increased of late. If the poorer class of emigrants are far less liable to a fading away of faith because removed to some homestead on the Western prairie, far away from all those holy influences which preserve it, they are far more liable to moral corruption, because exposed in the big cities to all the evil influences destructive to purity and innocence. As of old the pastor at home would beg emigrant members of his flock not to settle in the Far West, where priest and chapel were far away, so now he is bound to warn them against settling in the big cities which fringe the Eastern coast, New York, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Boston. These are the seat of the chief danger at the present time, especially to young girls, and to common labourers or artisans who come from Ireland with no friends to carry them westward. Not without good reason did the American Government send back some who were a few weeks before the inmates of an Irish workhouse and had been "exported" by benevolent legislators at home and landed on American soil without any visible means of subsistence. If we wonder at the violence of the language of the Philadelphia Convention, we must remember that they were assembled in one of those Eastern cities which had witnessed the evils of a system of emigration which had tossed upon the shores of America evicted tenants and destitute persons of the lowest class. Such persons have a natural tendency to settle just where they land. They have not the means, the energy, the enterprise to go westward. They congregate in thousands in New York, and I am told by American priests, themselves Irishmen by birth and extraction, that some of the lowest and vilest in that great city are the children of parents who in their early days were honest, respectable, God-fearing, obedient children of the Church, until eviction, or the impossibility of earning bread for their families in Ireland, or the benevolence of the English Government, drove them across the Atlantic. The same illusion that makes the poor Irish servant-girl think that the streets of London are paved with gold, and that as soon as she lands, she will find wealthy ladies competing for her services as laundry-maid or cook, deceives a far larger class into the idea that there is no American city where there is not a scarcity of labour. They



land in New York or Boston, find out their mistake, spend their little hoard, and sink into a life of struggling poverty or degradation or crime. If emigration could be, not to the coast-land of the Atlantic, but to the banks of the Missouri and Mississippi, not to New York and Boston, but to St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas, and Minnesota, half the evils at present existing would disappear.

To these evils no class is so much exposed as Government emigrants, recommended by the Board of Guardians and "passed" by the members of the Emigration Committee. It is so obviously the interest, and I may say the duty, of the Guardians to get rid, at as cheap a rate as possible, of the paupers belonging to their district, of those whom they know are likely to be a burden on the rates. If they find a smart intelligent boy who is sure to push his way anywhere, they are not over anxious to see him an exile from his country. It is the man who has failed at home, who has some weak point, physical or moral, whom they regard as a fit recipient with his wife and children of the Government grant. I heard a story, when I was in Ireland, of the Board of Guardians coaxing an intending emigrant to remain at home, because he owed some money in the little town (I am not sure whether it was to one of the Guardians themselves or not), and they feared that if once he crossed the Atlantic, there would be no chance of the money being paid.

Every intending emigrant has to pass the Board first of all, and then to satisfy the Government Commissioner. It is impossible for the Government Commissioner to do more than exercise a general supervision. He must necessarily see with the eyes of the local officials. If he interferes to any considerable extent with their arrangements, he not only creates a most unpleasant collision, but one which results in confusion and delay and a paralysis of the work for which he is sent. He cannot examine closely into the merits of the various cases which are submitted to him, for the simple reason that he has not the time. All he can do is to prevent any signal abuse, to advise the Guardians in doubtful cases, to say kind, encouraging words to the emigrants, to exercise a general direction of the work without attempting to go into details. Now he cannot expect at every Union that matters should be as well managed as at Sligo. It is not every Board of Guardians that contains so benevolent

and indefatigable a member as the Rev. Mr. Heaney, commemorated above. It is not every Board that behaves, or indeed that can behave, so generously to the emigrants. Where the rates are heavy and the district poor, the Guardians must cut down the funds borrowed for emigration purposes as low as possible. It is as much as they can do to furnish the emigrant with necessaries, and to give him £1 to help him on his first landing. It is true that the Government require from all who are forwarded to the States some sort of proof that they have already friends there who can answer for them when they arrive at their destination, but this cannot in practice be an effective guarantee. Sometimes a dirty letter, one or two years old, is produced by the candidates for Government emigration, and the poor Commissioner is sadly puzzled to know whether he ought to pass them or detain them unwillingly at home. In a very large number of instances, the friend or relation has moved far away before the emigrant arrives. In America distances count little, and enterprise and movement is the order of the day. Hence, whatever care the Commissioner may take, he cannot effectually prevent the evil of adding that worse than Irish congestion, congestion in the big cities of America.

I cannot help thinking, and I have some reason for thinking, that these difficulties of their position are vividly present to the members of the Commission themselves. I certainly do not believe that they have a very enthusiastic love of the task entrusted to them. It must be discouraging and painful work to arrange for the sending off of emigrants, some of whom require a great deal of persuasion to induce them to consent, while others are forced to it by the cruel pressure of necessity, and in order to avoid the greater evil of the workhouse by choosing the lesser evil of departing for Canada. It must be a thankless task to send a number of poor people, some of whom may be returned on the hands of the Government or the Workhouse Guardians by the American authorities on the other side. It must be ungrateful labour to be sent on a mission of quasi-benevolence, and to know that it is a work for which the people show no gratitude, even when they are eager to secure the benefits it confers, and that the best friends of the people, the priests and bishops, view it with no favourable eye. It must, moreover, be a work where the poor Commissioner has often to make the best of a bad job: to see arrangements made by the Guardians which he cannot approve, and does

not like to set aside, to see candidates accepted whom he would fain reject, and rejected whom he would fain accept, and to be unable to enforce his own convictions against the prevailing weight of local authority.

Where private benevolence is at work the case is very materially different. Where the sending out of emigrants is undertaken, not as an official task but from a disinterested desire to benefit the individuals emigrating, there will be a careful inquiry into detail, a provision for their temporal and spiritual wants, that will ensure for them advantages which the best of Government Commissioners are unable to give. Bishop Ireland's Colony in the States, and Father Nugent's in Canada, are instances of a method of emigration in which every lover of mankind must rejoice. The work done by Mr. Tuke, Mr. Sydney Buxton, and others in Connemara, aiding the Government in the work of emigration, does honour to those who have devoted themselves to it, and guards with care against most of the evils to which emigrants are exposed.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately I am obliged to say most of the evils rather than all, because the mere fact of their inability to appreciate the advantages of Catholic influences must necessarily mar the usefulness of their work, and lead them to scatter the emigrants over as large an area as possible, rather than to attract them into central villages or small towns, where they would have Catholic priest, Catholic school, and Catholic chapel close at hand.

I have hitherto been speaking of emigration mainly as it effects the emigrants themselves. Let us see what results we have arrived at, or rather what are the inferences which the facts I have stated seem to point. I submit them to my readers, not as Gospel truths, but as the best opinions I can form from the data of which I am in possession.

1. Of the temporal benefit to the average Irish emigrant, I think there is no doubt whatever, if only he does not settle down in the Irish quarters of New York or Boston, or other big cities. In the Western States, on the boundless prairies, he has better

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Buxton, in his interesting article entitled, "A New Exodus," in the June number of the *Fortnightly Review*, describes in detail the precautions taken by himself and his fellow-workers. Among others, they took special care to keep the emigrants away from the big cities. "Care was taken to prevent the emigrants from settling in the large towns which boast 'Irish quarters,' and in which the influences are bad: such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Chicago. Except under special circumstances, such as a wife and family going to join the husband, &c., I refused to send emigrants to those places" (p. 880).

lodging, better food, better clothes, better opportunities of getting on and rising to a position than he has at home.

But these temporal benefits are not merely material. He also derives great advantages from the change in the moral order. I find that the universal testimony of Americans, priests and laymen, is that the Irishman who, in his own country, is reputed unthrifty, lazy, dependent, living from hand to mouth, becomes in the States, where he has free vent for his energy, and a chance of success if he perseveres, thrifty, industrious, self-reliant, saving, provident. His character altogether changes after breathing for a year or two the air of the Great Republic. Not at first, not for months, is there any perceptible difference, but after two years, more or less, he becomes another man. What inference can we draw from this, except that it is in Ireland the hopelessness of his lot, and the burden of centuries of servitude, which beats out of the population all the energy and activity proper to their nature. These revive when the unfavourable conditions are removed. Sow the richest grain on a stony, barren soil, and you get a poor crop; transplant it to a richer soil and more fertile field, and soon it regains its vigour, resumes its force, and becomes what it once was and what it ought to be.

I am not certain that any one, judging simply from those emigrants who return to their own country, would incline to so favourable a verdict of the effect of the States on Irish character. Many who return are paid agitators—a class of men who do not represent very favourably their adopted country—others are those who cannot resist the feeling of homesickness which, after a few years away, comes over them, and who return with a little store of money to Ireland. The store of money is soon gone, and the returned emigrant has to live as best he can. Expensive habits have been learned in America, he has been used to good meat, bread, butter, and tea, and other luxuries unknown to the Irish cottier, and spurns their humble fare of potatoes and Indian meal. He suffers far more from poverty than his untravelled friends at home; he is liable to subside into a discontented grumbler, who sorely tries the patience of his folk.

2. On the other hand, he has not the same religious advantages in the States as at home. Faith and morals are both likely to suffer, in the large towns by reason of the demoralising influences around, in the country because of the lack of priest or Catholic chapel. I do not pretend to be able to form any idea of the proportion of Protestants, Freethinkers, and

Know-nothings in America, who are the descendants of Catholic settlers, but I fear they are very numerous at the present time. The proportion of emigrants who cling to their faith is now far larger than formerly. I have seen it stated in a newspaper that eight out of ten are practising Catholics, or at all events die a Catholic death. I hope this calculation may be correct, but I confess I am inclined to think that it takes almost too favourable an estimate of the state of religion even now in America.

At first sight it would seem that these facts would be fatal to emigration, in the eyes of all religious men, looking at it in the best interests of the emigrants, but this is not at all the case. After all, virtue must be tried, and God in His Providence seems to have ordained that men are not always to live under the external conditions apparently most favourable to religion. If the faith and morals of the emigrant are more severely tried, he will have a greater reward if he perseveres. If he falls away it is his own fault, and he has no one but himself to blame.

Add to this that to attempt to stop altogether the tide of emigration from Ireland, is impossible and absurd. You might as well try to stem the mountain torrent, or to stop the approach of summer when spring draws to its close. I have noticed, and heard others notice too, how all the world tends westward. Big cities in Europe are all spreading westward. London is spreading westward. Brighton is spreading westward. Paris is spreading westward. Vienna is spreading westward. Perhaps it is to avoid the biting east wind. In the same way Europe, or at all events the healthiest portion of it, is westward. England, Ireland, Germany, are all joined in the westward movement. For good or evil it is an accomplished fact that the army must march on its way, and though the condition of Ireland itself must affect considerably the number who leave its shores, yet even under the most favourable circumstances the tide which flows westward, the stream of those who seek their fortunes across the Atlantic, must be very considerable. It belongs to the wisdom of philanthropists to direct it rather than to attempt the impossible task of preventing it: so to direct affairs at home that it shall be a natural healthy emigration, rather than a forced, unnatural, and mischievous deportation to a foreign shore of those who ought, under normal circumstances, to live in happiness and prosperity at home.

And this leads me to a very important distinction, to which I have already alluded, and which it is of the greatest import-

ance to bear in mind before we form our opinion respecting the advantages and disadvantages of emigration.

In a prosperous and, at the same time, thickly populated country, where the laws of God and man, in the natural order, are fairly observed, the rapid increase of the number of the inhabitants makes it necessary that from time to time some of them should leave their homes to pursue their fortunes elsewhere, where there is more room for their energy and enterprise, more work to be done and fewer hands to do it, where the earth has more plenteous harvests to be gathered in, and where the labourers are needed for the work. I do not deny that population may be multiplied to an almost unlimited extent in a healthy and energetic community, but, as a general rule the growth is more rapid than the means to provide for the additional consumers. Industries grow more slowly than population, and it is therefore necessary that there should be a stream, flowing without cease, in the direction of "young" countries, where nature herself provides industries ready made on the boundless prairie, or amid virgin forests, or on sheep farms, or tea plantation, or bullock range. As from a healthy, well-fed hive swarms go forth from time to time, so from a healthy, well-fed land there is a continual overflow, consisting neither of the richest nor poorest, neither of the highest or lowest in intelligence, industry, or moral force, but of the medium population who have not ability and enterprise enough to command a market anywhere, but at the same time have enough to push their fortunes where their rivals are not so numerous and so powerful. Such is the emigration from Germany and from England. It is the natural healthy emigration which the legislator rejoices in, and the patriot is glad to see, and respecting which his only anxiety is lest it should not be directed to the best field open to it.

2. But there is another kind of emigration which is unhealthy and unnatural, and deserves the name of exile rather than of emigration. It is the result, not of nature's laws, but of man's ill-doing. It may take place from a thinly-populated country quite as much as from one thickly populated. It will be found in lands where might has prevailed over right, where the existing social or moral or political conditions have produced an unnatural and violent condition of things, where vicious legislation has reduced the country to beggary, where industry has been crushed out by prohibitive taxation, or where absentee landlords have drained the country of the wealth necessary to

well-being. It will be found where natural justice is violated, where the poor are oppressed, where the spirit of disaffection is abroad, where the governing power is regarded as an enemy rather than as a friend. The immediate conditions which produce it may be quite inevitable. They may be a bad season and a consequent failure of crops, war, pestilence, or famine. But calamities like these in a well-organized community have no very serious or permanent ill consequences. It is only when some sinister influence has long depressed the land and hindered progress and healthy development of its resources that they possess more than a very transient power to harm. A country where the political condition is even moderately sound is able to throw them off as a sound constitution throws off catarrh or rheumatism or fever. Thus the apparently crushing calamity of the Franco-German war and the enormous war indemnity had little effect on prosperous France.

Now a great proportion of the emigration from Ireland is of this latter character. It is exile, exportation, banishment, rather than colonization in the true sense of the word. A landlord ruthlessly sweeps the tenants off his estate, that he may turn it into grazing land. A neighbouring landowner, whose land is comparatively valueless, allows them, either from charity or from love of gain, to settle on his property. At first they set to work with energy, reclaim waste land and bog land, and after a few years have a little farm which yields them enough, and more than enough, to live on in comfort with their wives and families. But a new landlord comes in or a new agent, and learns that one of them, say Terence O'Brien, is paying only a rent of some £3 for the fifteen acres that he occupies. The land, so says the agent, is worth £1 an acre. True, it was all reclaimed by poor Terry with the sweat of his brow from the moorland around. But that is a matter of the past. The land is now valuable and productive, and worth a great deal more than Terry pays for it. So little by little the rent is raised till the poor tenant finds that if he is to pay the rent he must go harvesting in England; and even then, if the season is bad, he falls into arrears. His children grow up around him, and one and another of his boys marries and settles on a portion of the fifteen acres. There is plenty of waste land around, which their strong young arms can reclaim; and besides, the main source of their income is the wages earned in England during the summer. But their energy in reclaiming the land is soon crushed out by finding that they will have to pay for

their labour in the shape of a higher rent. So they struggle on somehow, till at length a bad season and ill luck in England brings them all to starvation point. They cannot pay their rent; they cannot find bread for themselves or their children. The alternative is the workhouse or emigration. So they are glad to accept the Government offer, and are accordingly exported to Canada or the States.

This is a story which has happened full often, and admits of countless variations. Now the change in the law has rendered it happily impossible, but its consequences will linger on for centuries. Sometimes the wrong-doing which banished them from their country is not nearly as remote as the action of their landlord, who, many years before, drove them from their early home, and of their second landlord, who, before the Land Bill passed, raised at his pleasure the rent for tenants' improvements. There are a thousand other ways in which the poor Irish may now be forced to emigration. The absentee writes to his agent, that now that rents are lowered he must be very stringent in expelling defaulters, and out goes a batch of poor settlers, with wives and children, like the hundred and ten victims of the Messrs. Knox. The commercial industry crushed out by England in times past, gives no means of employment for the growing boys and girls, and they must perforce seek it elsewhere.

It is not easy to draw the line in all cases between healthy and unhealthy emigration. Emigration may be healthy in respect of a particular district, but unhealthy in relation to the whole country. It may relieve a congested spot, and those who visit that spot may loudly proclaim its necessity, but the congestion may be, and in Ireland generally is, the result of untoward circumstances, which have gathered into a heap what ought to be scattered over a wider space. Let me suppose a case which seems to me a fair parallel. On my estate I have a plantation of young trees. Instead of spreading them out so that they all have room to grow, my gardener huddles a number of them together in too narrow an area, in order that he may have some spare ground, which he turns into grazing land on which he pastures his own sheep. Then he comes to me and says that there are several parts of my estate where the plantations are far too thick and where it is impossible for the trees to grow. He summons in a forester and quotes his authority as to the impossibility of trees growing healthily and flourishing in such narrow limits, and he proposes to me to thin the plantations and hand over the young trees to the



owner of a neighbouring estate, where there is room enough and to spare. If I venture to hint that there is plenty of unoccupied ground on my own estate, he quietly answers, Yes, sir, but in that case where am I to pasture my sheep?

Now this is exactly the way in which Ireland has been treated by the inthrust occupants on her soil. By their own unjust or cruel action in time past they have brought about this crowding in various limited districts, and now they want to see a country, of which the population is not half of what it ought to be, still further thinned by an emigration which we may almost call compulsory. Benevolent visitors witness the overcrowding and consequent misery and starvation in these limited districts, and set themselves to work to facilitate the work of thinning. Off goes the healthy young tree across the Atlantic to our neighbour's estate, and is lost to us for ever. How can any lover of his country see it shipped off without a sigh? How can any one who remembers how, in this place and in that, a flourishing community occupied the ground where now remain only a few shanties, check a feeling of sorrow and regret at its most unnecessary depopulation? Or how can any one, of whatever nation, race, or religion he be, read the history of Ireland without a feeling of hot, burning indignation at the murders, butcheries, persecutions, inhuman cruelties and barbarous massacres by which a nation which called itself Christian sought in vain to exterminate, and succeeded in scattering over the face of the earth, the Irish race?

The Irish, whatever their faults, have a proud pre-eminence above all other nations in the unshaken constancy of their faith amid a crushing persecution, unparalleled in any other country in the world. England cowardly gave up her faith at the nod of a swinish voluptuary; France was corrupted by pleasure and the unbelief which springs from pleasure; Italy sits by unmoved and sees the Vicar of Christ dishonoured; Germany has preferred Cæsar to God; but Ireland has passed through a fire more cruel than any of the rest, and none of its tortures have wrested from her a denial of her Lord, or shaken her allegiance to His Vicar.

When I look at this fact, I feel sure that for such a nation, as a nation, God has a rich reward; when I consider the present condition and the prospects of the Irish race, I find in the natural order a confirmation of my surmises. But this is a subject I shall have to touch upon in the concluding portion of my narrative, which I must reserve for the next number of *THE MONTH.*

## *The Garduna;*

OR, A SECRET SOCIETY OF FORMER DAYS.

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AMONG the weapons employed by the enemies of the Catholic Church are the secret societies, which, varied in name and tactics, have nevertheless always retained the same principle, that of subverting Divine and social law. Founded on the love of mystery and the fascination of terrorism, innate to the human race, these secret societies constantly recur in the annals of the world. Though never permitted by Providence to preserve the unbroken descent claimed by the Freemasons, yet a disconnected link can be easily perceived, as well as the marked absence of originality in the conception of these associations, each society merely adopting the principles of its predecessor, in a more or less violent form, to suit the spirit of the period in which it sees the light.

The public journals lately having mentioned the discovery in Spain of a secret society, "The Black Hand," for the perpetration of murders and outrages similar in many respects to those so often unfortunately committed in Ireland, it may perhaps be interesting to read an account of another Spanish association, now happily extinct.

On November 25, 1822, a great execution occurred in the public place at Seville, which, more than any other town in Spain, had had to suffer from the vile machinations of the secret criminal society known as the Garduna, whose last Grand Master and twenty brethren, captured in the gorges of the Sierra Nevada, were doomed to expiate their crimes on the gallows. Their archives at the same time falling into the hands of the authorities, revealed a tale of perfect organization for criminal purposes, which had subsisted for years, chiefly in the province of Andalusia. The association was regularly provided with statutes and rules which were implicitly obeyed, the severest penalties being awarded for any infraction. For the

payment of a certain sum there was not a crime that could not be committed and shrouded in the utmost secrecy. Murder stood the highest in this remarkable scale of prices, which also comprised the abduction of men and women, and stabbing, either fatal or trifling, according to order. A Grand Master (*hermano mayor*—"elder brother") was at the head of this society, who was often to be found occupying a high position in the kingdom. All orders passed through him to the subordinate members, composed of *guapos*, or experienced robbers and brigands. These were divided into two classes, the *guapos punteadores*, or stabbers, and *guapos florcadors*, practised thieves, who, awaiting their promotion to the higher grade, occasionally passed through an additional course of study in the different gaols of Seville and Malaga. Then came the *fuelles*—literally whisperers or bloodhounds—whose name sufficiently denoted their business. There were also *coberteras*, or female receivers of stolen goods, and the *serenas*, or handsome young women, whose office it was to entice the victims into the traps laid for them.

Each member of the Garduna received on his entrance a particular name, generally suggestive of some striking quality or peculiarity of the person admitted ; for instance, *mano fino*, or "light hand" ; *cuero di hierro*, or "iron body." The different crimes had also their *aliases*, a stab of the dagger being styled "baptism," while "a journey" meant robbery on the highroad, and drownings were known as "baths." Whenever there was mention of a convict at the galleys, he was said to have joined the Royal Navy. Seville and its neighbourhood were the head-quarters of this unscrupulous society, whose meetings were held in a half-ruinous Moorish palace.

As elsewhere, so in Spain, there were many, especially those of the lower classes, who were always remarkable for the superstitious manner in which they regarded religious practices. Ignorant of the true spirit of Catholicity, they thought it quite sufficient to atone for their crimes by some external act of devotion ; consequently it is no matter of surprise to read that the meetings of the Garduna were opened and closed by prayer, and that an altar of the Blessed Virgin stood in the assembly room. These false ideas of devotion were encouraged by the chiefs of the society, who, abandoned to their passions, and fearing neither Heaven nor Hell, yet sought to impress their ignorant followers and dupes with an idea of the sanctity of

their cause, by placing it blasphemously beneath the protection of God, Whose commandments were thus shamefully violated by their sinful deeds.

A full explanation of the statutes was found among the archives. The novices of the Order were to serve a year's probation before they could be admitted as active members. They were called *chivatos*, or goats, and were clothed and fed at the expense of the Garduna. The members received a third of the booty money, part of which went into the treasury to be expended in Masses for deceased or executed members, in bribes to law officials and gaolers, while the rest fell to the share of the Grand Master. The statutes decreed that the brethren should prefer to die as martyrs rather than betray the association. The female accomplices were also bound to serve the purposes of the society to the best of their ability.

The greatest care was observed in training the members. They even received lessons in the imitation of cries peculiar to various animals. At night they were to mimic the chirp of the grasshopper, the screech of the owl, the croaking of frogs, or caterwauling of cats; while the barking of dogs, cackling of geese, and all other sounds belonging to the domestic animals were deemed more appropriate in the day time. It was repeatedly impressed upon the brethren that silence was the chief article prescribed by the statutes, in which was written, "Every one with good eyes, sharp ears, swift feet, and no tongue, may become a member."

The ceremonial observed at the expulsion of a member was extremely curious, and it was enforced whenever a sentiment of pity or any other motive hindered a brother in the exact performance of his orders. This ceremony took place at one of the nightly meetings, when the Grand Master or his deputy, after the charge was read, seized his dagger, or Catalonian knife, which they all bore, and, pressing the point on the ground, leant on the blade until it broke. The broken pieces were handed to the defaulter, who was compelled to give up his own weapon. By this exchange the bravo was degraded, and accounted unworthy of belonging to the Garduna. The Grand Master then knelt beside him at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and made him swear never to betray the society or its sympathisers. Should it be subsequently discovered that the oath had been violated, death would be the penalty. The expelled member left the assembly, and his former comrades betook

themselves to the nearest church to pray that a new brother might soon replace the repudiated one—a sacrilegious hypocrisy worthy of this iniquitous sect.

Among the numerous orders discovered was one for the baptism (*i.e.*, the stabbing) of a canon of the Church who was seeking the votes of his brother ecclesiastics at the election of a new dean. The order gives directions that the victim be not killed, but merely wounded severely at six o'clock in the evening when crossing, according to his usual custom, the badly lighted bridge of Triana. Should the baptism eventually turn out to be a funeral, the original sum of six doubloons paid for the outrage would be doubled. A slender dagger, or even a pointed bodkin, or stout saddler's needle, would be quite sufficient to inflict the wound. There was also a written account of an abduction that occurred at the beginning of this century in a large Spanish town. The clocks of the cathedral had struck midnight, when small groups of members belonging to the Garduna, hitherto hidden behind the pillars, noiselessly hastened from the church to station themselves at different corners of the public place, while a *serena*, or female accomplice, concealed herself among the orange trees near the fountain. A woman soon appeared and looked around as if seeking some one until joined by the *serena*, who silenced her eager inquiries. At the given signal the brethren of the Garduna, quickly surrounded the startled victim, who was gagged and carried to a carriage waiting at the entrance of a side street. No noise could be heard, for the hoofs of the mules were muffled, and the wheels covered with thick leather. The carriage drove away, preceded and followed by the gang. On coming to a bridge they found a post of watchmen stationed there, but this did not save the poor victim, as the coachman, to avoid any chance of inquiry or pursuit turned and galloped in the opposite direction, while the ruffianly escort attacked the watchmen. A desperate fight ensued, and in a few moments the guardians of the public were pitched over the bridge into the Guadalequivir. The next morning the singular event was reported by one of the watchmen, who had saved himself by swimming ashore; but all the efforts of the wretched victim's parents to regain their child failed completely.

It was the policy of members belonging to the Garduna to ingratiate themselves with men who, being in high position, could protect the association and shelter it from the authorities

particularly from the Court of the Inquisition, whose special work it was to ferret out these secret societies, chiefly represented in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, by the turbulent heretics who caused so many calamities in Europe.

Therefore it is not surprising to read, that in the papers brought to light in the month of November, 1822, there were found orders executed by the Garduna, at the instance of individuals who unfortunately happened to be members of the Spanish Inquisition. These orders, two thousand in number, were executed during the space of a hundred and forty-seven years, and brought the sum of 198,670 pesetas into the exchequer of the Garduna. A third of the sum was given for assassinations, and the rest for abductions, drowning, stabbing, and suborning false witnesses. These orders diminished greatly since 1667, and from 1797 none were ever given to the Garduna.

Thus by gratifying the private passions of a few wicked men, who abused their high position, the members of the Garduna were enabled to escape the vigilance of the Inquisition, which, had it been cognizant of this social pest, would most certainly have effected its detection and punishment, as it did in the case of the Moriscoes and Marranos,<sup>1</sup> or judaising Christians; people who were akin to the Garduna in their principles of secret insubordination to the established laws.

The Garduna, as we have seen, secretly pursued its baleful career up to a late period in Spanish history. During the war of the Peninsular, these vile associates doubtless followed the contending armies; ready to plunder cities taken by storm, or to rob the dead and wounded on the battle fields. At length, when Spain was left in peace to recruit its sadly diminished resources, and to re-establish its constitution, the authorities were enabled to discover the Garduna, whose ramifications were the terror of social life in Andalusia.

The cause of justice being finally avenged upon the public place at Seville, the Garduna and its shameful records have passed into a dishonoured obscurity.

M. T. KELLY.

<sup>1</sup> The Marranos, or judaising Christians, were Jews who embraced Christianity chiefly with the object of escaping from the abject position in which the Hebrews were universally regarded. They secretly retained their Jewish rites, and cherished a deep hatred of the creed they outwardly professed. Their wealth and extensive correspondence enabled them to have secret associations, such as they had in Aragon for the murder of the Inquisitor, St. Peter Arbues (See *European Civilization*, by Balmez, chap. 36, p. 184).

## *The Caves of the Lesse.*

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THE Lesse is a little river of the Ardennes, the hilly country that forms the frontier district of France and Belgium. It lies on the Belgian side of the boundary line, running into the Meuse just above Dinant. Like many other little rivers, the Lesse, although its scenery is on a small scale, is a very picturesque stream. It has cut out its narrow valley between steep hills of very hard limestone, and at many points the river sweeps along under bold bare precipices, propped up by rocky buttresses, as smooth and erect as if they were parts of some colossal building. Here and there the cliffs and hill-sides show the dark openings of caves, which abound in all this part of the Ardennes. In the lower valley of the Lesse none are of great size, but they are of singular interest, as most of them were the abode of flint-armed hunters in the far off ages when man first made his way to Northern Europe. The galleries of the Royal Museum of Brussels owe no small part of their rich collection of pre-historic remains to the explorations of its late director, M. Dupont, in these caves. In its upper course the river disappears for some two miles under a mountain that lies across the valley. Here it traverses one of the most wonderful series of caves in Europe, the Grottes de Han, which are visited yearly by hundreds of tourists, most of whom know and care very little for the scientific interest that attaches to the smaller caves of Furfooz, Chaleux, and Pont-à-Lesse.

I can imagine few more interesting excursions for an artist or geologist than a tramp down the whole valley of the Lesse from Han to Dinant. I only know the river by two brief visits, one to its upper, the other to its lower valley, both made from Namur, a good centre for expeditions into the Belgian Ardennes. A railway journey of two hours from Namur brings one to Rochefort, a pretty little town, which evidently depends largely upon the annual arrival of tourists, who make it their base of operations for a visit to Han.

Almost the first thing one sees at the station is a big poster showing a picture of a cave full of stalactites. This is the advertisement of a rival cave, and sets forth the attractions of the Grottes de Rochefort—" *Les immenses Grottes*"—" *dites les incomparables*"—a daring piece of advertising, seeing that the Grottes de Han, four times as big, are so close at hand. In summer a regular service of omnibuses is established between Rochefort and Han. I had the good fortune to make my visit before the regular inroad of excursionists began, and thus was able to explore the caves accompanied only by a guide and an American friend, instead of forming one of a crowd of fifty or sixty. We drove over to Han, a group of some twenty houses with a poor little church that belongs to no style of architecture known to students. Following a path which begins at the village, we went over the hill into the valley in which the Lesse rises, and after walking about a mile from the point where we crossed the hill, came to a small opening in the rock, from which a kind of irregular tunnel descended at a sharp angle into the hill-side. We sat down on a bench under the rocky arch waiting for our guide, who was coming through the caves in order to leave a boat on the underground river, near the point where it comes out again into daylight. A little beyond the place where we sat the Lesse disappears under the hill, but at that point it is impossible to follow it underground. One comes upon it further on in the caves, after it has made its way for some hundreds of yards through a channel which is as yet unexplored and inaccessible.

Heavy steps in the tunnel tell us our guide has arrived. Down we go and find him waiting for us at an open door in the rocky wall, and carrying a pair of paraffin lamps, which to us who have just left the daylight, do not show much more than the frame in which they are fixed. We follow first a couple of narrow galleries which remind me of certain visits to Lancashire coal-mines more than of anything else. Then we enter the first cave or *salle*, where a flaring torch is lighted, and we see above us a glittering roof bristling with stalactites, and all around us on the floor the spires of stalagmite rising up to meet them; here and there they have met and form a graceful pillar of gleaming white, half-transparent stone. This is the first of a series of *salles* and *trous*, "halls" and "holes" as they are called, according as they are large or small. Each has its own special features, but the pen unaided by pencil



or camera can give only a very poor idea of them. They have more or less fanciful names; there is the *Trou du Renard*, the *Trou de la Grenouille*, the *Salle du Précipice*, the *Boudoir de Proserpine*, and so on. In one of the first caves a curious effect is produced by a mass of rock being slightly displaced, so that the stalagmites which rise from it—and there is a whole forest of them—form an angle with the vertical. All the other stalagmites and stalactites are so perfectly perpendicular, that this group has quite an unnatural look. The guide suggests an earthquake as the cause of the displacement, but it is hard to see why an earthquake would not produce similar effects in the adjoining halls. Very beautiful is the *Salle du Précipice*, where we climb in among a mass of stalactites, and leaning forward through a glittering arch look down into what seems a black bottomless abyss opening by a kind of well broken through a mass of stalagmite. The guide throws down some of the blazing cotton of his torch, and we see it is only some thirty feet deep, and now the red light coming up from below is reflected back from the sides of the well and the arches of stalactite, that bear up a fretted dome forming the roof of the *salle*. It is like a piece of fairy architecture. No less beautiful is it to see, in another cave, the stalactites hanging down in broad sheets of stone, varied with graceful bends and folds, and as the torches shine through them, they look so thin, so like transparent curtains, that one almost expects to see them shaken by some draught of wind.

Much labour has been expended on constructing an easy way through the caves. We continually mount and descend flights of rough hewn steps cut in the rock; across the large halls a path has been cleared through the stalagmites; and in the lower caves there is a sort of causeway, which forms a dry roadway above the summer-level of the Lesse. In winter these lower caves are in many places filled to the roof by a rushing torrent, and the result is that in parts they are quite bare of stalactites. The underground river has a strange weird look as we come upon it from time to time. One of its branches flows through a fine arched hall with a curious mass of rock projecting from the wall at one end, so as to suggest the name it bears, the *Salle du Trône*. At one point we cross the black current by a wooden bridge, at another we hear the unseen river tumbling noisily over a ridge of rock down in a dark hollow. At length, after walking for two hours we

reached the largest cave, the Salle du Dôme. I shall not attempt an estimate of its dimensions, I should probably exaggerate them, large as they are, for the impression of vast size was partly the result of much of the cave being always in dark shadow. Even under the white glare of the magnesium light one only saw the more distant parts dimly. With the guide holding a torch above his head and standing on the summit of a great mass of rocks the light only partly penetrated the dark dome overhead, and only where it flashed on some pendent mass of stalactites we could form some idea of the space between us and the roof.

From the Salle du Dôme we descended amongst the rocks to a dark basin, where a boat was moored. We sat down in the bows, the guide took the oars and pushed out into the middle of the pool. On our right the Lesse entered it by a beautiful arch, fringed with rows of stalactites. The river here is very deep, and just beyond the point where we embarked the rocks rise out of the water like a wall on either side. We put out our lamps. All was dark except where far away in front a blue diffused light shone on the rocks and the water. It was very dim, just enough to show us that, as we drifted along with the current, we were coming back to daylight. At length as we turned an angle we saw at the end of another archway the low entrance of the cave, through which came the bright sunlight. The Lesse comes out by a sort of flattened arch, some hundred and fifty feet across, and about half a mile away one sees the village of Han, which we had left three hours before.

Our guide was a very intelligent fellow, and chatted pleasantly, instead of telling his story in the cut and dried fashion that suggests a lesson learned by heart. He told us how very slowly the stalactites increased, how there was hardly a perceptible growth in twenty years, "but," he added, "no doubt it went on faster long ago." "Yes," I said, "there was more rain and more water to filter through." "No doubt," said the guide, "and it brought more solid stuff down with it, *just as you get more out of coffee with the first water!*" He pointed out some beautiful stalactites that had been broken by former visitors, and said that was now forbidden by the *règlement*. Did he see the tip of a steel hammer peeping out from under my coat, and suspect me of felonious intentions? I do not wonder this caution has to be addressed to visitors to Han.

There is a strange mania for carrying off "souvenirs" of a fragmentary kind from famous places. I remember once seeing a visitor to Westminster quietly breaking off a leaf of the carved foliage in one of the chapels. Such a man would be quite capable of smashing up stalactites.

Dinant was the point from which we started for our second visit to the banks of the Lesse. The railway from Namur to Dinant runs along the Meuse between the river and the hills, which rise steeply from the bank, sending down at various points rocky spurs, through which the line passes by short tunnels. An hour after leaving Namur we are at Dinant, a pretty town with its houses crowded together between the river and the hill, its beautiful Gothic church disfigured by a curious bulbous spire, and towering over all a great limestone cliff, topped by the citadel. We cross the river and follow the road that goes up the right bank. We pass the great precipitous mass of Roche Bayard, where a way has been cut through a huge wall of rock that projects from the hill. The extreme point, now completely isolated from the main mass, rises a solitary spire of rock by the river-side. About a mile beyond Roche Bayard we come to the mouth of the Lesse, and see the first stretch of its valley opening out to the left. We follow the stream. The hills on either side are steep, covered with small trees with an undergrowth of fern. In places the valley is very narrow, but at intervals the hills recede a little, the river divides into branches and leaves space for a few cultivated fields, and a group of houses almost too small to be called a village, though by a stretch of courtesy it is honoured with the name. We pass Pont-à-Lesse, cross the river by a very primitive-looking ferry, and reach Walzin, with its castle perched on a cliff and the cottages nestling below. We pass through the park of the castle, and leaving Chaleux and the Lesse to the right, reach Furfooz by walking across the fields in a large bend of the river. Furfooz was the object of our excursion, for though there are caves at all the places I have named, there was not time to explore them all, and we had selected those of Furfooz as likely to be the most interesting.

Furfooz is a well-known name in prehistoric archæology. Its caves formed a primitive settlement in what is called "the reindeer period," *i.e.*, the time when, though the mammoth had disappeared, the reindeer and several other northern species were still found in Central Europe. The modern village is about

half a mile from the river, and consists of one straggling street of cottages, with a church which looks even poorer than that of Han. Having got one of the villagers to act as a guide, we turned down the hollow formed by a brook that runs behind the village, and then began to mount again by a path which brought us to the summit of a great rocky height, rising some 200 feet above the Lesse, and having a precipitous front towards the river. On the level summit one sees solid masses of masonry, the foundations of the walls and towers of a Roman fortress. After resting a few minutes here we began to climb down to the caves in the face of the cliff. Our guide went before us to pick out the way. It was steep and slippery enough for us to appreciate his remark, that it was well to have big nails in one's boots, when one came to a place like that. Wherever there was a scrap of earth on the rocks little trees and brushwood had sprung up, and these gave a secure hold at many points, which otherwise would not have been very safe. At last, after climbing about 150 feet, and working along the rocks to our left (as we faced the river), we came to the lofty arched opening of a cave about 60 feet deep, the entrance being partly sheltered by a projecting buttress of the rock. This is the Trou des Nutons. There are not a few caves in Belgium which bear the same name. I asked the peasant who guided us, who or what the Nutons were, and he told me how the people said they were little men, who lived in the cave long ago when there were no iron-workers in the country. The Nutons had the secret of working in metal, but were very shy of being seen, and if any one wanted a piece of metal-work repaired, he left it near the cave, and coming back soon after found it mended, and took it away after leaving on the stone where it lay some present for the Nutons. This is clearly the same tale as the English legend of Wayland Smith, and it is strange that it should attach to these caves which really were "inhabited by little men in the times when there were no iron-workers in the country"—but the rest of the story is mere fable, for the men of the Trou des Nutons had no better tools than what could be made out of flint and bone.

The cave is high above the present flood-level of the river, but it is clear that centuries ago, when there was more rain and the river ran higher, it was liable to be flooded, for in 1864, when M. Dupont cleared out the old floor he had to dig through beds of drift from the river. All this stuff, and a layer of

stalagmite which covered it, had accumulated since the cave was abandoned by its savage inhabitants. But under the mass were found abundant traces of their occupation—axes, hammers, javelin-heads of flint, shells and bits of bright stone perforated for purposes of decoration, needles of bone, and heaps of bones, amongst which were those of the reindeer, polar fox, chamois, horse, ox, stag, brown bear, wild boar, wolf, dog, cat, common fox, beaver, squirrel, hare, mole, eagle and several minor species of beasts, birds, and freshwater fish. The cave-dwellers were evidently not particular as to what they ate. In the case of all the larger animals, only the skulls and the bones of the limbs were found, showing that the animal was always cut up where it was killed. Moreover, the skulls and bones had all been broken up and split; not broken across, as would have been the case if the fracture had been the result of the pressure of the earth and gravel above them, but split lengthwise with a blow of the flint implements, of which they still bore the marks. Clearly, like many modern savages, the men of the Trou des Nutons had a liking for brains and marrow as articles of food. All that was found in the cave by M. Dupont is now in the museum at Brussels, but there are, perhaps, still some unimportant leavings there. I unearthed a piece of a split bone quite unexpectedly on breaking up with the pickhead of my hammer a piece of the old floor.

The needles found at Furfooz (and also at Chaleux) suggest a question as to the clothes worn by the men of the caves. Not the slightest trace has been found of anything to show that they possessed spun-thread, and the probability is that they wore hides sewn together with horsehair. This last point is suggested by the curious fact that in the caves there were found large numbers of the caudal vertebræ (tail-joints) of the horse. Clearly they were taken for the hair, for the vertebræ on which the hair is longest and most pliant are precisely those which are most abundant,<sup>1</sup> and as the joints have never been found

<sup>1</sup> In a horse-tail there is no marrow after the fifth or sixth vertebræ. The hair begins at the second, but is not long and supple till the fifth or sixth. Amongst one hundred and fifty-seven vertebræ found at Chaleux, those of the first five vertebræ are scarce, those of the last five abundant. Thus we have, according to M. Dupont :

|                    |             |                    |              |
|--------------------|-------------|--------------------|--------------|
| 1st vertebræ ..... | 1 specimen  | 6th vertebræ ..... | 28 specimens |
| 2nd „ .....        | 7 specimens | 7th „ .....        | 27 „         |
| 3rd „ .....        | 6 „         | 8th „ .....        | 19 „         |
| 4th „ .....        | 4 „         | 9th „ .....        | 25 „         |
| 5th „ .....        | 10 „        | 10th „ .....       | 30 „         |
| <hr/>              |             | <hr/>              |              |
| 1st—5th = 28       |             | 6th—10th = 129 „   |              |

together, it would seem the horse-tail was broken up for some purpose, and not kept as a plume or ornament.

The flint used in making the flint weapons of the caves of the Lesse is not the stone found in the Ardennes. Belgian flint has indeed been found, of which the cave-men had tried unsuccessfully to make tools. It does not split well, or give a good cutting edge. They were therefore forced to *import* their flint, and the nearest flint of the kind they used comes from the east of France, from Champagne. Moreover, the shells they drilled and wore as ornaments are fossils brought from a distance, some from strata near Rheims, others from Versailles. If only a few flints had been discovered, these facts would not be so important, but they have been found in the Lesse valley in thousands, in every stage of manufacture and of every shape—axes, scrapers for cleaning skins, knives, spear-heads, broken tools, failures spoilt in the manufacture, and cores of flint from which the flakes had been split off to make knives and other tools. This shows a prolonged occupation of the valley, and some sort of traffic with the tribes of the east of France.

Close by the Trou des Nutons there is another cave, the exploration of which revealed still more of the life of the cave-men, by giving us a clue to some of their thoughts. Turning back from the Trou des Nutons, working along the sloping base of the cliff, and climbing to a point about 50 feet above the river, we find a much narrower cave, sheltered by the cliff above hanging forward towards the stream. This is the Trou du Frontal, one of the burial places of the men who inhabited the larger cave. At the back of the Trou there is a hollow in the rock with a circular opening some four or five feet in diameter. When Dupont cleared out the cave the opening was partly closed by a slab of stone, which had evidently once served to seal it completely, but had been so displaced as to admit a mass of gravel and drift from the high floods of the river. On digging this out, there were found the bones of sixteen skeletons, five of them children, three others not yet adults. They must have been packed very close to judge by the size of the hole; but probably some of the burials were made when those previously interred had been more or less decomposed. The skeletons were those of short, solidly built men and women; the skulls were of what is called the Mongoloid type, with flat angular face and high cheek-bones, indicating a race like the Finns, Esthonians, and other northern races of to-day.

With these skeletons were found twenty beautiful flint implements. More than twelve hundred flint implements have been found at Furfooz. Of all these none are equal in finish to those that were placed in the grave of the Trou du Frontal. There were also bored ornaments of bright fluorine, perforated shells (these, too, among the finest that have been found in the caves), a flat stone with a rude drawing of some quadruped, and the fragments of a little urn, which would be when complete about 15 inches high. Just outside the cave, under the sheltering rock, were the traces of a fire and masses of split bones. Evidently the funeral feasts had been held here after the dead were laid in the grave, which enclosed with them all that those poor people could find that was rich and precious to them, the little vase, the bright stones and beautiful shells, the rough drawing, the weapons chosen out of hundreds for their size and finish. The objects found in the Trou des Nutons show us the cave-men as bold hunters, clad in skins of the beasts they slew with their axes and javelins of flint. The picture of their home life is not a pleasant one,—the great cave with the fire near its door, and inside men, women, and children eating, living, and sleeping among heaps of broken skulls and bones, like beasts in a den. But the Trou du Frontal shows us something higher, tells us of the man with his hope of immortality,—the grave, the gifts to the dead, the funeral feast, all are witnesses that the wild hunters of the Lesse long ages ago, men of a race that has disappeared, or been driven, like the reindeer, to the far north, believed, like ourselves, that all does not end with death.

We leave the Trou du Frontal and to avoid a climb up the cliff follow the river's edge, passing by a point where the limestone strata are so upheaved that they stand on end, and one bed of rock, which has resisted the weathering of ages better than the rest, projects towards the water, a solid wall of stone some eight feet thick and full 80 feet high. We turn up by a stream and reach the village. We go into the little *auberge*, which has the word BAR in gilt letters over its door,—but here Bar is our host's name, a doubly appropriate one, for he is also the village blacksmith, *le maréchal Bar*, as our guide calls him, using the title in its primitive sense. We lunch in the parlour of the inn, where a statue of the Sacred Heart is the chief ornament on the mantel-shelf. The peasants of the Ardennes are good simple Catholics. I had asked our guide

as we came up from the river, if they were all Catholics at Furfooz. "Oui, monsieur," was his answer, "*nous* ne changeons pas," with a marked stress on the *nous*, as if he knew very well what the *Gueux* are doing and trying to do elsewhere in Belgium. A quiet walk across the fields and down by the great quarries behind Roche Bayard brought us back to Dinant, and closed our second excursion to the banks of the Lesse.<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> I should recommend any one who thinks of visiting the caves of the Lesse or any of the other valleys round Dinant and Namur, to first see the collections in the Natural History Museum at Brussels, to which there is a useful guide by M. de Reul. The standard book on the subject of these caves is M. M. E. Dupont's work, *L'Homme pendant les âges de la pierre dans les environs de Dinant-sur-Meuse*. (Bruxelles : Muquardt, 1872.) There is also a useful little book by P. van Tricht, S.J., *Les Premiers Habitants des vallées de la Meuse*. It is a lecture addressed to the Catholic *cercle* of Namur, and is very pleasant reading, with the great advantage that it tells a great deal in a very small space.



## *The place of Sacraments in Religion.*

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### PART THE SECOND.

HAVING considered the institution and administration of the Sacraments in the Christian Religion *as they are the actions of Jesus Christ*, we come now to consider the Sacraments *in themselves*, or, that in which sacraments consist. But in the first place let us consider the word *sacrament* and what it means.

Etymologically the word *sacrament* signifies a sacred thing; and it has been determined to signify certain sacred things.

Anciently, the pledge deposited by litigants in a sacred place, or in the hands of the Pontiff, was called a sacrament; and an oath was called a sacrament, and especially that oath by which soldiers were bound in allegiance to the commonwealth. In ecclesiastical language Latin writers understand by the word sacrament all that is meant in Greek by the word *mystery*. A mystery means a hidden sacred thing.

Hence the objects of faith and of the Christian religion, inasmuch as by Divine revelation alone they are known to the faithful and are hidden from the uninitiated, are called mysteries or sacraments. In the Sacred Scriptures we read of the *sacrament* of the will of God, which He Himself has made known to us—of the dispensation of the *sacrament* which was hidden from the ages in God, and which is made known by the Church—of the *mystery* which was hidden from ages and generations, and which is now manifested to His saints, to whom God willed to make known the riches of this *sacrament* among the Gentiles, which is Christ in men, the hope of glory—and of the manifestly great *sacrament* of piety, which was manifested in the flesh, preached to the Gentiles, and believed in the world. Tertullian speaks of the universal doctrine delivered in all the Churches from the Apostles' times, as a *sacrament*, and says that St. Paul knew all *sacraments*, and that we have arrived at an understanding of the *sacraments* of God.

Another generic signification of the word *sacrament* was—a thing ordained by the Divine disposition, or at least by lawful

authority, as a *sign of another sacred thing*. Signs, says St. Augustine, when they concern Divine things are called *sacraments*. In this sense all the types of the Old Testament may be called sacraments. Tertullian speaks of Isaac's being the son of a freewoman as a sacrament of an allegory; and generally he calls types sacraments of figures.

In this wide sense, sacrifices may be called sacraments. St. Augustine says that a visible sacrifice is a sacrament of an invisible sacrifice; that is, it is a sacred sign of the same. In a still wider sense, all sacred ceremonies which belong to external worship may be called sacraments, and they are so called by St. Augustine.

Nevertheless, in the Church of God there are certain sacred signs which differ from all other sacred signs, both in the mode and efficacy of their signification, and as regards the thing which is signified by them. They are not only signs, but also *causes*, which effect that which they signify, namely, sanctification in the persons to whom they are applied. To these sacred signs the name of *Sacraments* has been appropriated by Christian use for many centuries, and so appropriated that other sacred signs are now improperly and only analogously called sacraments. This determination of words by Christian use to signify a species, which words etymologically, and in primitive use, signified a genus, is not singular. We find a similar determination by theological and ecclesiastical use of the sense of, for instance, the words—Paradise, grace, baptism, Eucharist, and the like.

The essential properties of the Sacraments of the New Law are four in number. First, they are *visible signs* of that sanctification and grace, by reason of our possession of which we are called and are the adoptive sons of God. Secondly, this grace is signified by them, not any how, but so that by means of them it should be conferred as by the instruments of Christ and of God, the Author of grace, on all who place no hindrance to its entrance. They are therefore signs of grace to be conferred in the present, and they are *efficacious* signs or instrumental *causes* of the same. Thirdly, they are sacred rites which belong to the *ordinary* and divinely instituted religious worship. They are not extraordinary gifts, but are of perpetual institution. Fourthly, they are not ordained *directly* and *proximately* for the worship of God, but are so ordained that man should be the subject of <sub>1</sub>their application, and that he by his reception

of them should be sanctified, although in order to the removal of hindrances to their action his cooperation is required.

The distinguishing properties of the Sacraments of the Old Law were also four in number. First, they were visible rites divinely instituted. Secondly, they were signs and causes of *legal* sanctification and cleanness, and as it were, a sacerdotal consecration of the people. Thirdly, by means of this typical sanctification they were signs of the grace *to be conferred* by Christ. Fourthly, they were also pledges and infallible promises of the grace that was to be in the New Testament.

In the sacraments of the Old Law there was, in accordance with that economy, in place of the signification of *present* grace, the signification of *future* grace; and in place of *theological* sanctification there was *legal* sanctification. They were *efficacious* of the latter in the present, and they were *propietic* of the former in the future. In this is constituted the essential specific difference between the Sacraments of the two Divine Testaments.

Throughout the whole of the Old Testament, we must distinguish the *spiritual economy* from the *particular covenant*. The spiritual economy was the destination, enduring even *after* the fall of the human race, of mankind to a supernatural end of eternal beatitude, and the promise and bestowal of the grace which was necessary in order to man's attainment of this end. The *particular covenant* was that which was promised to and begun with the patriarchs, and which was entered into more distinctly and expressly and completed with the people of Israel, through the ministry of God's servant Moses. This covenant consisted of precepts, ceremonies, and temporal promises adapted to form and preserve the peculiar people of God as such, so that by means of it the *spiritual economy* might be more easily and perfectly preserved, and might as time went on be further unfolded.

The first economy was instituted in Paradise. It was *universal*, and belonged to the whole human race. It was *eternal*, and, while it was only in the fulness of time to be perfected, it was never to be abrogated. It was *spiritual* as regards both end and means.

The Old Testament, so far as it was ceremonial and typical, was, in comparison with the New Testament, as a preparation and introduction thereto. It stood to the Church of Christ as the Church on earth stands to the Church in Heaven. As the

Synagogue of Moses was a pedagogue and preparation for the Church of Christ on earth, so is that Church a preparation for the Heavenly Jerusalem, and itself stands midway between the ancient shadow and the future consummation. The sacraments of both Testaments, being in both Testaments chief institutions, there must be a correspondence between them in accordance with the characteristics of each of the two economies. St. Paul distinguishes the *shadow* in the Old Testament—the *image* in the New—and the *reality* of which the visible institutes even of the New Testament are an image, and the manifestation and enjoyment of which, without the veil of signs and without an image, we have yet to look forward to. By the *shadow* man is led to the image, and by the *image* to the full possession of the *reality*. The New Testament in comparison with the Old is as the substance to the shadow ; but in comparison with the future consummation, it is as the image to the reality.

To return to Jesus Christ as He is, in His Sacred Humanity, the Centre and Key of the sacramental system of the entire Church of God,—that is to say, the Church of God as it comprehends both Divine economies, the economy of the Old Law as well as that of the New,—we premise as certain that the order of reparation or restoration which began with the promise of a Restorer immediately after the Fall, was *universal* on the part of God, and extended to all men. As, apart from or antecedently to sin and the Fall of the human race, it was the will of God that all men should be saved if only they would cooperate with grace received, so did God's universal will of man's salvation persevere after the Fall. It is since then *a universal will of restoration*, or a will that all men should be restored and healed from sin. Hence the Divine will and desire to constitute a Second Adam as the Head of the whole human race, a Man taken from among men, a Restorer of the men who fell in the first Adam, in which Restorer there should be provided a remedy for sin for all men, so far as God is concerned ; and that in a manner adapted to human nature and human society, through union with His merits, and engrafting into Him, or incorporation with Him as He is the Head of the restored race.

There was therefore instituted in the promised Restorer and Second Adam *a restored People of God* and Church of God, in like manner as the fallen human race was contained in the first

Adam. The first Adam is called by the Apostle the form and type of the Second Adam. Both Adams have families, and there is this difference between the two families; in the natural family or society of the fallen race, men are constituted sons of Adam by natural generation, whereas they have to be transferred into the supernatural family or society of the sons of God, or aggregated to the restored People of God. This is not done without supernatural acts, either their own acts, if they are capable of them, or those of the Church.

Given, then, that the Divine will of restoration was universal from the first promise of the Restorer onwards, it follows that there must have been at every time since then, prepared, so far as God is concerned, and within the reach of all men, sufficient remedies to free them from sin. There must have been, in view of the as yet future merits of the Restorer, prepared for all adults, sufficient graces, at least internal graces, so that by their own supernatural acts of faith, hope, and charity, they might arrive at justification. There must also have been prepared for infants a remedy, so that, by means of the acts of others, they should be engrafted into, or aggregated to, the People of God, and thus, as members of the Church, justified in view of the merits of Him who was to be its Restorer and Head. God could not, consistently with His universal will of the restoration and salvation of all men, deny to human beings all opportunity of such aggregation during the time that they remained destitute of the use of reason, since lack of reason presents, in the nature of things, no hindrance to engrafting into, or aggregation to, the Church or People of God. But if it is granted that they could have been inserted or incorporated by means of the acts of others, as members of the Body of the Faithful or People of God, it follows that they might have been made partakers of purification from sin and justification, in view and by virtue of the future merits of the Restorer; for, on the one hand, these belonged to the People of God to their sanctification, and, on the other, there would have been no obstacle or hindrance in the infants themselves to their justification. God's universal will of salvation extends to all of whom He, the One God, is the One Creator and Lord, and of whom Jesus Christ is Head through the nature assumed or to be assumed by Him, and therefore it extends also to human beings while yet in their infancy, and it did so extend in every age. It would not have so extended unless there had

been at all times provided such a remedy as should, without cooperation of their own, of which they were incapable, but by means of the cooperation of others, bring infants to incorporation with the People of God, and so, through the future merits of Christ, to justification and salvation. If the application of this remedy was in certain cases hindered by second causes, wisely ordained for other ends, the hindrance was not of the direct will of God, but occurred by the permission of God, and so did not exclude or contradict His antecedent and conditional universal will of the salvation of all infants in every age.

The engrafting or incorporation of infants into the People of God, and so as members into Christ, as the Head of that People, which is His Body, fell to be effected by a religious act on the part of those under whose guardianship they were. This act was, of the nature of the case, a profession and embracing of the true faith in the name of the infant, and a signification of desire to be reckoned among the faithful People of God. It could not be a merely internal act, for there was required a manifestation and external sign, both because it was done in the name of another, and also and chiefly because it was an introduction into the *visible* People and Church of God. In the external act or sign itself there was, in virtue of Divine institution, no worth or efficacy by reason of which and by means of which God should infuse sanctifying grace into the infant and remit his sin, such as there is in the sacraments of the New Testament, as they are the instruments of God and Christ now made Man and Supreme Priest. The ancient sign signified immediately only the faith of the Church of God in the Christ who was to come, and the embracing of this faith by the infant and his aggregation to the Faithful People under Christ the Restorer; and so, at least mediately, also it prefigured Christ the Redeemer who was to come, and His redemption which He was to effect. God, in view of His merits as Head and Restorer, infused grace into the infant, inasmuch as that infant now, albeit by means of others, professed the faith and was enrolled in the People of God and Church of the Faithful, in order to whose sanctification He, in accordance with His merciful promise, accepted the as yet future merits of Christ their Head.

To sum up, the aggregation of the infant to the People of God was effected by a visible sacramental sign. In this aggregation the faith of the Church was applied to the infant, so that

he was now and henceforth reckoned, and that also before God, as among the faithful. This faith was, in accordance with the Divine promises, a sufficient disposition for the sanctification to be imparted by reason of the future merits of Christ. God was therefore the *efficient cause* of the infant's sanctification. The merits of Christ, as the object of faith, was the *meritorious cause*. The faith of the Church, as transferred to the infant, received among the members of the Faithful People, was a disposition and, in a manner, an *apprehension*, or *embracing* of the merits of Christ. The sacrament *was not the cause of sanctification*, but was the *instrumental cause of aggregation* to the People of God, and a sign only of sanctification and of Christ the Sanctifier.

Under the law of nature, when the external constitution of the whole People of God was less striking, and the mutual connection of its members was less strict, and the whole external worship was less determined, any religious rite whatsoever which was of itself adapted to the idea of a sign, sufficed for the reception of infants among the members of the Body of the Faithful which, by the first promise of the Restorer made in Paradise, was instituted under the as yet future Christ its Head. We need not wonder, therefore, that in Scripture and tradition this sacrament of the law of nature is not found determined.

When, however, by the institution of God, and His covenant entered into by Him with Abraham, there was formed a *peculiar* People of God, which was afterwards further formed through the ministry of Moses, and with manifold laws and rites belonging to the external worship of God, then by ordinary law the offspring of Abraham could not be adopted into the People of God in the general and wide sense of that People in accordance with the promise made to Adam, save by adoption into the *peculiar* People in accordance with the covenant made with Abraham, and the institution made through Moses. Adoption into this *peculiar* People could not be effected, in the case of male children, save by means of circumcision; and so for these circumcision was by ordinary law the determined sign and sacrament of adoption into the People of God.

For the infants of other nations, and for the female infants of the house of Israel, for whom Divine positive law had determined no peculiar sign, there remained the sacrament of the law of nature; and there seems no reason why this should not also have availed for the male infants of Israel in danger of death before the eighth day appointed for their circumcision,

or when from circumstances, as in the Desert, their circumcision had to be deferred.

The sacraments of the Old Testament, such as Circumcision, the eating of the Paschal Lamb, the lustrations and expiations, and the initiation of priests, consisted, as they were instituted, solely of *things* and *actions*. If words were used, the use of them was of only human institution, or they did not at least essentially belong to the idea of the sign, and they were not prescribed in sacraments, but only in other ceremonies of the Divine worship. Words are certainly adapted, above all other signs, for distinct signification, but they are not necessary to the notion of a sacred or sacramental sign. There was a certain congruity in the less clearness and determination of the sacramental signs of the Old Law in their significance, since the whole of that economy was as yet imperfect, with a faith which was not explicit, and types which were not a full and historical description, but only foreshadowings of things to come, and having reference to the future Restorer and to His New Testament.

The Sacraments of the New Testament, on the other hand, being not shadows, but the very image of the realities, are constituted by clearer signs, especially as regards their principal signification, which is not of things future, but is of present sanctification. All of them consist, therefore, not solely of symbolical things and actions which shadow forth, but, along with these, of words, or the equivalents of words, which signify and consecrate.

It is indeed in accordance with the Divine Wisdom and Providence that the signs in sacraments should be such as are adapted to signify, but they derive their real truth and efficacy as signs of sanctification, and fundamental elements of the visible Church, and essential rites of the Divine worship, not from their previous fitness, but *from their positive institution*. They are, therefore, not *natural* signs, or signs which of their own nature signify grace; neither are they merely *arbitrary* signs, or signs which, apart from any similitude in themselves to the thing signified, are instituted to signify it; but they hold between these two a middle place, as being *by a certain analogy* adapted to signify, and as deriving *from institution* their reality as signs and sacraments.

The great and fundamental, or essential difference, however,



between the Sacraments of the New Testament and those of the Old, or between the Christian Sacraments and all other sacred rites whatsoever, is that virtue and efficacy which is singular and proper to them, to wit, that by means of them as by instrumental causes, and in virtue of the visible sign itself, or external sacred rite performed in accordance with the institution of Christ, sanctifying grace should be conferred on those who, receiving the sacrament, place no hindrance to the entrance of that grace.

By an obstacle or hindrance to grace we mean an *evil disposition* of soul which is either absolutely and in itself, or at least in accordance with the present providence of God, hostile to the infusion of grace. There may be, besides this, a *deficient disposition*, which is an indisposition for the reception, not of grace absolutely, but of farther and more abundant grace. In this sense, and so far, such deficient disposition may be called a hindrance to grace. Both indispositions have to be distinguished from *ineptitude* for the reception of a sacrament. Ineptitude arises from lack of baptismal character, as regards reception of all the other sacraments; from previous reception of sacramental character, as regards the sacraments which imprint that character; from sex as regards the Sacrament of Order; from bodily health or the state of infancy as regards the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; and from invalidating or annulling impediments as regards Matrimony.

A hindrance to grace, properly so called, even supposing the validity of the sacrament, hinders bestowal of grace, and belongs to the moral order; while ineptitude belongs in a manner to the physical order, and hinders the validity of the sacrament *itself*.

The hindrance of indisposition to the infusion of grace cannot be taken away except by means of free supernatural acts of the person concerned, elicited by the aid of actual grace, and by which is effected the *necessary disposition*, that is to say—an absence of incompatibility with the state of grace.

Hindrance to grace may in adults—for it cannot occur in infants—be of two kinds, corresponding to two classes of sacraments. In those sacraments which of themselves and of their own proper end are instituted for the remission of sins, and so for the bestowal of first grace, and which are consequently called *Sacraments of the dead*, since their result is the resurrection of the soul from the death of sin to the life of grace—the state of sin is necessarily not a hindrance, since this state is supposed by

those sacraments, the very end of which is to change this state. The only hindrance to them is impenitence for sin committed. The disposition necessary for the removal of this hindrance is therefore effected by acts of penance, or repentance from sin. For this is required faith, hope, and a will to arrive at the grace of God, and supernatural detestation of sin committed, with a will to observe the law of God.

In the other sacraments which are instituted for the further sanctification of the already living members of Christ, and therefore for the bestowal of second grace, and which are called *Sacraments of the living*, the only hindrance is *consciousness of the state of sin*; and so the necessary disposition for their reception is the state of grace.

But even supposing the state of grace, there may be, as we have seen, an indisposition which is a hindrance to the reception or bestowal of more abundant grace. The reason is this, that the sacraments, the value and virtue of which to sanctify is derived from the infinite price of the shed Blood and merits of Jesus Christ, have no previously fixed measure of sanctification determined as it were to a certain limit. Their virtue and efficacy extends indefinitely to the various degrees of grace. Hence God, in accordance with His providence, which wills our cooperation, applies the price of the Blood of Jesus Christ to the bestowal of grace by means of sacraments in proportion to the disposition of those who receive them. The more perfect their disposition is, the more abundant is the grace which He bestows. This is not to be understood as if more abundant sacramental grace were bestowed *as a reward* corresponding to the more perfect disposition as *meritorious* of such reward. A just man may indeed, by the acts of virtue whereby he disposes himself for a sacrament, merit at the same time and in addition, an increase of sanctifying grace; but the increase of *sacramental* grace, which corresponds to the greater perfection of disposition, is wholly through the sacrament itself as it is an instrumental cause. The more perfect disposition is not a cause or a merit as regards *sacramental* grace, but is only a *conditio sine quâ non* to the more abundant application of the merit of Christ in bestowal of more abundant grace through the sacrament; just as lack of this more perfect disposition would have been a hindrance to such bestowal, and just as the disposition itself which is absolutely necessary is in no way a merit, but is only a condition apart from which sacramental grace would not be bestowed.

Now, while it is true that the dispositions, however perfect, of the receivers are in no way *causes*, but merely *conditions* of the bestowal of sacramental grace, it is as true that the sacraments by which grace is bestowed are not *mere conditions*, but are *real causes*. They cannot be *principal* causes of grace, or such causes as, by a virtue of their own nature proportionate to the effect, themselves inflow and act towards and result in the production of the effect. They are therefore *instrumental* causes, or causes such as are used by a principal cause in and towards the production of an effect, and which act by a virtue not their own, but derived to them from the principal cause. They are the *instruments* of God, who alone is the *principal physically efficient cause* of grace; and they are the *instruments of Jesus Christ*, whose merits are the *principal and prime moral cause of all and every grace*.

Rightly and fully to understand the supernatural value and efficacy of the Sacraments, and therein also the manner in which they are not mere necessary conditions, but true causes of the bestowal of grace, we must hold fast and never lose sight of the fundamental principle that the Sacraments are, while being effected, *morally the actions of Jesus Christ Himself*, our Redeemer and Supreme Priest. These actions He instituted in order to the application to individuals of the fruit of His Passion; and these actions He Himself perpetually performs by means of ministers who are invested with and wield His authority. Hence there is in the Sacraments the supernatural price and objective worth which, flowing from the merits of Christ, *demand*s the sanctification of those who receive them; and therefore they are the *moral* causes of the bestowal of grace. From the same principle it follows also that they are effectual signs, and, as it were, actual or real words of God the Sanctifier, by which, through His ministers, He expresses His own sanctifying operations. Hence, as in other and extraordinary effectual words of God, so also in the Sacraments *as the ordinary effectual words of God*, not the passing sound of the words themselves, but *the abiding virtue* which, invisible in itself, is visibly manifested by the sign, *physically* operates the effect signified.

If the ministry of teaching is exercised by the Church in the name and by the authority of Christ, much more does the Church and every minister of the Church bear morally the

Person of Christ as His legate, in virtue of His institution and command, in all sanctifying rites, such as sacraments. This *moral personation of Christ* by His ministers is most expressly manifested and clearly discerned in the consecration of the Eucharist, which is the Sacrament of Sacraments. In it, as in a model or mirror, the same action in the name of Christ and as personating Him in the other sacraments, is beheld reflected, even when it is not so plainly set forth by the ritual of those sacraments themselves. The words of consecration are, as St. Ambrose says, *the words of Christ*. They are the words of Christ, not merely as spoken by Him of old, but as instituted by Him to be perpetually repeated *as His* throughout the ages, and as uttered *by Himself* by means of His ministers in the consecration. The priest does not say, This is the Body of Christ, he says, This is My Body; and when he says this he does not mean that it is his own body, but that it is by consecration, and in the consecration through transubstantiation, the Body of Christ. The words are not his, but Christ's. Jesus Christ borrows, as it were, the priest's lips and tongue, his speech and language, for the utterance of His own words. They are human words, but they are the *human words of God*. They are words of the Word by whom the heavens were made, and by whom God made the world. They are words of that Word of Power by whom God upholdeth all things in their being. They are words of the Word by whom all things were made, says St. John, and without whom was nothing made which was made, of the Word who was in the beginning with God as a Divine Person, and who, in virtue of His possession of the Divine Nature, was and is God. The words of the Creator of all things retain their creative power. The Word who formed the mighty world and caused it to bring forth the wheat and the vine, has power to change the substance of bread and wine into the substance of His own Sacred Body and of His own Most Precious Blood; and this He does daily, and many thousand times a day, by means of men who personate Him, and lend their language to their Lord for the doing of the most marvellous of His works, the master-piece of mysteries.

Jesus Christ, meriting by His Passion and Death the Redemption of mankind, merited also power to institute Sacraments as His own sacred operations for the application of the price of His Precious Blood to individual human beings. The value of those Sacraments as merited and instituted by Him, and

also as principally dispensed by Him in person through His ministers, is wholly owing to and derived from the dignity of His Person, and the price of His Redeeming Blood. The Sacraments exhibit before God the price of that Blood shed upon the Cross, and by a law of the Divine order of man's restoration, they demand from God the bestowal of grace on those who receive them, and who themselves place no hindrance to that grace of which the Sacraments are instrumental causes.

Not only are the Sacraments the actions of Jesus Christ, *as He is Man*, they are also the real and effectual and, to borrow the language of St. Augustine, the "visible words" of Christ in His Divine Nature. They are consequently the actions and "visible words" of the one Triune God, who instituted them and uses them, in accordance with a continuing law of His supernatural providence and economy, in order to His Divine action, or the expression of His Divine Will, as it is sanctifying and productive of grace. It is the Divine virtue which, as the *physical* cause, produces and infuses grace; while the outward and visible *expression* of the Divine virtue and action is the visible sacrament, in a way similar to that in which the audible word of the Son of God—Lazarus! come forth, or—Damsel! arise—was an expression of the Divine virtue and operation which, *by physical efficiency*, raised the dead.

The habitual grace, which is conferred by the Sacraments, is not in itself and intrinsically different from the grace which can be acquired apart from sacraments. But since the different sacraments have been instituted for different ends, and in a manner differ as regards the effect of grace which they severally produce, it follows that there should be also some difference between the grace given by means of sacraments, and that given apart from sacraments. The only difference is this, that sanctifying grace is so given by each of the sacraments separately, as to have a special relation towards the actual graces which correspond with the end which is proper to each of the sacraments respectively. *Sacramental grace*, therefore, is none other than sanctifying grace bestowed by means of a Sacrament, with a special relation of that grace towards *actual* aids or graces; which relation is established by the Sacrament itself.

Besides the effect of sacramental grace which is common to all the sacraments, there is another effect which is proper to

three sacraments—and that is what is called sacramental *character*.

Sacramental *character* is a created reality—that is to say, something not ideal, but real—which affects the soul, and essentially perfects and adorns it. It is not a mere external deputation or ideal relation, such as is constituted by the fact of having received a sacrament, but it is a superadded physical reality which abides, and is permanent and indelible. It is imprinted on the essence of the soul, and is as indelible as that essence is indestructible and immortal. This superadded physical quality, which is distinct from grace, and which remains when grace is gone, consecrates the soul, seals it, and conforms it to Christ, so that the person can be discerned and recognized as specially pertaining to the family of Christ. In this family of Christ, in its militant state, there are three orders or states of human beings; and to these correspond three distinct consecrations, or sacramental characters. As Jesus Christ is King, Prophet, and Priest, and as His Mystical Body the Church is at once a Kingdom, a Teacher, and a Priesthood, so in her there are the three states of His faithful subjects—those who obey His law, those who fight for His doctrine, and the ministers of His mysteries. Corresponding to these three states there is the threefold obligation, consecration and conformation to Christ, which is effected by the three sacraments which imprint character—Baptism, Confirmation, and Order respectively.

This consecration to Christ by means of sacramental character is a participation of the Priesthood of Christ. It is an objective and essential sign and seal of power either to receive or to perform certain sacred things; and every power in the whole Christian rite of Divine worship is a participation of the priesthood of Christ, from which that entire rite is wholly derived. Sacramental character is therefore an assimilation to Christ as He is the Supreme Priest. This is also an assimilation to God, since every created perfection, whether in the natural or in the supernatural order, is a participation and shadow of the Divine perfections. This assimilation is distinct alike from the natural image of God, in which man is created, and from the supernatural likeness to God, into which he is regenerated by grace. Men do not, and cannot, by any bestowal of offices, or delegation of authority, or adoption into family, effect aught of perfection in their fellow-men; nay, by such action they suppose perfections previously existing in them. God's beneficence, on the contrary, does not consist in an

external benevolence, or imputation or deputation, but is exercised by a communication of *inherent perfections* which, in proportion to their manifold diverse ideas and degrees, are an assimilation to, and shadow of, His Divine perfection. Hence as the Divine adoption is, differing from human adoption, by means of an internal gift of the grace by which we are regenerated, transformed, and made partakers of the Divine Nature, so also the degrees, states, power, and distinction, constituted in the City of God by three sacraments are, differing herein from human deputation, effected by means of the real, physical, and abiding gift called Sacramental *character*.

Sacramental character is not a gift which of itself sanctifies, and yet it has a relation to and moral connection with grace. God, so far as He is concerned, wills that grace should always be connected with spiritual power and character; and the character imprinted on the soul has a congruous relation towards the bestowal of internal graces, and special guardianship on the part of good angels, and preservation from the temptation of demons.

The sacramental character which is imprinted by the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and Order, and which seals men as the children, as the soldiers, and as the ministers of Jesus Christ, does not exist in Jesus Christ Himself. In Him the Son of God by nature there can be no sonship by adoption, since sonship by adoption is incompatible with sonship by nature; so, also, in Him there can be no sacramental character, since that is a participation of, and a perfection derived from His Supreme Priesthood, and the imperfection of derived participation is incompatible with the fulness of supreme sacerdotal perfection.

As in Sacrifice so in Sacraments, Jesus Christ, the one and only-begotten Son of God *by nature*, remains the one and only Mediator *by nature* between God and man. Adoring and supplicating, praising, reverencing, and giving thanks, propitiating, and satisfying the Author and Giver of all grace by means of His Sacrifice of Himself, Jesus fulfils one and the first part of His mediatorial office—His function on behalf of men towards God. He fulfils the second part of that same office—His function on behalf of God towards men—by the bestowal by means of Sacraments of that grace, in virtue of their possession of which God's servants and handmaids are called and are God's sons and daughters.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, S.J.

## *King Henry the Eighth.*

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### CHAPTER XI.

#### DISGRACE AND DEATH OF ANNE BOLEYN.

THE year 1534 closed gloomily upon England, and the prospects of its successor were not more encouraging. The nation was wearied of the long suspense in which it had been held by Henry, who could not decide as to his future line of policy; and its fortunes were made to depend upon the inconstant caprices of a man who had shown himself to be as unstable as water in any thing save his unwavering proclivity to evil. Everywhere there was doubt; doubt in things temporal, and doubt in things spiritual. Men who loved God and wished to serve Him in the uprightness of a true faith, did not know what to believe, for the creed of to-day might become the heresy of to-morrow. Simple Christians now found themselves bound to accept doctrines which their fathers would have thought worthy of the prison or the faggot. Henry's ill-omened quarrel with the Emperor threatened to interrupt the commerce between this country and Flanders, which for centuries had been the great mart for the wool which was England's chief produce and the staple of her commercial prosperity. Charles had but to speak the word and the ports of the Low Countries would be closed against our shipping, the result of which measure would be ruin to nearly every county from Kent to Cumberland. The Geraldines had broken out into open rebellion in Ireland. For some years the harvest had failed, and bread was rising. The nation had to face the great unsolved problem of the succession. Henry was now no longer a young man, his health was failing, his constitution was shattered, and he had no son born in lawful wedlock. Who would succeed him when the throne of England became the prize of a struggle which should once more deluge the land in blood, and revive the horrors of Barnet and Tewkesbury?

Henry himself was not blind to the difficulty of his position in all that touched the question of the succession. Like the



other members of the Tudor family he was most sensitive respecting it, and his busy head for long had been at work in revolving scheme after scheme to find a remedy. Each and all had failed him, and now as the evening of life was coming on apace he was further from the object for which he yearned so eagerly than he had been at the beginning of his manhood. He had no living issue by Katherine save one daughter, and a daughter counted for nothing with Henry in the present calculation. And he had himself to blame. His conscience must have told him how it had come to pass that none of the other children whom Katherine had given him during the early years of their married life had been permitted to come to man's estate; and that in him was now reproduced the guilt and the punishment, but not the repentance, of the King of Israel who sinned a sin which, dark as it was, in some respects was not so dark as that for which Henry knew he should be called upon to answer. And as usual, the first sin led to a second; one abyss had called to another, and deep had answered to deep. That strange woman whom he had taken to be his, that new wife, who was no wife, had not helped him out of his troubles as he expected she would have done. She had given him a girl, a worthless encumbrance; but she promised that ere long she would make him the father of the King who should reign after him, and he was contented to give her the opportunity. She was his wife, at least he had commanded the nation to accept her as such, and his issue by her would be legitimate according to this present theory. And thus matters stood between Henry and Anne Boleyn in the beginning of the year 1535.

But in another respect their relations towards each other had undergone an important change and a natural one. Henry had ceased to care for Anne, he had tired of her, she was no longer an object of admiration or attraction. He had ceased to be civil to her. His intercourse with her had passed through the usual stages of indifference, coldness, and dislike. The flame had died out, and nothing was left but the ashes, dead and dreary, which could neither receive warmth nor convey it. Henry left this partner of his guilt, as he had left other women, and sought the gratification of his passions elsewhere. With brutal candour he told her plainly that she must be contented to accept some of the pain which she had inflicted upon better women than herself. Wicked and cruel as she was, Anne had

the sensibilities of a human being, and was susceptible of suffering, but Henry could turn from her in calm indifference to seek his amusement with the new plaything who had supplanted her. Yet she still might be useful to him. He was willing that she should become the mother of his child, but she could no longer be the wife of his affections. Anne was not patient, and deep and bitter were the feelings which surged up like an angry sea in the depths of her heart. Was there not a cause? She had long known herself to be a neglected wife, and now she discovered that she had been transformed into a jealous woman.

But in one respect Anne considered that she yet stood upon firm ground. Henry might neglect her, might speak cruel words and do cruel actions, might be as profligate as he pleased, but still she was his wife, and as such she was the crowned Queen of England. But—was her position so very secure after all? The more closely she came to question herself the less satisfied was she with the result of her inquiry. Henry had told her that as he had made her so could he unmake her; and there might be a deeper meaning in his words than in her pride of place she had at first suspected. She knew that he had the power to strip her of the rank and the wealth which, in the brief fever of his passion, he had given her, and that now, tired of her tongue and her temper, he might send her back to herd with other vessels of dishonour, such as she herself had become. Not only was there nothing to hinder it, but there were arguments to bring it within the range of a reasonable probability. The report grew rife in the English Court that the Queen and Princess were about to be restored to the dignity from which they had been expelled. It was far from incredible. For some time past there had been a growing kindliness between Charles and Henry. It was whispered that Henry might even yet be reconciled with the Holy Father, her lost dignity might be restored to the English Church, and the presence of Katherine might give back to the English Court the respectability which it had forfeited since the wife had been driven out to make room for the mistress. The return of the Queen would be the first indication of Henry's repentance, and Anne knew that her own expulsion, her disgrace and ruin, would follow as a matter of necessity. Such then was Anne's state of mind at the juncture of affairs at which we have arrived. Goaded on by pride and

jealousy, by hatred and revenge, and unrestrained by any controlling principle of religion or morality, she was ready for the commission of any crime, however atrocious, which might be suggested to her by the Spirit of Evil.

But let us here look at the condition of affairs a little more closely, as they are represented in the correspondence of the Imperial Ambassador.<sup>1</sup>

As soon as Henry had freed himself of Fisher and More, he sought his pleasure in a hunting expedition into Wales. Anne did not accompany him. He was alive to his danger, but he carried himself with his usual high-handed insolence to the nobles, and gained the hearts of the people by his former liberality and condescension. The preachers, by whom he was always accompanied, won many supporters for the King's innovations by their discourses, plausible though heretical; and the towns were enriched by gifts from the lands of the suppressed monasteries. He made no secret of his intention to insist upon the submission of his wife and daughter. He had been heard to declare that he was tired of the annoyance which their obstinacy caused him, and was resolved that ere long he would put an end to it. They should bend or break. The Pope delayed to act with the decision which had been expected, herein restrained by the Emperor, who imagined that by forbearance, peace and unity might be restored to England. In vain Queen Katherine urged the Pope to show himself in earnest; in vain the Princess Mary entreated Charles to free her mother, her country, and herself from the degradation and the danger in which their lives were spent. Chapuys supported these remonstrances with every argument and entreaty which he could advance, but Charles was unmoved, and it seemed as if the wife and the daughter of Henry were to be handed over by him to the woman who had vowed their destruction.

A few extracts from the correspondence of Chapuys will place the matter more clearly before us. A letter addressed by

<sup>1</sup> The letters of Eustace Chapuys from this point are known to us in England only through certain abstracts supplied by Mr. Froude, and published in an Appendix to the second volume of his History, of the edition of 1870. The originals remain at Vienna, and no full copies have yet reached us. In due course they will be incorporated in the Calendar of the Papers of Henry the Eighth in process of publication by Mr. Gairdner, and also in the Spanish Calendar by Don Pascual de Gayangor. In the meantime, therefore, we are grateful for the important information, for which we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Froude.

him to Cardinal Granville, one of the most trusted ministers of Charles, contains the following passage. "This she-devil of a concubine will never stop till she has made an end of these poor ladies and rid herself of them, on which she is busy by all the means in her power." A fortnight afterwards the Marchioness of Exeter (who was one of Mary's friends) came to him in disguise and repeated her warning. Anne, she said, was bent upon their destruction, and could think of nothing save how to get them despatched. The King will not interpose. He would manage the matter by means of the Parliament, whom he intended to associate with himself, and thus free himself of the odium of the transaction. The danger now appeared to be so imminent that once more Chapuys urgently appealed to his master. The application was disregarded. Charles would not believe it: the thing was too horrible, he said; it exceeded the bounds of nature; Henry only intended to frighten his wife and daughter into compliance with his wishes.

A commentary upon these transactions was afforded by the sudden and unexpected illness of Queen Katherine. It excited some surprise, for her health had been good and she was by no means an old woman. But she herself had long dreaded the unprotected condition in which she had been placed by the removal of her own servants and the substitution of others in whom she had no confidence. It was remembered that Wolsey had died just as unexpectedly and under circumstances equally peculiar. When intelligence of Katherine's illness first reached the Court at London, Chapuys petitioned Henry that Mary might be allowed to visit her mother. Henry said he would take time to consider, or words to that effect. The mother and the child never met. Katherine lingered for a few weeks, but the permission was never granted, and on January 7, 1536, this noble and holy woman breathed her last. Anne Boleyn, her father, and her brother, showed tokens of unrestrained joy. Henry remarked that his wife's death might remove the grounds of difference between himself and the Emperor.

Chapuys inquired of the physician whether there were any grounds for suspecting that poison had been administered to the deceased Queen. The report which he received in reply at first was hesitating and contradictory; but under any circumstances it probably could not have been conclusive. Even in the age of Vesalius and Ambrose Paré it would

not have been safe to have trusted such an issue to a *post mortem* examination. In the present case, however, the final report stated (correctly or falsely) that Katherine's death had without any doubt resulted from poison.

One great trouble was thus removed out of Anne Boleyn's path, but another remained; and that, the more formidable of the two. Mary, as long as she lived, would naturally form the central point round which would rally every interest which was hostile to the progress of that Protestantism with which the party of the Boleyns was identified. Anne therefore schemed and plotted to bring Mary more immediately within the sphere of her operations. She was invited to return to the Court and to accept Anne's friendship and protection. But Mary was alive to the danger, and refused to place herself in a position where she would be exposed to the attacks of her bitterest enemy. She rejected Anne's advances with indignant scorn, and declared that she would die a hundred deaths rather than accept her favour or assistance. Anne affected to be indifferent, and for a time left her intended victim unmolested.

On the day on which Katherine was buried Anne gave birth to a dead boy. She now felt that her condition was well-nigh desperate, and her first interview with her brutal husband told her that her day was over. During the three previous months he had not spoken to her ten times, and the words with which he now addressed her as he stood by her bedside must have sounded in her ears like the sentence of death. He knew, he said, that God would give him no male children, and he promised that he would speak to her more fully when she had recovered. His promise sounded like a threat, and its meaning was speedily explained.

For some time past Henry's attentions to Jane Seymour had been spoken of openly, and it was known that he had bestowed liberal presents upon the new favourite. Chapuys carefully marked the progress of this latest love affair, which afforded him much satisfaction, as predicting the speedy overthrow of the hated and dreaded concubine. Anne for her part affected to make light of the disappointment of the dead child, and with a jaunty grace said that she would do better next time. But her reign was over, and the opportunity of recovering her lost position was never afforded her. Unknown to herself she had been standing for

long on the brink of the precipice, and her doom had been sealed for some time previously. Evidence of a most damning character had been collected against her, the preliminaries of her trial upon a charge of infidelity to her husband had been in preparation against her for some time, and the storm when it broke over her head took her completely by surprise. She had to fight her battle single-handed. In the hour of her extremity she found that she stood alone. She had estranged every one from her by her arrogance and her pride. The Imperialists hated her because she favoured France. The old nobility of England hated her, because they could not forget the contempt with which she had treated them in the days of her prosperity. The Catholics hated her because of the wounds which she had inflicted in the bosom of their Holy Mother the Church. Two-thirds of the men of England and three-fourths of its women hated her because of the profligate immorality of her life, and the cruelty of her conduct towards the late Queen Katherine and the Princess Mary. Enemies sprung up from the ground like the armed men from the teeth of the dragon, and when she most needed protection and encouragement she nowhere found them. No one interceded with her husband for her; probably it was known to be a hazardous and a useless experiment. Anne's fate was decided before she had any intimation of her danger.

Let us trace the steps by which her overthrow was accomplished. On the 25th of April a message reached Mary, bidding her to be of good cheer, and telling her that the King was as weary of Anne as it was possible for a man to be of a woman. Two days afterwards the first arrest was made, and Sir William Brereton was taken into custody upon the charge of treason. On Thursday the 30th, a man of low condition, a musician named Mark Smeton, was apprehended upon a similar charge. Anne knew nothing of her danger, and was preparing to enjoy herself on the approaching May day, as she had often done in the happy days of her innocence.

The 1st of May, a Monday that year, was the usual festival at Greenwich, and according to custom the Court and the Royal Family went down thither to join in the annual holiday. In the midst of the tournament the King suddenly rose, and without a word of explanation rode off to London. There he remained, and Anne spent the night at Greenwich. On the following day a meeting of the Privy Council was held there under the Duke

of Norfolk, and Anne was summoned to appear before it. Here the unhappy woman was made acquainted with the charges which were brought against her. We do not know what passed, save that she denied her guilt, and afterwards complained that upon this occasion she had been cruelly handled, especially by her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk. The alleged partners of her crime were then examined. At first, all protested their innocence as well as hers, in general terms; but of the three, one only maintained it to the last, and that was Weston. Smeton fully admitted the charge at the outset, and so did Norris, but afterwards Norris attempted to retract his previous admission.

In the afternoon of the same day the Queen was brought up by water from Greenwich to the Tower, and handed over to the custody of Sir William Kingston. That official addressed several letters to Cromwell during the time that Anne was under his charge, from which we gain some curious particulars as to her conduct and conversation.<sup>2</sup> He tells his correspondent that "upon her arrival within its walls she kneeled down weeping a great space and in the same sorrow fell into a great laughing: and she hath done so many times since. And then she desired me," continues her warder, "to move the King's Highness that she might have the Sacrament in the closet by her chamber, that she might pray for mercy." A few other fragments of her conversation are preserved. "O Norris," said she, "hast thou accused me? Are thou in the Tower with me? and thou and I shall die together, and Mark, thou art here too." "And then she said, Mr. Kingston, shall I die without justice? And I said, the poorest subject the King hath had justice, and therewith she laughed." He chronicles some remarks which she made, which certainly wear a suspicious aspect. They prove, from her own showing, that she permitted herself to be addressed in terms of unbecoming familiarity by the persons along with whom she was inculpated, and that even if not guilty of actual sin, she was fast verging towards it.

On Friday, the 5th of May, the King sent Anne a letter in which he held out a promise of forgiveness if she would deal frankly with him and make an honest confession. Anne stood

<sup>2</sup> These letters, five in number, are preserved in the Cottonian MS. Otho, c. x., which unfortunately has been seriously injured by the fire of 1731. Before that calamitous event, however, they had been examined by Strype, who has given from them large extracts of the most interesting passages, by means of which the present text has been supplied. The edition here quoted is that of Singer, appended to his edition of Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* (Lond. 1827, 8vo.).

boldly upon her innocence, and refused to make any admissions. On the contrary, she is said to have addressed to him a letter<sup>3</sup> of some length and written with considerable power and energy ; little calculated however to mitigate the wrath of her terrible husband or forward the chances of her own escape. She asserts her innocence with unhesitating decision, but her tone is irritating and unconciliatory. She tells him that she might have been happy but for his addresses ; and that, as for his inconstancy, she expected it. She accordingly insinuates that his affection was already settled upon another, "for whose sake (adds she) I am now as I am." After upbraiding him with his "unprincely and cruel usage," she reminds him that both he and she must shortly appear at the judgment-seat of God, where, whatever the world may think of her, her innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. "Try me, good King (exclaims she), but let me have an open trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges. Yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame."

Anne did not know how complete was her isolation from the rest of the world, or how entirely she had been deserted by the men upon whose assistance and sympathy she thought she might have trusted. Immediately after her execution a chaplain of hers named Shaxton, whom she had contrived to elevate to the bench of bishops, addressed a letter to Cromwell, in which he admits her guilt. The conduct of Cranmer is yet more questionable, and demands a fuller notice. When Anne went on her fatal May day to Greenwich the Archbishop was in Kent, probably at Knoll or Otford. On the second of May a letter reached him which commanded him to return to Lambeth and there to remain, without attempting to see the King. It was written by Cromwell in Henry's name. Cranmer at once complied, and reached Lambeth that same day. On the following day, the third, he addressed a long letter to the King, which still is extant, and is a remarkable document. He tells his Majesty that he is in such a perplexity that he is clean amazed. On the one hand he was bound to believe that the King, in his supreme wisdom, never would have taken such a decided step as to send the Queen to the Tower without being in possession of conclusive evidence against her ; on the other

<sup>3</sup> In order that no evidence may be omitted which could be advanced in favour of this miserable woman, I have here referred to this memorable letter, adding at the same time my conviction that it is condemned by every argument, external and internal.



hand he found it difficult to persuade himself of her guilt. "I never had better opinion in woman [says the poor Archbishop] than I had in her, which maketh me to think she could not be culpable." Yet to question the wisdom of the Supreme Head was neither safe nor seemly, so he leaned to the alternative which pronounced her guilty. Then he speaks a language which his friends cannot but regret. Every faithful servant and subject of Henry, says he, must desire that if the Queen be found guilty "the offence without mercy be punished to the example of all other." If she have offended, "she hath deserved never to be reconciled to your Grace's favour."<sup>4</sup>

If Henry had ever intended to have spared Anne's life, and to be satisfied with a divorce, Cranmer deprived her of that chance of escape. His language was calculated to embitter Henry's temper and to harden his heart. It encouraged him in that implacable severity to which he was too prone already. If the Archbishop had nothing better than that to say, why write to the King at all? Anne had not as yet been found guilty; why speak of her as if her sentence had already been pronounced? Why not remain quiet and await the issue of events? The fact of the King sending for Cranmer and desiring his presence at Lambeth would seem to suggest that at first he might have been satisfied with a divorce. If it were so, the Archbishop's letter was well calculated to have changed the current of his thoughts, and to have driven the Angel of Mercy from his heart. Before the letter was despatched Cranmer was summoned to attend the Star Chamber, and was exceedingly sorry to find that such faults could be proved against the Queen as he there heard from the relation of the nobility. If after these revelations we excuse the Archbishop, we must believe that he was thoroughly convinced of the truth of the accusations brought against the woman "to whom God sent this punishment, for that she feignedly professed His Gospel in her mouth, and not in heart and deed."

In due course the trial proceeded, and the indictment under which it was conducted was framed with the careful precision of a legal document. The times, places, and circumstances of the crimes were carefully set out; I say "crimes," for Anne was charged with incest as well as adultery. Her father, the Earl of Wiltshire, took part in the proceedings against the other criminals, but absented himself from the trial of his own

<sup>4</sup> Cranmer's Letters, p. 324, ed. Parker.

children. On Monday, the 15th of May, Anne was brought to the bar, and on the completion of the evidence which was produced against her, every peer, from the highest to the lowest, pronounced her guilty. Judgment accordingly was given to the effect "that the Queen be taken by the Constable back to the King's prison within the Tower, and then, as the King shall command, be brought to the green within the said Tower, and there be burned<sup>5</sup> or beheaded, as shall please the King." Her brother was condemned immediately afterwards.

We do not know the nature of the evidence upon which Anne was convicted, for no copy of it has reached us. We may reasonably presume that it must have been conclusive, since it sufficed to convince the seventy noblemen and gentlemen upon whose verdict she was found guilty. Smeton admitted the charge from the beginning, and adhered to this admission even upon the scaffold. Another of the criminals, Sir Henry Norris, made a partial confession, which he subsequently attempted to withdraw, but ineffectually. Anne's uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, and her former ally the Duke of Suffolk, seem to have been fully convinced of the truth of the accusations against her. In the midst of the scarcity of evidence which enshrouds these proceedings in so much obscurity, we glean a few particulars from the letters of Chapuys. He tells us that the Duke of Norfolk pronounced the sentence upon his niece, and that her father, the Earl of Wiltshire, was present at the condemnation of the other four criminals, in condemning whom he condemned his daughter. She was charged with having mocked the King, with being weary of him, with having no affection for him, with having declared that he was worn out and worthless, and with having said that after his death she intended to marry Norris. Both Anne and her brother seem to have defended themselves with courage and skill, so much so that there were some persons who even ventured to dream of an acquittal. But no such result could have been anticipated by any one who was acquainted with the manner in which justice was administered when the King wished for a condemnation.

Henry did not long linger over the execution of the sentence. On the 17th of May the convicted prisoners were led to the scaffold, despite the intercession of the Bishop of Tarbes, the

<sup>5</sup> Henry was pleased to remit this alternative, and was satisfied with the infliction of the more merciful portion of the sentence.

French Ambassador, and M. d'Inteville, who interceded more especially for the life of Sir Francis Weston. From the window of her prison in the Tower Anne had the opportunity of witnessing the execution. Two different reports of Lord Rochford's<sup>6</sup> words on the scaffold reached Chapuys, both of which he has preserved. According to the former, he declared himself innocent of everything with which he had been charged; according to the second he made no such distinct denial, but confined himself to a more general admission of having led an evil and dissolute life. "As for mine offences (he is reported to have said), it cannot prevail you to hear them that I die here for, but I beseech God that I may be an example to you all, and that all you may beware by me."<sup>7</sup> Such words were of little value in exculpating himself or his sister. In fact, of the male criminals who were put to death upon this charge, one fully admitted his guilt, and not one ventured to give it a distinct denial.

Anne was not executed until the 19th of May. It was intended that she should have been beheaded on the previous day, but an order arrived at the Tower ordering that the sentence should be suspended. The reason of the delay is by no means clear. Henry had directed Cranmer<sup>8</sup> to act as Anne's confessor, and he was with her in that capacity on the day of her trial. On the 18th of May, after the death of her brother and the other partners of her guilt, Anne was taken to Lambeth, where she made what may be presumed to have been a General Confession, and the Archbishop then pronounced the nullity of her marriage with Henry. This step upon the part of the King induced her to suppose that her life would be spared, and that Henry would be satisfied with a divorce. The impression was by no means unreasonable in itself, and it was still further strengthened by finding, when she returned to the Tower, that Sir William Kingston had not received any definite orders for her execution. Her spirits rose accordingly; and, believing that the bitterness of death was past, she declared that her future home should be Antwerp.

But from what cause soever Henry may have lingered, he did not relent. Before long intelligence reached the prison that

<sup>6</sup> Rochford wished to prepare himself for death by Confession, and "would have received his rights," *i.e.* Holy Communion (See Kingston to Cromwell, in Singer, p. 460).

<sup>7</sup> Froude, ii. 644.

<sup>8</sup> See Kingston to Cromwell, Singer, p. 459.

on the following day, the 19th of May, Anne Boleyn was to be beheaded on the green within the Tower of London. She met her sentence with a brave front. "She sent for me this morning," wrote Kingston to Cromwell, "that I might be with her at such time as she received the Good Lord, to the intent I should hear her speak as touching her innocency always to be clear. And in the writing of this she sent for me, and at my coming she said, 'Mr. Kingston, I hear say I shall not die afore noon, and I am very sorry therefore; for I thought then to be dead and past my pain.'<sup>9</sup> I told her it should be no pain, it was so subtle. And then she said she heard say the executioner was very good, and I have a little neck, and put her hand about it, laughing heartily."

And then come the remarkable words with which Kingston ends his letter. "I have seen many men and also women executed, and that they have been in great sorrow; and to my knowledge this lady hath much joy and pleasure in death. Sir, her almoner is continually with her, and has been since two of the clock at midnight."

Chapuys<sup>10</sup> fully confirmed Kingston's report as to Anne's state of mind. He tells us that she had confessed and communicated on the previous day, expecting that she then would have died. No one ever showed better inclination to meet death than she did; she even pressed those who had her in charge to make haste with it, and when the order came to defer the execution for a day, she showed much disappointment. She said she was in good state and well disposed for death, and she asked the Governor of the Tower, for the honour of God, since so it was to be, that he would beg the King to let her be despatched incontinently. The lady who had charge of the prisoner sent word privately to Chapuys to the effect that Anne, both before and after she had received the Holy Sacrament, had asserted, on the damnation of her soul, that she had never committed against the King the sin of which he had accused her, and for which she was about to suffer.

At nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 19th of May, Anne met her death at the hands of the executioner of the Tower. She mounted the steps which led

<sup>9</sup> Chapuys tells us that Anne expected she would have been executed on the 18th, and that the delay troubled her (Froude, ii. 645).

<sup>10</sup> The Ambassador had a servant employed within the Tower for the purpose of collecting information about the prisoners (Singer, p. 461).

to the scaffold with an unsteady step, and required the support of Kingston's arm. But she speedily regained her firmness, and in a few well-chosen words she made the customary address to the people. It was to the effect that as she had been condemned by law she would speak nothing against her sentence. She would say nothing of the matter whereof she was accused and condemned to die. She spoke kindly of the King, and praised his goodness, gentleness, and mercy. Finally, if any man would meddle of her cause, she required him to judge the best. And then, commending her soul to God, she laid her neck upon the block, and her head was stricken off by the first blow of the executioner.

During the progress of such scenes as these Henry pursued his course with his usual selfish indifference. On the evening of the day on which the woman whom he called his wife was taken to the Tower, he told his natural son, the Duke of Richmond, that he and his sister, the Princess Mary, ought to thank God for having escaped from the hands of that accursed and venomous woman, who intended to have poisoned them both. He believed that Anne had poisoned Katherine. To conceal the affection which he bears to the Lady Seymour (says Chapuys), he keeps her seven miles distant from London in the house of the Master of the Horse. He has been in the highest of spirits since the arrest of the concubine. He goes continually with ladies to banquets at this place and that place. Sometimes he remains until past midnight, returning by the river. He is accompanied the greater part of the time with musical instruments and with the singers of his privy chamber. The meaning of it is that he is delighted at being quit from that lean old wicked baggage, and now has the hope of a fresh start. On the morning of Anne's execution Jane Seymour was brought privately to the palace, where the preliminary contract was executed. On the 20th of May, the day after the execution of Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour became the wife of Henry the Eighth. The secret was kept for a few days, but rumours began to go abroad. It was whispered that the marriage had been contemplated while Anne was alive. At Whitsuntide Queen Jane was installed in the palace.

The execution of Anne Boleyn presents a convenient period at which to bring to a conclusion the present series of papers upon the reign of Henry the Eighth, and I gladly avail myself

of the opportunity. For the present the Correspondence of Chapuy's is not at our disposal, and without it our information about the history of the time is so imperfect as to be worthless. Onwards from this very marked incident which has just passed before us, the interest of Henry's life gradually declines until he becomes an object of comparative indifference. There is little to attract our attention and nothing to excite our sympathy. In the former years of his reign there was a something of grandeur about the profligacy and the cruelty of this chosen temple of the Evil Spirit; the profligacy and the cruelty remained with him to the end, but in his dishonoured old age they were associated with meanness and vulgarity. So we bid him adieu and leave him to the future Judgment, remembering that to his own Master he standeth or falleth.

In what I have written I have endeavoured to trace the origin and progress of the so-called English Reformation—to discover the causes which called it into existence, which fed it and fostered it in its rebellion, and finally gave it the predominance which for a time it has been permitted to attain among us. Having discovered the process by which it secured to itself a hold on English soil, there I am contented to leave it. Its history during the reign of Henry the Eighth is of brief duration, and was speedily succeeded by the trenchant Zuinglianism of Edward the Sixth, and the more eclectic Calvinism of Elizabeth. The material for a fuller investigation during these periods of our history is abundant and interesting, and would amply repay the labours of a conscientious student.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

## *Pastorale.*

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WHEN the corn is reapen,  
And the sheaves stacked high—  
When the milking's over,  
And the pails set by—  
Then's the time for leaning  
On the five-barred gate ;  
Then's the time when Molly  
Comes a little late :  
Through the barley tripping,  
Where the sheaves stand dressed,  
When the sun is dipping,  
And the world looks west.

Once we had a quarrel  
When the rain came down,  
Walking home together  
From the market town,  
Under one umbrella  
Four eyes looking forth,  
She a little weary,  
I a little wrath.  
When the clouds were breaking,  
And the sun looked through,  
Rose an arch of rainbow  
On the stormy blue.

All the rain was over—  
What could make us wait  
Looking at the rainbow—  
Leaning on the gate ?  
Molly took to pouting—  
Could I stand apart ?  
Molly fell a-crying—  
Bless her little heart !  
Smiling 'mid the teardrops,  
As we stopped to rest,  
When the world was dripping  
And the sun dropped west.

Molly is so pretty  
' With her buckled shoes,  
And her tall heels clicking  
All the way she goes.  
Molly runs so lightly  
On her tripping toes,  
Blushes up so sweetly,  
Like a little rose ;  
Lifts two eyes to meet me,  
Large and coy and kind,  
With her linen bonnet  
Tilted up behind ;  
Pail upon her shoulder,  
Coming from the cows—  
Curly hair all ruffled  
Tumbling round her brows—  
Makes pretence to pass me—  
Lovesome little jest !  
When the clouds are flying  
And the wind blows west.



Every Sunday evening,  
Here upon the stile,  
Do I wait for Molly,  
Dreaming, too, the while—  
Every Sunday evening,  
Through the meadow-land,  
Walk to church beside her,  
Hold her by the hand—  
Stop to whisper secrets,  
While the church bells chime,  
Of the day that's coming  
In the summer-time.  
Molly will not answer—  
Turns her face away—  
Dallies with her prayer-book—  
Murmurs of delay—  
Till her dancing dimple  
All the story tells,  
And the distant chiming  
Sounds like wedding-bells—  
Till I snatch and kiss her  
In the thorn tree's shade,  
Vowing such a Molly  
Never yet was made—  
Such a little darling  
In her Sunday best!  
When the wind is dropping  
And the clouds lie west.

MAY PROBYN.

## *A Husband's Story.*

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### CHAPTER XV.

NEARLY seven years had now glided away since the summer's day at the hotel, whence we first set off on our journey together. All this time Doreen had battled her way with an undaunted spirit, and eye ever bright, a temper unruffled, and ever cheerful. Yet during that time there had been sore trials, and a periodical and steady loss of all that was dear to her. First one brother, then a second, then a third—Algy, her favourite, like her in many respects, and to whom she took pleasure in being a guide and sort of mother—and lastly her mother. These four deaths—a mother and three brothers, and that of her father before—came fast upon each other, and seemed like steadily directed blows. That of her petted Algy, was a shock: as might be seen from her figure, pale and frail, her face growing thinner and paler. But her spirit sustained her, and that wonderful sweetness of disposition and ready smile, always ready, but still of a sad, melancholy expression. These troubles seemed to tell sorely on her, and together with ill-health, working silently and insidiously, were altering her appearance. This could be seen from a sort of little gallery of likenesses, done at different intervals, from the bright laughing face and figure of girlhood, with its air of mischief, to the grave and rather suffering face of these later years.

Just as some delicate ornament or piece of workmanship mellows and grows harmonized in its colours and tones with time, so during these few years her character seemed to soften and grow yet more gentle than it had been. That old little quickness and impetuousness gave way to a tranquil and passive mood. Any little blemishes seemed to have sunk out of sight. There are various scenes and places which are ever associated with her under this light, and which the thought of her seems to call up with pleasant and gracious associations. These

become so many backgrounds, as it were, for these pleasant images. Many of us, if we explore the corner cupboards of our memories, will find our eyes resting perhaps unaccountably on some such scenes, from which human associations offer, even for those uninterested, an interest or at least excite a curiosity. So do my eyes turn back with a real sense of romance to Homburg—then in its scenic glories—to Ostend, to Spa, and other places of recreation, which, though only a few years have passed, have quite altered their character and appearance, having been seen in a dream, and are now re-shaped and re-constructed. It was thus that some years ago I found my way back, on a sort of special literary mission, to the now “exploded” Homburg, travelling night and day in the depth of winter. The bell had tolled its extinction, there was to be no more “cakes and ale,” as the sentence had gone forth that the gambling was to cease. On a fresh clear crisp morning I was wandering among the deserted gardens—the trees bare of leaves, the casinos closed, the springs closed up, the fountains, with their temples and flights of steps, that used to be crowded with gay glinting figures in the bright sunlight mornings, and echoing to the chatter of many voices, now silent. It was extraordinary and depressing, the contrast. It was like a visit to a ball-room the morning after the late dance. I thought of the delightful summer evenings, the music coming through the trees, the lights, the crowded terraces, the figures projected on the blinds illuminated from within, and whirling round in the dance, and the old romance, which for me was going forward in that theatrical background; and, bright as the scene was, the image of that brighter figure, that flitted through the trees, lit up all, and made it like a drama. There was something dismal in this glance backwards, and yet the old romance still lived.

We had often a merry summer junketting to Ostend, where the brightest and bluest of seas laves the gayest of sands, and there is the cheerfulest of towns. Everything here is bright, sultry, and glistening; and here I see Doreen, in harmony with the scene, flitting about, butterfly-like, in the gayest of dresses, or seated at the unvarying *table-d'hôte* with an air of sly demureness, glancing shyly at the strange faces, and noting the humour of the scene—for merry comment afterwards.

To see from the steamer's deck the low-lying, red-tiled cluster of buildings that form Ostend, the shattered air, the solemnity, owing to the Vanderveldt haze that overhangs it,

imparts a sort of gravity, if not of sadness, which scarcely ever fails to affect, even on repetition. Mr. Ruskin says that the old rusted church tower of Calais, battered by the storms of centuries, and rising in gloomy protest, leaves much the same impression; and, indeed, any one that has read that poetical description will never see Calais "nearing" without this mournful idea recurring.

Hardly more changed is the smart Abigail, who, from being a farm lass, has spent some years with a fashionable mistress, than is the Ostend of the last three years. I recall it as, what Lamb would have styled it, a "gamboge-coloured" town, set off with some old trimmings of red tiles, the gamboge plentifully smirched, and the whole looking worn and dilapidated. It had a Flemish picturesqueness of its own, owing to the bastions of old brick rising out of green, stagnant ditches, rumbling bridges, old arched gateways, with soldiers standing sentry. As you looked towards the town you saw the house-tops rising over the grim walls, like imprisoned boarding-school misses. You liked the sense of walking out of the town, over drawbridges, and never tired of looking at Vauban's angles and traverses. A few years ago, however, they began to level the fortifications. The town, it was said, was in a sort of straight-waistcoat, and would recover if this were removed. But it seemed to be a terrible task, the bricks being caked into masses of rock. Now, however, it is done, the ditches are filled up, and Ostend, being able to expand its lungs, has developed wonderfully. It seems, indeed, almost comic, the sudden ardour with which it has rushed into extravagance and frivolity. No spendthrift son of an honest tradesman could be more reckless. All its old gamboge-coloured tenements are hidden away, and rows of brilliant coquettish mansions have risen. All is gaiety, fine feasting, excitement, and debt. The town has borrowed and built. The new Kursaal—which has been described in most English journals—is to be one of the glories of Europe. Three years ago, on the long Digue, there was a modest glass temple, something like a greenhouse. We were all rather proud of it, and we sat, as it were, in a glass lantern, almost over the sea. To this was attached an equally modern restaurant, where I suppose some thirty or forty persons could dine comfortably; the forty, however, so far from "feeding like one," seeming to feed like a hundred, and against time. There was an agreeable band, and there was the apparatus of an "administration," with men in gold lace, who

would ask, "Had you been *controulled*?"—an alarming question.

There cannot be a prettier or more exhilarating sight than an Ostend morning about nine o'clock, when the Digue is lit with the sun, the blue waves are washing its smooth stone slope with a melodious splash, and the sands are alive with laughing, talking figures; the "cabins" travelling out to sea or returning; the cheerful and picturesque bathing costumes. You look up to the long row of gay and coquettish houses and hotels all glittering in the sun—all built after a certain holiday pattern and an extravagance even which, if not strictly correct, are at least *chic* and theatrical. Cupolas, drawing-rooms with shady alcoves built in front, towers, lanterns, caryatides—the architects seem to have run riot in their fanciful designs. Certainly, of all the sea places known, I would, as an Irish gentleman once remarked to me, "give my veto" for Ostend.

Between the mills, the green-house, and the sea, there used to be a narrow walk, and here at nights would the commonalty crowd and cluster to hear the music. But the time came for the glass shed to go, and the magnificent and truly spacious Kursaal has sprung up in its place. Beside it all other establishments become insignificant, shabby little tabernacles—who does not know the pattern?—the *salle de lecture*; then succeeds the *vestiaire* and *salle de danse*, where the wearisome "children's ball" goes on. At Arcachon there is a blighted sort of Moorish edifice of this kind, which few frequent. But the Ostend edifice, which can be seen from the packet's deck, glittering with its mosque-like outline, as it were rising out of the sea, teems and swarms with life. Of a night, when the band is in the orchestra, the mosaic floor, like that of some enormous church, is packed with listeners. From the Dyke you look in through its crystal sides, and it seems bathed in light. Outside, the circular terrace is equally crowded—eating and drinking going on at little tables, and the noise of talk contends with that of cups and knives and forks, for French and German words clatter against each other noisily; and, as in polite society, the music supplies a good stimulant for conversation.

How charming were the evenings on the Dyke, when the dinners broke up, and the cool air came freshly in from the sea, and the day begins to darken, and the lights to twinkle and dot the houses and kiosques like pin-holes in a card. Till late the crowds passed and repassed each other, while the music dis-

coursed from within the glass temple; or there was the dance up in the town in the old casino—ancient, decorated rooms, in the good old style, where Kings and Princes had sat and danced in the last century, with handsome adjoining chambers, where there had been cards and gambling.

There are many modes of *souvenir*, or record, which are in fashion with those who like to entertain themselves with the past: the minute diary, the picture, the description. Yet how much more vivid the effect when, turning over old papers, you come on some old hotel bill, with the name of the owner and his address, "Rue —," the playbill of a theatre, or of a concert. Instantly rise visions of the little narrow street, the figure of the landlord, the odd guests, the curious and comic adventures. The chord has been struck—old airs, long forgotten, sound in the ears!

Close to Ostend was a miniature watering-place, Blankenberghe, to which we passed on. This dainty spot seemed made up of a few dolls' houses, gaily painted, and ever glittering. Like so many little sea places, it opened on you with a sort of surprise, for at the back, when you descended inland, there was a short unpretending street, which led straight up to some steps, when through an opening or gap in the houses we emerge on the sea pier, with the gay mansions for background, and the little crowd bathing or meandering along. What bright mornings, when I was out betimes, wandering down to the old groined, ungainly church, standing solitary, an unwieldy, yet majestic mass of brick; with the morning's *Indépendance Belge* in hand, breakfasting *al fresco*, in the open air under the hotel balcony, at whose window I would see Doreen smiling and nodding, and kissing *both* hands. Here was a wee Town Hall, not a story high, and more a cottage, with a picturesque Flemish belfry, and here in a room was the high-sounding Theatre Molière, where half-a-dozen actors gave some feeble performances, but which were welcomed all the same.

All these scenes make, as I said, a pleasant background for the dramatic little figure in the centre.

## CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIVING now at the last year—last of seven—as I said, that Doreen had grown yet more gentle than her own gentle self, more docile and happy, and indeed seemed to think that life might be now about to open afresh for her, on even brighter and happier auspices. Thus, at the close of a brilliant sunshiny day, there often comes a curious tranquil hush: the calm and still eve, the sea dreaming, as it were, an ineffable repose, as if opposed to the brilliancy and glitter of the early portion of the day. She had grown more affectionately devoted. Some of this may have been owing to that insidious decay that was going on, unseen and unsuspected even by herself. Her companion was at this time, alas! deeply engrossed in some important and pressing labours. Every day I was working in the Museum library, making huge explorations or excavations in the mines of that large institution. The usual medical authorities had enjoined, mellifluously, “great care,” “no exposure to the spring blasts,” and accordingly she cheerfully submitted to a long imprisonment, day after day, sadly monotonous, up in her room, where there was little or nothing to distract, where the weary day dragged by slowly, and where the black, ungainly, “tongs-legged” companion “Toby,” the faithful turnspit, snoozed happily by the fire, not caring how long the day was. When we are carefully providing for the health of others, we lay this unction to ourselves, that the patient ought to feel the same ardour and enthusiasm in seeking a cure as we ourselves do, forgetting how slow and wearisome is the process to *them*. We have the salve that “everything is being done.” Custom, too, and the long habit in the case of those who “enjoy”—odd phrase!—what is called “*the little health*,” often makes us look on it as a daily routine that will go on for years, until we are at last too fatally wakened up. It was thus I pursued my labours, returning late in the day, a little before dinner, when I found her waiting. Most naturally she used sometimes to make her little piteous protest—

“I never see you now all day long. You know it is a little dull to be shut up in my room. I have no one to speak to!”

On one of these occasions, returning earlier, I conceived a sudden thought to go up and see how she “was getting on.” This simple act, as such things often do, brought out a yet unexpected

turn in a nature, in the welcome, the delight with which this tremendous honour was received. She at first thought there was something to tell, or "I wanted something." It is with a pang that I recall the flush of delighted excitement with which she fluttered about when I drew a chair to the fire for "a cozy talk." Afterwards she recurred to it again and again :

"Oh, you made me *so* happy. To think of you coming up."

So domestic an incident as this, I know, must seem trivial and scarcely worthy of the dignity of record. But, after all, it points to a deep philosophy—the value of trifles in all that concerns affection, things to which lords of the creation have scarcely time to turn their attention. I know myself that it was with a pang of distress I thought of all the other little opportunities passed by or foregone.

But all these little "touchings" in her character—trivial enough, but significant—are pleasant to dwell upon. When she was going out to a party, and would come down in all her finery, satin dress and laces, and her bit of velvet round her neat neck, to which hung her diamond order, I would say something in praise. Then was seen her delight, like a peacock in her plumes and "crowing" almost and laughing with enjoyment :

"Do you like me? Dy'e like me, really?"—again and again, and in a sort of rapture. She was like the dogs, who love being spoken to kindly ; or the birds that enjoy the sun, and she showed it as they do, almost instinctively. Any little present she treasured as something wonderfully precious, though only a trifle, like two little earrings that cost but little, which she was so proud of and used to wear on occasions of state. Here was a pretty custom of hers : when I was away she always carried about the last letter next her heart. Carefully too she kept all her old things : little old bits of jewellery fondly treasured up, the old watch chain, the queer needle case—all stored away in her despatch box, with some treasured letters, and a relic or two of her father, among them a little shabby cigar case. I remember, after she was gone, turning over this despatch box, and the delicate scent that came forth from it, and the little things all wrapped up in corners and crannies, had a strange pathos. Her little money too, a few sovereigns and the five-pound note put by for a rainy day.

Any little difference or rebuke distressed her even to physical pain. Yet her behaviour was then even engaging and difficult



to resist. It was indeed hard to be angry with her. The most serious of all penalties was to be silent or reserved with her, or any difference in manner to her was like a change from some balmy summer's breath to a keen east wind. "You wouldn't speak to me," was her most piteous complaint. Sometimes the door of the study would be opened, and she would walk in sternly, turn over some things on the table—look at me.

"Well, what is it?" I would ask.

Afterwards she would say, "Oh, I was longing to get a look at you, and that you would say something; and then, when you looked that way, my pride got up, and I went out."

Sometimes I would "make up." But when all cleared off, then, in delight, she would pour out all she felt.

"Do you know that time I came down, I was on the point of running to you. Oh, you won't look at me that way. You don't know how it *kills* me! Now, now, I beg of you, if you are angry, just beat me! I would not mind it a bit, and forget it next minute. But don't go on *not* speaking to me. It is so wretched all day."

Then with a sudden turn and passion: "Oh, but what a fool I am to be telling you all. But I can't help it. I know I *am* a little fool!"

In the same spirit of association with scenes of little or but trifling interest, there comes back on me now, with infinite pleasure, a picture of Doreen *en voyage*—ever bright, interested, and superior to the fatigues and worries of travel. As if one summer's evening towards ten o'clock, at St. Katherine's Wharf, embarking among the crowded shipping, the masts and network of cordage, the Tower frowning down on us, the river ever picturesque—we sitting on the deck, and watching the humours of the scene. So too in another vessel, the dinner in the cabin, when the rough sea dog of a captain gave her the place of honour, and she was inexpressibly entertained by the humour of the scene. Then on our return, coming at grey dawn, up the river, past Greenwich—which has *ever* the air of a foreign place, a grotesque idea, for it is a very old friend—custom house officers, and landing. The morning dawn drive home through the deserted streets—curious back settlements in the City—the coffee stalls, the stray labourers: while my little companion was fresh and eager, and affectionate. To me, at least, there is an unfailing air of romance about certain passages of travelling at night, the arriving at Calais, with the glaring light-

house, the fishing-boats, the buffet, the strange medley of travellers, the going on by midnight express—that never fades or palls.

In domestic life there are often found figures who some how have an art of imparting an air of deformity to any scene or transaction in which they share. Something in their tone or proceeding is sure to lead to this unfortunate result. Even their presence casts a cloud or chill, their appearance disturbs. Now with Doreen it was the reverse: she always brought with her a native charm and harmony. Strangers almost at once took a fancy to her. Her little airs and graces attracted. Her face and figure were a contribution to social life from their brightness and constant mobility. At parties, which she loved, when she would set herself off with her gayest plumage, it was indeed pleasant to see her. Of this last year she was fond of assembling friends for her “afternoons,” where, girlish as she looked, she played hostess admirably. Here, as in so many other instances, all connected with her takes the shape of pictures, and falls naturally into pretty scenes. Her great eagerness was to entice one, who had little relish for this morning shape of social life, into showing himself to her visitors. To this end she would often wistfully come down softly to see was there any one in the study. On one of these last occasions I could hear the slow rustle of her silk train—for hers was a peculiar step, light and hesitating, quite recognizable—and peeping in cautiously. I see her now with the pretty air of coaxing and pleading, the dainty neck with its daintier frills, the little hood behind, the delicate fingers, nervous, with their little frills, in which there was a character also. Then came her self-enjoyed, “And you like me: do you *really* like me?” turning round and round in delight. Then adding, with grave solemnity, “You know, you *know*, I haven't a thought in all this but to look well for *you*. Do, *do* come up. It will make me so happy!”

This last year, too, all little “difficulties” seemed to pass away. She appeared to become even gentler and more affectionate. “You know,” she would say, “that I always liked you, and would have given up anything for you; but now I like you ten times, nay, a hundred times as much.” Then add wistfully: “I know I have been a terrible ‘bother’ to you, and a worry; but I’m trying, and will try, not to be so in future.”

In this state of things, some scenes, some *last* scenes, come

back on me, to which my eyes turn with a singular, inexpressible pleasure, as though seen under the soft, gentle light of a setting sun. That strange Bohemian place, Cremorne Gardens, was then in its hey-day, and had not succumbed to the onset of Canon Cromwell. Oddly enough, it had always an attraction for us—the pretty, old-fashioned gardens, and older trees: the statues, the music, and the lights—sole survival of the old glories of Vauxhall. One could have wished, on the score of picturesqueness, they could have been retained, though the gain has been much for other reasons. It was one fine summer evening that, as I returned home, I was thinking of her, and how pleasant it would be to give her a treat, and perhaps to myself also, and visit this place, when I found her tripping down stairs in her girlish, eager way, an expression of anticipation on her face.

“Do you know what I was thinking,” she said. “I am so longing to go to the gardens. We could have one of our little expeditions—*couldn't we?*”

It was instantly settled, and she hurried up to get ready—such cheap little “shoemaker's holidays” were ever to her taste—and presently appeared gay, bright, and delighted, equipped in her hat and shawl. Then came the pleasant river, of the summer's evening, the darkness closing in, the hum of distant music, the lights twinkling through the dense old trees, which artfully created a darkness, relieved in a moment by the thousand and one lights; the pavilions, and the dancing platform, where the bourgeoisie were enjoying themselves after their fashion; the fortune-telling hermit in his cave down the dark walk; and the innumerable shows, the two theatres; the great American open bar, where the mysterious “short drinks,” and “long” ones too, were compounded; with the odd processions from one entertainment to another, where a man with an illuminated placard displaying the name of the particular entertainment that was “on,” was displayed in glowing characters. Next followed a braying band, in military order, while behind fell in the honest populace, arm in arm—we with the rest—and marched away triumphant to wait on the pantomime or the juggler, or whoever was next to furnish amusement. These were simple, innocent joys, but she relished them hugely. At a later period of the night, I see ourselves seated under one of the great old trees, experimenting on a “long” drink, or watching the humours about us, and I note her grave look of

interest, which changed to a laugh of delight as she turned to her companion, for she was thus fitful.

Again I own all this may seem trivial and "humdrum," but every one can fetch forth for himself from his memory little scenes of this kind, which, with such a prosaic background, have a curious undeniable charm, owing to the centre figure and the association of thoughts. Such become valuable contributions to life, more so far than the grander official business, and we put them by, as it were, in a cabinet.

And so we set off home again. There was a pleasant sense of happiness and tranquillity over that night, that often recurs to me now, and she was very happy.

I passed by the place lately, and found it in ruins: the trees cut down, the ground dug up; one wall of the old-fashioned bow-windowed "hotel"—who *could* have stayed at such a place?—standing up, a fragment, and a stray plaster statue looking on the destruction. How far off seemed that tranquil night—almost belonging to another age. With its ruin, more had been laid in ruins.

At this time I see a party, with Doreen in all her brilliance of raiment and jewels. She set forth to it with all her old pleasant ardour; but during the night, looking over the heads of the crowd, I saw a strange jaded look on her face. Some one might have whispered that that was to be her last party!

This was in the beginning of the July of what I call the last year. It came to pass that I had to go away and officiate as High Sheriff in my own county: busy and important days, a new and not unpleasing excitement. Here was a new and dramatic life: the pleasant country, the country town, the waiting on the Judges, the javelin men, the trumpeting, the banqueting and toasting. All this new sphere of life and bustle contrasted with what was going on at home, unthought of by me. It was at a far off country town, and as the festivities came to a close, the last evening rises before me, with a calm sunset shining on the sands, beyond which lay the sea, scarce rippled, but stretching away in a calm placidity. Who has not seen and recalled this almost sad farewell glance of the great ocean, and which to me had a significance? Now reached me these short and pathetic little notes:

My own,—I have not been very well since you left, but am better to-day. When are you coming back to your lonely and loving D.?

And again :

My own,—Another short letter to-day. I have so little news to tell you. When can you come home? The enclosed, from Dieppe, would scarcely suit us. However, you can decide when you come back, as the sea air is what I am longing for, *abroad*. Won't you come back soon? I can't bear going into your room, it looks so desolate.

Ever your own,

D—.

I had been noting the shortness of these letters, scarcely thinking what could be the reason. Yet the real one never occurred. In seven years I had grown so used to the *petite santé* as to accept it as a regular and harmless thing. I even lingered on for another week, on a visit with some friends. Coming events not only cast their shadows before, but seem hereafter to invest with significance the lightest incidents, which, as we look back, appear to have a mysterious tone, as though verging on the change. And thus, as in a dream, I see festive scenes, a bright sunny day at a country house; the grass, the flowers, the lawn-tennis party, and my own figure flitting to and fro; the sun shining, the gay dresses fluttering, the cheerfulness of many voices. Such seem like the village festival, seen down below, on the green, of a summer's eve, from the train whirling by—but for a second, and never seen again, which somehow always leaves a melancholy impression, difficult to account for. So with a play, a burlesque, the night and incidents of which are vividly before me now, and the very catch words which linger in my memory: and thus too with that golden sunset, sleeping so tranquilly on the sea-shore, and with the vessels gliding by.

In all this pleasant festival and merrymaking, I recall how one evening a mysterious prophetic note was struck, which however made little impression. One who knew her well, and watched her with a tender anxiety, began to speak of her with the invariable interest the mention of her was sure to excite. It suggested Miss Trotwood and Dora Copperfield—though indeed here was nothing so grotesque as that association. From her came this warning, that had in it something solemn. "Doreen is very delicate. Unless the greatest care is taken, something fatal will surely happen, and you will never forgive yourself. Now be warned, for something tells me that, unless this be looked to, it will be too late: So now, do, do be warned in time." I was inclined to treat this prognostication lightly. Why, Doreen was

quite strong! Indeed the little soul herself, by her gallantry, always fortified us in this delusion, and disdained to admit weakness. So, even as the words were spoken, it *was* too late.

At last I was at home, having travelled all night, found Doreen a little pale, but full of spirit: and on a sofa, announcing she had not been "at all well," as though it were an exciting joke. She was full, too, of some marriage project which she was eager to promote.

From that time it commenced. It was like a slow and fatal descent down an inclined plane. Of course the doctors came, as of old, and as of old we fancied that this was but that old procedure, to which we were so well accustomed. Even when the friendly, kindly Dr. Q——, sitting at the desk, about to write, said with a sigh: "Ah! she's very bad. Indeed, I don't know where to begin," our eyes were strangely sealed. How many touches of the old sweetness were brought forth by that short illness!—there was no complaining, no "giving of trouble," if it could be helped. Even when pressed to exert herself, and try what a little fresh air might do to revive her, she got herself ready, and almost tottered down to the door; never shall I forget the mournful drive—the contrast between the gay promenaders and "fashionables" of the Park, and the pale, fading figure beside me. It was her brave rally. But she was near to fainting on the drive, and we had to return. One morning when, sitting beside her and listening to her giving household directions, she could not recall the name of something she wished to order, and turned away with such strange weariness and a leaden tint, and a sighing utterance, "Oh, I don't know *what* it is," that it seemed like a sudden whisper of warning. Her eye caught mine, when of an instant all changed, and she broke into one of the sweetest, brightest smiles of enjoyment and assumed pleasure, as if some "piece of fun" was going on.

Still unconscious of the pit that was being slowly dug under our feet, and assured that all would be well in a short time, I had thought one Saturday night of going over to Boulogne to see the famous August Procession of that town, and returning that night: going down to Dover at nightfall and crossing over to Calais. The association of this journey is ever full of mystery. The pier at that town, the darkness, the crowd of shadowy passengers, the fresh keen blue of the ocean seen through that door in the pier wall, where the little vessel rose

and bounded like a cork. By a curious change of humour I remember at the very last moment quitting the vessel, not exactly being in a holiday mood, and went to an inn in the place. Next morning was one of those fresh sunny days, when yet a gale is blowing, and I recall myself on the long pier, which was swept by great seas. Then followed some hours at Canterbury's noble old Cathedral, that seems to endure for ever, while the little beings that creep in and out, and visit it, are swept away like flies! That was like a dream; and the swelling organ, and the chanting boys, seem now to be performing a *requiem*. Here, too, is that strange likeness to the story of Copperfield, for he too, it will be recollected, found his way down to Canterbury, in a mysterious journey, on the eve of Dora's death. As for Doreen, her career and story formed the strangest *replica* of Dickens' heroine—many of her thoughts and speeches were almost the same, 'bating always the pretty frivolity of that interesting little heroine. That great Master himself knew her well and appreciated her. But that afternoon at Canterbury, and the unceasing restlessness of the little journey, ever seem to me to be exactly reflected in those pages of the story which describes "Doady's" Canterbury journey.

On that or the next day came our friendly Dr. Q——, and to him, as he came down from his visit, I, in a speculative way, and as a caution or assistance to him, described that weary look—it might be more serious than we suspected, and really it was something like the face of one in a decline. Never shall I forget his reply. He waited a moment. Then sadly:

"Ah, indeed, yes, it is. I do fear it is."

"WHAT!" I said. "Do you mean there is danger?"

He shook his head. Alas! this was the Sentence.

From that hour it was a swift progress, not longer than a few weeks, to the end. That day in the street came the thought that never more should there come of mornings the rustle on the stairs, or study door be opened softly, and the little figure wrapped picturesquely in a scarlet shawl, a dainty flower and ribbon in her hair, and a bundle of letters in her hand, with a laughing "May I come in?" Yet even during these last days how equally soft, touching, and gracious was every little speech and sweet glances and actions. As it was constantly through her life, so it was to be to the very last moment, and that little life was thus "one entire perfect chrysolite." When I would say to her that she had ever been so forgiving, so ready always on an

instant to "make up," turning her eyes on me with a fervent expression, she answered :

"That was because I couldn't help it. I was so fond of you." Later, in the most earnest way, she would ask : "Really and truly, didn't I often repent of the whole, she was 'such a bother,'—and the expense of all this, it worries me so." And again : "I know when I was cross, I used to say things ; but I didn't mean half of them." Innumerable little sayings of this kind I could record here ; but they are too sacred.

The most amazing thing in these last days was that everything seemed ordered as if to be in harmony with the calm sweetness of her life. There were no terrors, no sufferings. The old smile was always there—ready. Even at last, to the destined morning, there she was as always—in the little dainty lace cap and crimson fluttering ribbon. Her last words were a gentle murmured request : "Say a prayer." And her last act, as those about her recalled, was, after three weary sighs—one sweet smile of adieu.

Thus that "little life" ended—uneventful, yet not uninteresting surely—though marked by scarcely any incidents. Yet such a character deserves some record. Even the utterance of the worthy neighbouring postmistress, seemed in its way the most unaffected of tributes :

"I do declare she were the *sweetest lady* I ever met!"

As in *Vanderdecken*—

So with some wretched soul, when she he loved  
Lies still before him : his strained eyelids  
Wrung with long watchings, droop until he sleeps,  
Then does the sweet lost one come to him, smiling ;  
Greeting with her old joy, as though just returned :  
And he walks forth with her, through calm green lanes,  
Wondering, yet filled with soft delight—  
In tender summer's light, full of sweet sadness—  
When, of a sudden, she is snatched away—  
And waking with a cry, and arms outstretched,  
Bleak dawn has chilled him back into his grief.



## *Reviews.*

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### I.—THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES.<sup>1</sup>

M. DOULCET's recently published Essay on the Relations of the Early Christian Church to the Roman State, extending over some two hundred pages, replete with sound erudition, and marked by deep archæological research, requires, if justice is to be done it, a much fuller and longer notice than we have space to devote to it in the few pages usually reserved for reviews of books in the *THE MONTH*. Submitted originally as an historical study to the Faculty of Letters in Paris, pronounced by it to be a work full of accurate citation, useful references, and conscientious inquiry, it has been lately given to the public in its present form as a collection of documents which, drawn from ancient and modern sources and in harmony with recent archæological discoveries, was thought calculated to throw considerable light on a period of history not yet worn threadbare, and likely to prove useful to those who take an interest in this department of study.

The Essay is, therefore, an attempt to solve the great problem, stated long since by Bossuet with as much precision as eloquence, how it is that, ever since the birth of the Son of God in the days of King Herod, Christ and his religion have been reckoned its enemies by the State? M. Doulcet limits himself to the consideration of the relations of the Christian religion to the Roman State in the first three centuries. Following the example of St. Augustine he puts to one side the old way of reckoning up the early persecutions to the number of ten, each taking its name from that of a persecuting Emperor,

<sup>1</sup> *Essai Sur Les Rapports De l'Eglise Chrétienne Avec l'Etat Romain Pendant Les Trois Premiers Siècles Suivi D'Un Mémoire*, relatif à la Date du Martyre, de Sainte Félicité et ses sept fils et d'un appendice épigraphique. Par Henri Doulcet. Paris : E. Plon et Cie., Imprimeurs-Editeurs Rue Garancière, 10. 1883.

and prefers to set down the facts simply in their chronological order. Von Wietersheim, in his *Geschichte der Völkerwanderung*, has observed that the position of the Christians in their relations to Rome is marked by three distinct periods or phases corresponding with the first three centuries. The first period, reaching down to the year 96, is that of an existence which was officially ignored by the State; the second is one of legal repression, which however did not amount to rancorous and systematic persecution, down to the year 211; the third is one alternating between increasing fervour and systematic persecution, going down to the days when Christianity was finally adopted as the State religion. M. Doulcet has adopted this view with a slight modification. He thinks he distinguishes clearly a condition of things intermediary between the second and third periods as stated by Von Wietersheim. His view is supported by the fact that after the period (96—180), when the Christian religion was made by the State absolutely illegal, the Church was, for a considerable time, in a state of transition, during which religious toleration reached its maximum height, viz., from 180 to 235. From this date the labour of the historian is considerably simplified, inasmuch, as though three quarters of a century have still to elapse before the publication of the Edict of Milan (313), the final issue can no longer remain doubtful. But it must not be supposed from this meagre outline that the breathing space, which the Church enjoyed, amounted after all to very much. Persecution, more or less severe, under more ruthless tyrants, such as Nero or Domitian, as well as under the more legal reigns of Emperors like Trajan and the Antonines, was pretty nearly, like the guillotine of the first French Republic, a thing *en permanence*. From the days when the Apostles began their work to those which witnessed the recognition of the Christian as the State religion of Rome in the fourth century, the preaching of the Gospel encountered an opposition which has no parallel in the world's history. The State no sooner became aware of the existence of the Church than, like Herod in the case of the new-born Messiah, it refused her the right of existence. But suffering only brought her wonderful vitality into stronger and bolder relief. By the extremity of her suffering, and by her very weakness it is, that the Church has won her place in the world, and conquered the power which sought to annihilate her. The Empire retired before her to Byzantium, and the Papacy became undisputed Sovereign of Rome and of the world.

2.—THE RETURN OF THE KING.<sup>1</sup>

The volume of Sermons by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J., just issued from the Manresa Press, consists of twenty-one Discourses on the Second Coming of our Blessed Lord, and forms an extended commentary on those words of the parable, "And it came to pass that he returned, having received the kingdom."<sup>2</sup> Though delivered at various times, some dating back as far as the year 1868, these discourses will be found to have a natural connection, the subject matter, ever present to the mind of the author, having been gradually developed from the pulpit as occasion offered. The greater part of the sermons appear to have been delivered as Advent courses, in which the preacher has taken for his theme that awful coming of the Son of God to judge mankind, which, in the mind of the Church and in the offices of the season, is so frequently blended with His First Coming as a little Babe to redeem the world. The insertion of some additional discourses and connecting paragraphs has welded the whole into one complete and homogeneous work upon the great truths of Death, Judgment, and Eternal Life—a work to which the text above quoted has furnished the appropriate title, *The Return of the King*.

The character of these discourses, especially of the earlier ones which treat of the signs of the coming of our Blessed Lord and the circumstances with which it will be attended, is very different from that of the generality of Catholic sermons upon these and similar subjects. Ordinarily speaking, our preachers confine themselves to the simple elucidation of Catholic doctrine and the inculcation of those practical lessons which may be deduced from the truths which they unfold, without touching upon prevalent philosophical errors and the increasing infidelity of the age in regard to Divine revelation. But Father Coleridge has in these discourses grappled with the arguments of modern scientists and materialists. He has vindicated the claims of the great Creator to the perfect submission and faithful service of His creatures, and exposed the shallowness of those specious sophisms, which pretend to establish the position of man as a being independent of God and accountable only to society for his good and evil deeds.

<sup>1</sup> *The Return of the King: Discourses on the Latter Days.* By Henry James Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1883.

<sup>2</sup> St. Luke xix. 15.

The Fourth Sermon, upon "the Creed of False Science," is one well worthy of attentive study, for among the *seductions* which our Blessed Lord has announced as one of the signs of His approaching coming, there is surely none so fatal as that system of investigation which, by deifying human intellect, puffs up the mind of man with presumptuous pride, and makes him despise or ignore those revealed truths which form a sure basis and safeguard in the pursuit of scientific knowledge. Not, however, says the learned preacher, that science itself is to be contemned; for there is a true science worthy of our respect and admiration, as well as a false science which should be shunned and abhorred, and which would be more justly named "the Creed of Scientific Imposture."

At the name of science, I am inclined to bow my head as to the name of one of the greatest gifts of God to man. I revere, as I am bound to revere, and to give thanks to God for the revelations He has allowed us to receive of the true science of the universe in which we live. For they help us to know Him better, they make our life in many ways brighter and more beautiful, nobler and more elevated, and in the hands and mouths of those who are true philosophers—alas! how few—they shed a light even on the next life and on revelation itself in the true sense of the word, a light which comes from Him and for which all His children should thank Him. And when I see a Christian philosopher and a man of science, I honour him as the one true interpreter of a class of verities which God desires to be made known for His own glory and for the support and consolation of His creatures. And I honour such a man all the more because in our times he is like the angel of whom the poet sings as

Faithful found

Amid the faithless, faithful only he (p. 67).

The six Sermons (XII. to XVII.) treating of the Particular and General Judgment, the number of the elect and the state of the blessed after death, have more of a moral character, and will afford abundant matter for devout meditation. In these discourses the author displays in the elucidation of his subject his intimate acquaintance with Holy Scripture, and especially with the Pauline Epistles. Passages from the latter are constantly interwoven with his text in the manner of the early Fathers of the Church, giving a depth and solidity to these discourses which many modern sermons lack, beautiful though they may be in language and admirable in persuasive argument. We regret that the author has not inserted a discourse upon Eternal Punishment, a subject which, at the present day, it

would be so desirable to see treated in the style of Father Coleridge's sermons. Such an addition would, moreover, have added to the symmetry and completeness of this valuable commentary on the Return of the King.

The three following sermons, on the Greatness, Sacredness, and Happiness of Death, along with the concluding one on what our Blessed Lord has done for Death, are highly instructive and consoling. The entire work, printed as it is on an excellent paper and in very readable type, is a welcome addition to our Ascetical Library, and will be especially acceptable to the parochial clergy as supplying a void which has long been felt.

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### 3.—ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA.<sup>1</sup>

The history of St. Margaret of Cortona is not one which is familiar to the majority of Christians, and the volume before us will therefore form a welcome addition to our religious library. She was one of the foremost amongst the Church's penitents, one of that small class who, suddenly arrested in a career of sin, have had the courage to leave the fatal but pleasant path down which they were straying, for the rugged road of penance, which must be climbed with so much effort. This Life, containing the records left of St. Margaret by her confessor, only introduces us to her when, after her conversion, she is kneeling in the church of the Franciscan Fathers, asking to be clothed as a Tertiary of that Order. One cannot help somewhat regretting this abrupt commencement, as a few details of her previous life would add greatly to the interest of a very interesting little book, as well as to the edification to be derived from its pages. How differently should we regard St. Peter did we know nothing of his history previous to the Day of Pentecost! or St. Augustine, did our acquaintance with him begin on the occasion of his baptism by St. Ambrose! What would St. Mary of Egypt appear to us if our first glimpse showed her to us entombed in the living grave she caused to be prepared for herself? And therefore, before glancing at St. Margaret's life as a penitent after her conversion to God,

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Revelations of St. Margaret of Cortona.* Written in Latin by her confessor, Father Giunta Revegnati, of the Minor Order. Translated by F. M'Donogh ahony. London: Burns and Oates.

it may perhaps be permitted us to mention the remarkable manner in which that conversion was brought about.

For nine years Margaret had lived with a nobleman to whom she was fondly attached, although not united to him by the bond of marriage. Young, fascinating, and extremely beautiful, she had at her command all that the world can give to its votaries. One day, her lover not returning to her at the usual hour, Margaret went out to seek him, but was unable to discover any traces of him, until she renewed her search in the company of a favourite dog, when she found the body of him whose loss she mourned buried beneath a heap of stones outside the city gates. It had been concealed there by some of his enemies, who had fallen upon him unawares and cut him to pieces. The sight of his mangled remains produced a revulsion in Margaret's mind; disgusted with the world and her sinful pleasures, when the first paroxysm of her grief had subsided she returned to her father's house, but was cruelly driven from the door through the influence of a step-mother. Then the devil suggested to her that if she gave herself up to a life of sin she could easily find rich masters who would love her for her exterior loveliness. But God, who longed for the love of a soul so beautiful, touched her conscience, and by His light and inspirations led her to set out for Cortona, there to submit herself to the obedience of the Friars Minor. Then, as her biographer tells us—

She was observed to change into a different woman. The fire of Divine love had transformed her, and diligently did she seek a solitary spot where she could live hidden from all, and flee the occasions of speaking of the things of earth. This new Magdalene desired nothing but to unite herself intimately to the King of the world by meditation, prayers, tears, and fasts. . . . No miser was ever so greedy of gold as was she of the subjugation of the flesh. In order to facilitate the watches during the night, she would rest her head, drooping and enfeebled by fasting and tears, from time to time on a piece of hard wood. Bathed in tears she would prolong her fervent prayers from the first night-watch until daybreak (p. 7).

Certainly it was not in Margaret's nature to do things by halves. The laborious occupations on which she was engaged during the day for the support of herself and her son preventing her from concentrating her whole attention on things divine, she gave them up and withdrew to a secluded cell; this she hardly ever quitted except in order to repair to the church.

To none except her confessor would she, unless compelled to do so, address a single word. Notwithstanding the corporal infirmities induced by her austerities, she was ingenious in inventing new methods of mortification, procuring at one time a red-hot iron wherewith to disfigure her countenance, whose marvellous charm had led many souls astray. Happily she acquainted her confessor with her design, and he immediately declared that if she did not desist from carrying it out, he and all the Friars would cease to occupy themselves any more with the care of her soul. Another time her prudent confessor could hardly restrain her from going to Montepulciano, the town where of old she was seen clad in splendid garments, her hair dressed on combs of gold, and there causing herself to be dragged along the streets with clipt locks and veiled countenance by a woman holding a cord and exclaiming: "Heigh, good people, here is Margaret, whose blind course, vain-glory, and bad example, have given such annoyance to many souls in your town." Her love of poverty was carried to such an extreme that she would—if she had nothing else to give—cut off portions of her scanty garments for others, and strip herself of everything, even to her holy-water vessel, and a broken crock used to hold the dry crusts and raw herbs which formed her sole nourishment.

It may be imagined that one who led a life like this had frequent and fierce contests to sustain with the enemy of mankind, to whom penance and mortification are so displeasing. He could not brook being thus vanquished by a woman, and not only sent his emissaries to assail her, but on various occasions himself visited her cell under different forms—as a man, a serpent, a fourfooted beast. Sometimes he would tempt her to despair, reminding her of her past life; or annoyed at her abstemiousness, he would recall to her memory the smell and taste of the most savoury and delicious dishes of which she had ever partaken; again, unable to endure the humility which breathed in the reserve of her manners, her watchfulness over her senses, the sweetness of her heart, and her forgetfulness of her injuries, he represented to her how great was the celebrity her name had attained, what a number of persons were eager to see and touch her, and how, confirmed as she was in grace, she could not fail to obtain the highest reward. But these deceitful insinuations had no effect upon Margaret; a ray of Divine light had engraved deeply upon her soul the knowledge

of her own littleness. She used to bury her face in the dust and declare herself the vilest of creatures, and notwithstanding all the graces she received,

In nothing was Margaret more diligent than in accusing herself of the faults attributed, or possible to be attributed, to the most abandoned creatures. She always represented herself as in a condition inferior to that of any other man or woman by reason of her birth, manners, and poverty. The more exalted she appeared the more did she deplore herself, and consider herself stained with every vice, except that of heresy. She would grow sad if persons did not believe everything of this kind that she chose to tell them, sighing and sobbing, so eager was she to be despised, ill-treated (p. 62).

Attracted by her great reputation, the pious faithful came in crowds from distant countries, asking her to touch them and heal their diseases. Priests came to her for the solution of difficult questions, which she obtained of God in prayer. So great were her merits that a morsel of bread from her table eaten by a man who lived in open sin with another man's wife, had the virtue entirely to change him, so that of his own free will he sent back the faithless woman to her husband, and set himself to perform worthy acts of penance. The power of her prayer made devils tremble, but every fresh grace only served to fill her with greater horror of herself. Of this a quaint story, too long for insertion here, is given on page 52 as an instance.

The spiritual favours bestowed upon Margaret were indeed such as few of God's servants are privileged to enjoy. Our Lord, who calls Himself the Glorifier of the humble, and who admitted the repentant Magdalene to His presence—not to stand afar off, but to sit at His feet and listen to His sacred words—deigned to hold familiar colloquy with this ardent lover, and to reward her generous, uncompromising devotion with extraordinary favours. He revealed to her many secret things, disclosing to her not only her own state, but that of many others, both living and dead, charging her with messages and exhortations to be delivered to the friars and other persons, and in His extreme condescension indicating to her the days on which she was to receive Him in Holy Communion. One day, to encourage her timidity, He showed her in an ecstatic vision a seat of wonderful beauty prepared for her in the Eternal City. At another time she was taken in spirit up to Heaven, and allowed to converse with the Mother of God. This favour was to prepare her for a season of affliction; and when Margaret



ventured to ask whether the trials foretold to her were to be in expiation of her sins or for a renewal of grace, our Lord replied : "My daughter, by your bitter sorrow and repentance, by your many and divers afflictions, My mercy has wiped out all your past sins. Your afflictions are to-day and shall henceforth be for you a means of growing in grace and virtue." On another occasion, when He told her He should continue to afflict her—

"My Saviour," she said to Him, "even though the sufferings I endure are beyond my strength, I shall count them as nothing if they are agreeable to Thee. May the wish of my heart be pleasing to Thee, O my Saviour, that I have placed and rested on Thee alone." Jesus answered her : "My daughter, I delight in pure love." The pure lover, on hearing her Divine Master praise pure devotion, cried : "Teach me, O Lord, Thy pure love, that nobody can ever possess more than Thee, the Source of all good." Our Saviour said to her : "Are you eager to know the signs of pure love in you?" Margaret answered : "Yes, Lord;" and immediately she heard these words : "Would you not willingly die for love of Me? Do you not find it sweet to observe with tears a perpetual fast in honour of My Name? Have you not reduced yourself to a state of abject poverty for the love of Him who became poor and needy for you? Do you not wish to unite yourself to Me alone, your only God? Would you not suffer all kinds of torments for love of me?" And she replied : "My Lord, there is not a weighty, hard, or difficult task, which would not seem light to me for love of Thy sweet love; but Thou fillest me with so great a fear that I believe myself robbed of all these beautiful feelings." Then Jesus said to her : "This harassing fear which accompanies your pious desires serves to obliterate the sins from your heart, but have no doubt all that is promised you will take place. You shall be great in My Kingdom if you support afflictions without murmuring and complaint. Comfort yourself in the same manner as you have done in other trials, and I shall reveal to you the state of those who offend Me" (p. 103).

One Friday, in the Church of the Friars Minor, the Passion became so present to the Saint, that she was rapt in ecstasy, and began to describe the scenes with minuteness, enacting them too in a measure, so that the townspeople left their business to witness the novel and touching spectacle. So strange were her symptoms, that she was thought to be at the point of death; her face assumed an ashy paleness, her pulse stopped, and when the time of our Lord's Death was reached, her head sank upon her breast, and she lost all power of moving or feeling. In this condition she remained until Vespers, when she came to herself and, full of joy, returned thanks to the Giver of all good. But

when she saw the crowds filling the church, her joy was changed to bitter sorrow because our Lord had made her feel the dolours of His Passion in the presence of others, not in the solitude of her cell.

Her death is told us in a few words. It occurred in 1297, and seems to have been a gradual failure of her powers. We cannot conclude our notice of this second Magdalen better than with the hope that the biography from which we have drawn this outline may stimulate the just to greater exertions by showing them how far they have been outrun by one who started heavily-weighted in the race, and may encourage those who, like St. Margaret of Cortona, have walked in the shadows of sin, to become, like her, "white in chastity and ruddy in love."

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#### 4—SCIENCE AND TRUTH.<sup>1</sup>

The ordinary abstract arguments for theism, such as we find them in the text-books of our seminaries, have the drawback that they require a severer course of study than men of education are generally willing to bestow on them. Hence the desire of authors, writing for the 'lay public, to draw their arguments from objects more within the reach of the five senses. Such is the attempt of Dr. Decés, who makes it his aim, experimentally and without hypothesis, to derive his proofs of the existence of God from one confined region of truth, viz., from such truth only as has a real, objective, concrete existence *in rerum natura*, and has, moreover, the notes of immutability and constancy. We confess that we cannot follow him in all that he says while labouring to isolate this particular department of truth, but we may let our differences pass, and proceed to give some account of the substance of the volume before us.

A doctor, a philosopher, and an abbé conduct the dialogue, which is the form chosen for bringing out the various facts and principles, along with their apparent opposites. The doctor, who appears to be a doctor in medicine, is what he might be surmised to be in accordance with the axiom, *ubi tres medici, duo athei*. The philosopher is an orthodox believer, and so of course is the abbé, who, however, intervenes only occasionally.

<sup>1</sup> *Science et Vérité*. Par Dr. J. B. L. Decés. Deuxième Edition. Paris : E. Plon et Cie., Rue Garancière, 10. 1883.

The successful course that astronomy has run gives the method of procedure to the disputants. Tycho Brahe carefully observed facts; Kepler grouped these facts into laws; Newton reduced the laws to their causes. Thus we have the gradation of facts, laws, causes, first secondary causes, and then the primary cause. On this scheme are successively discussed the problems of gravitation, of vegetable and animal life, of instinct, which again is divided into vegetable and animal by a process which seems to us not wholly accurate, and finally, of nature in general, as ranged under five kingdoms. This brings the argument up to the proof of the One First Cause of that Nature which lies open to our investigation. The next chapter treats more in detail of this First Cause, and shows more explicitly how it is demonstrated from the several sources already explored—from gravitation, from organic life, from instinct, and from nature. Lastly, the connection of science and revelation is discussed, and a conclusion is put to a book that cannot fail to instruct the reader as to many interesting facts of science, and many principles that are to be employed in the interpretation of these facts. Some of the statements or of the inferences may, indeed, be open to controversy; but, on the whole, we have to thank the author for a laborious compilation, that is well calculated to serve the cause of highest truth.

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#### 5.—PRAXIS SYNODALIS.<sup>1</sup>

The little book before us is one more among many signs of the great progress of the Catholic religion in the United States. Ten ecclesiastical provinces, established in the midst of perfect freedom, carry out the Church's normal manner of government on a grand scale. Since the days of Constantine, the Church, when free to do so, has been in the habit of assembling in Synod, though it may be doubted whether there are many places where the law of the Council of Trent is literally carried out. But though there may not be many places, however free, where the Bishop meets his clergy in Diocesan Synod once a year, and the Bishops of the Province once in three years hold their Provincial Council under their Metropolitan, yet Synods are very frequent, especially in English-

<sup>1</sup> *Praxis Synodalis: Manuale Synodi Diocesanae ac Provincialis celebranda.* Neo-Eboraci, &c.: Benziger, 1883.

speaking countries, and a manual to assist all who attend them cannot fail to be very useful. The famous Barnabite rubrician Gavantus prepared a *Praxis* for the purpose, and hitherto this rare book has been pretty nearly our sole authority. The American clergy have come to the assistance of their brethren throughout the world, and a priest of the diocese of New York has written the Manual on which we are commenting. He has had the modesty to publish it without his name; but the Coadjutor Archbishop of New York in his Preface tells us that the compilation has been made by a thoroughly competent rubrician. Such examination as we have been able to give to the book quite bears out this praise, and shows it to be very well put together; and as it is written in Latin, and published by a cosmopolitan publisher, the little Manual is likely to come into very general use. It is so full that no other book is required by those who attend a Synod, even the *Veni Creator* and the Litanies of the Saints being given at full length. A doubt that the title and table of contents led us to entertain, whether it would not be found confusing to have the prescriptions for the Diocesan and Provincial Synods in the same places, and not treated quite separately, was set at rest by an examination of the book; and when we came to read the Archbishop Coadjutor's Preface, we found the remark that we had ourselves discovered to be well-merited, that "the order of the book is lucid" and confusion between the two impossible. His Grace's further comment is that the book is eminently practical, and this is also well deserved. It discusses no moot points, for it is not a treatise, but a handbook, and certainly the clergy at a Synod will be glad to have it in their hands.

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#### 6.—LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS SHOEMAKERS.<sup>1</sup>

We are commanded to honour the physician for the need we have of him. And probably this commandment pretty accurately expresses the feelings of most men towards their shoemakers. They know that they have need of skilled work, and they respect the skill and industry which supply their need; but, as a rule, they are probably very far from suspecting that those who thus minister to their wants belong to a body which

<sup>1</sup> *Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers.* By William Edward Winks. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1883.

can claim to be in any special sense illustrious. Mr. Winks' book, however, would seem to point to the conclusion that the sons of St. Crispin, the brothers of the "gentle craft"—for this title shoemakers seem to have boasted of from time out of mind—can really show a very goodly list of names great in the world's history. It may be, of course, that other crafts, were their annals carefully searched, would be able to make similar claims on our admiration: this Mr. Winks neither admits nor emphatically denies. But apart from the consideration of what such a comparison might prove, it certainly must strike any one who glances through the index of this book that he does find there a surprising number of names that have long been familiar, and which he has never before associated with the art and mystery of shoemaking. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, William Gifford, Samuel Bradburn, Samuel Drew, William Carey, Hans Sachs, Richard Savage, George Fox. Whatever we may think of these men individually, it is certainly startling to see all their names thrown together into one list, and to be told that all of them, along with many others hardly less well known, but to whom the author is compelled to devote less space, were all, in one degree or another, shoemakers.

The list of names just given explains the scope of the book. Mr. Winks is not a historian of the rise and progress of the art of shoemaking. He is not writing the lives of men who were great shoemakers, but of some shoemakers who were great, or at least remarkable men. The lives are related in a manner never uninteresting, if seldom quite satisfactory. They tell us much that we are glad to know; but they do not attain, nay, they hardly seem to aim at, the perfection of biographical writing. After reading them we know much of the external circumstances which surrounded the lives of their subjects, but we have formed no personal acquaintance with the men themselves. There are indeed exceptions. Here and there we do get a glimpse of the inner life of one or another of these illustrious shoemakers. But unfortunately, at least for Mr. Winks' Catholic readers, this occurs most frequently in the case of those lives which are most completely Methodistical. Methodist "experiences," those records of strange blindness on the part of men with much good in them, those records only too frequently of self-sufficiency hidden under a thin veil of ill-assumed humility, are but unpleasant reading for Catholics. A Catholic knows, and rejoices to know, that often

. . . The feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,  
And are lifted up and strengthened.

But he also knows that, if these sudden "awakenings" are really from God at all, and not from him who is so ready to hide his own deformity under the guise of an angel of light, they are meant to lead, and ought to lead those who receive them much further. The grace of God does not rouse a man from sin only to leave him a willing prey to fanatical error and negation: it leads him, but for his own fault, from brightness to brightness, until he finds the perfect day in the bosom of the one true Church. It is all the more necessary to speak thus plainly, because many in this country will be charmed with the spirit of universal tolerance in which Mr. Winks writes, resting with pleasure on the goodness he finds in men of very different religious beliefs, as if that goodness were all that ought to be desired. If our Lord has founded a Church upon earth, that Church is one, and unity cannot exist where there is difference as to dogma. For Christian dogma is the expression of God's truth, and God's truth cannot contradict itself.

But for this fatal tone of religious indifferentism—for indifferentism as to dogma *is* indifferentism as to religion—the book is, as we have said, pleasant reading, and introduces us to many men of whom we should like to know more. Perhaps the best told of all the lives is that of John Pounds, the philanthropic cobbler of Portsmouth, who by his own self-denying efforts, and with very little help from others, started a gratuitous ragged school, which he taught daily without interrupting his work upon old shoes. This was a truly good and noble man, and we are not surprised to hear how deeply his little friends mourned for his sudden death.

The body was conveyed to the little room in St. Mary Street, where about thirty children were waiting for their teacher to come and commence the day's work, and "wondering what had become of him." Terror and grief seized upon the minds of the children when they saw the lifeless body of their kind teacher borne into the room and laid upon the bed. On the following day a group of children might have been seen standing at the door weeping because they could not be admitted. Day after day "the younger ones came, looked about the room, and, not finding their friend, went away disconsolate" (p. 187).

Nor were those who were still children alone in their grief for one who, by years of patient and humble work, "had rescued from misery and saved to society not less than five hundred of these children" (p. 170).

Catholics will find special interest in the sketch of "Good Henry," who, with the help of the saintly Baron de Renty, became the founder of that admirable work, the "Pious Confraternity of Brother Shoemakers," which for nearly a century and a half did so much good on the continent.

Michael Henry Buch, the founder of this remarkable society, with its offshoots all over Western Europe, succeeded in making the title "Sons of St. Crispin" something more than a name in the case of thousands of his brother workmen. Bearing in mind his humble birth and training, his scanty means, his social position, the unpromising materials he had to work with, it will be allowed that the moral reform he inaugurated among working men deserves to be classed among the best things of the kind of which we read in history (p. 253).

Of Saints Crispin and Crispian we hear little in the work before us, and that little contains no serious attempt to separate history from foolish fable; but those who choose to consult the great work of the Bollandists (October 25) will find that these were two very illustrious shoemakers indeed. The account given of the two Saints in the *Acta Sanctorum* contains incidentally a terrible story of the death of that savage Rictiovarus, whose name is so familiar to the readers of the *Roman Martyrology*. In the Bollandists Mr. Winks would have found a very ancient opinion recorded in support of his favourite view that the cobbler's sedentary life fosters intellectual pursuits. For the author of the Acts of Saints Crispin and Crispian states that the Saints chose the trade of shoemaking because it was quiet work, compatible with contemplation, which is the highest exercise of the intellect.

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#### 7.—THE MONK'S PARDON.<sup>1</sup>

*The Monk's Pardon* is a good story, full of stirring incidents, and written in a lively, attractive style. Its central figure is the great Spanish artist, Alonso Cano, and we meet in its pages with many other names of men who won renown in art at a

<sup>1</sup> *The Monk's Pardon*: a historical romance of the time of Philip the Fourth of Spain. From the French of Raoul de Nivery, by Anna T. Sadlier. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, 1883.

time when Spanish art had reached its highest excellence. The story opens in the artist's studio, and its progress takes us into the most varied scenes of Spanish life two centuries ago, as we follow Cano's changing fortunes in the Court, the prison, and the Carthusian Monastery, where at last he found refuge from the world. There is much constructive power shown in the way in which the incidents are linked together, but we cannot help regretting that the author has somewhat marred the climax of his story by a piece of rather poor melodrama. Cano, hidden in his monk's cowl, has heard the death-bed confession of the murderer Lelli, the author of all his misfortunes, and has prepared him for absolution by suggesting to him some motives for contrition and confidence in the mercy of God. Lelli addresses his unknown confessor :

"Father ! father !" murmured the wretch, "I believe that God will pardon me, but oh that the man, whom I have injured and delivered up to torture, were here to forgive me. Bring him, I implore thee. I would arise from my dying bed to cast myself at his feet. I would cry out, "Mercy ! mercy !"

"Strike thy breast, thou who hast sinned," said the monk, with superhuman authority. Lelli obeyed, shuddering.

In a voice of thrilling power, the monk then raised his hand : "*Absolve te*," he began, "I absolve thee."

Whilst his right hand made the sacred sign, his left unfastened the hood of his capuchin, and showed to the astonished eyes of Lello Lelli the transfigured face of Alonso Cano.

"Thou !" cried Lelli, "thou ! and hast thou the power to absolve ?"

"I am a priest," said Cano, "with the power to absolve thee ! I pardon thee from my heart, and I thank our Lord Jesus Christ that He hath made me the instrument of His mercy."

We do not know how much or how little of this closing scene is historical, but would not the story have a nobler and a more probable close, had the monk been represented as keeping his secret, assuring Lelli that Cano had already forgiven him, and leaving him to learn in the other world who it was had been the instrument of God's mercy to him. It is well, too, to be accurate even in little things—M. de Navery might have remembered that the words of absolution do not begin with *Absolve te*.

The translation is on the whole well done, though here and there we meet a French idiom that has crept into the English. There are some slips in technical points, which ought not to be



found in a story of art and artists. For instance, a Spanish *retable* is hardly what we call an "altar-screen," and artists do not keep terra-cotta models in wet cloths; probably the clay working model is meant. We also fancy that the dialogue throughout would run more easily and naturally if the second person plural were used instead of the *thee* and *thou*, which often give a stilted air to a very common-place remark. This use of *thee* and *thou* is a common pitfall of writers and translators of historical novels. Probably it is supposed to give a certain air of antiquity to the dialogue; but this is a more than doubtful advantage, for only too often there comes with it an air of unreality.

In spite of these little defects, *The Monk's Pardon* is a useful addition to our stock of good Catholic stories. We wish heartily that we had more of them. Our Catholic literature cannot afford to be without the element of good healthy fiction, inspired by a true Catholic spirit. If the number of successful writers of fiction amongst us is a small one, we have all the more reason to thank the translators of Catholic novels that are popular amongst our brethren of the Continent. We are far from sharing the opinion of those who seem to think that all fiction must, of its very nature, be "trashy" and useless. Now-a-days there is no department of literature in which a great writer can gain a wider influence over men than in fiction. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot have spoken and still speak to thousands of minds, and their words have been factors in shaping out thousands of lives. The power of fiction for good or evil is one of the facts of our day. It is a power we cannot neglect, and though as yet we have had no Catholic novelist of the first rank in England, we may live in hope; and meanwhile it is a duty to encourage every honest effort in a field, where, no less than in graver departments of literature, good work can be done "for the greater glory of God."

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#### 8.—SERMONS FOR FEASTS.<sup>1</sup>

The name of Father Weninger is so extensively known to the Catholic world as that of an instructive preacher, able controversialist, and successful giver of missions, as to ensure for any book on the title-page of which it is found a very large and

<sup>1</sup> *Original, Short, and Practical Sermons for every Feast of the Ecclesiastical Year.* Three Sermons for every Feast. By Father X. Weninger, S.J., Doctor of Theology. Second Edition. Cincinnati: C. J. H. Lowen, 208, Sycamore Street.

very rapid sale both in England and America. The volume of *Sermons for Festivals* under notice forms a pendant to the series of discourses for Sundays already published. Intended for circulation in Europe as well as in America, it contains sermons appropriate not only for the feasts kept on the other side of the Atlantic, but also for those which, in greater numbers, are observed on this. Each festival has three sermons allotted to it; indeed the great solemnities of Easter and Pentecost have six, for the three written for Easter Monday and Monday in Whit-week, respectively, may be made to serve for Easter and Whit-Sunday.

The great merit of these sermons consists, so it seems to us, in this that, as the title-page of the book before us avers, they are original, short, and practical. The subject-matter, like everything else coming from the pen of Father Weninger, is, it need hardly be said, as solid and replete with sound theology as the language in which it is conveyed, is, without being jejune, plain and intelligible to the meanest capacity. On this point, therefore, there is no need to insist.

But the quality which we should like to select from every other, as that which is above all calculated to make this little volume of *Sermons* acceptable both to priest and people, is their brevity. Indeed, if they have a fault at all, it is the very rare fault of extreme brevity. When Holy Mother Church ordained in her wisdom that the faithful should be instructed by the parish priest at the principal Mass on Sundays and festivals, she never meant, we may be quite sure, that the Holy Sacrifice should be interrupted for an indefinite period, that her children should find rest from their labours of the week in sleep at Church, or that they should be kept unduly from their dinners. Complaints are not unfrequently nor unreasonably made of the length to which sermons at High Mass on Sundays and festivals are now-a-days spun out, as if forsooth it was more than could be expected of a man to develop a thought in less than an hour or three-quarters of an hour. His hearers would perhaps prefer that he left it undeveloped than that he took so much time about it. Father Weninger, at any rate, has found the knack of compressing a great deal of excellent matter into a very small space indeed. He is besides so suggestive that the least ingenious will find very little difficulty in amplifying him to the required length. So useful a book cannot fail to be in as great demand as all the other works which have preceded it from the same zealous, pious, and able pen.

## *Literary Record.*

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

IT is always a good work to help to popularize Shakespeare, and we are glad to see that Messrs. Burns and Oates are beginning to issue some of his plays in their Granville Series,<sup>1</sup> with notes explanatory, examination questions, and one or two short grammatical appendices. Old fashioned people may object to the multiplication of examinations as tending to shallow knowledge and cram, but they certainly spread knowledge, and useful knowledge too, among a class who a few years since were lamentably wanting in any sort of mental training. No English author is more valuable than Shakespeare, as a means of mental culture, and the present issue is cheap, simple in its explanations, and has the always attractive feature of some engravings scattered up and down of the more important scenes.

The Devotion to the Sacred Face at Tours is advancing so steadily that a little magazine<sup>2</sup> is now devoted to the purpose of narrating the pilgrimages in its honour, and the miracles and graces which confirm the cultus paid to it. One at least of the cures related in the present number seems to be of a miraculous character (p. 459). A cancerous wound of long standing was cured completely and at once in a manner quite unaccountable, except by the Divine interposition. We hope that the Devotion, which has already been introduced into England may make continual progress among us.

The study of writers for whose works we have an especial predilection, helps in two different ways towards forming an intimate acquaintance with the men themselves. In the first place

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare's Tragedy of King Richard the Second*; with Illustrations, Explanatory Notes, Questions for Examination, &c. (Granville Series). Messrs. Burns and Oates, Granville Mansions, London, W.

<sup>2</sup> *Annales de la Sainte-Face*. Revue mensuelle de l'œuvre et souvenirs de M. Dupont et de la Sœur Saint-Pierre, sous la direction des Prêtres de la Sainte-Face. Tours : A l'Oratoire de la Sainte-Face. Paris : Chez René Baton.

it enables us to learn a writer's whole mind and character, and to establish a closer mutual relationship and personal influence between ourselves and him than any ordinary friendship would do: and, in the next place, it affords a most pleasing subject of discussion with those whose opinions we value, and with whom we delight to exchange our mutual thoughts and tastes. Acting upon each of these motives, Marie Jenna has dedicated to a friend brief criticisms of the life and character of men and women of note,<sup>3</sup> which she founds rather on the loving study of their writings than on any acquaintance with themselves personally. Mdlle. Jenna is already known to the readers of THE MONTH, and this adds to the pleasure with which they would learn who are her favourite writers as well as what estimate she has formed of those whom she has thus made her particular friends. When we say that she numbers amongst them such men as Mgr. Dupanloup, Auguste Nicholas, Père Lacordaire, and Louis Veuillot; and that she includes representatives of poetry, music, and fiction, treating each subject with all the *esprit*, refinement, and intelligence of a well read and highly educated Frenchwoman, it will be seen that there is equal variety and interest in her little work.

Among the shorter treatises on the Church which have appeared within the last year, a prominent place must be given to Dr. de Brouwer's *De Ecclesia*.<sup>4</sup> It is no small praise to say that Dr. de Brouwer by his clearness and concise precision of statement follows very closely in the footsteps of his well known predecessor, Father Jungmann. Perhaps the happiest portion of an unusually good treatise is that which relates to the primacy and power of the Roman Pontiff, where lucid and ample exposition of texts and careful correlation of quotations will help many of his readers to look at a familiar subject from new points of view. The temperate and well selected references to the peculiar phases of Anglican ideas should make this book very useful in English seminaries, while the exceptional goodness of the type and the paper used speaks very well for the taste and printing resources of the "Society of St. Augustin."

The elegant pocket volume lately published by Messrs. Gill and Son is an European edition of a translation of St. Francis

<sup>3</sup> *Mes Amis et Mes Livres*. Par Marie Jenna. Paris: Librairie de Jules Gervais.

<sup>4</sup> *Tractatus de Ecclesia Christi, in quo etiam de Romano Pontifice*. Editus a F. M. de Brouwer, Ph. et S. Th. D. in Sem. Brugensi Professore. Brugis: Typis Soc. Scti. Augustini, 1882.

of Sales' Maxims and Counsels<sup>5</sup> arranged for every day of the year, which we already noticed as having appeared in America. We need not repeat what we then said. Every one who studies and practices St. Francis' golden maxims for a year cannot fail of making great progress in solid virtue.

Father Belleccio's *Spiritual Exercises*<sup>6</sup> are too well known to require any praise. They are simple, practical, and interesting, the work of a good theologian and holy man. A Consideration is added for each day of the retreat, and the points are given in a Compendium, as well as more at length. The translation is a good one, and the handy size and low price of the little volume place it within the reach of all. It is specially suitable for those who are compelled to make a retreat by themselves, and priests will do well to supplement with readings from it, their own instructions given to those who are making the Exercises under their care.

Father Weninger's course of Conferences<sup>7</sup> addressed to people living in the various conditions of secular life will be found very useful, either for providing the outline of a discourse, or for private reading. As Father Weninger very justly observes, it is difficult in ordinary sermons to introduce topics adapted to the special needs of particular sections of the community, and he aims, not unsuccessfully, in providing in his two volumes a full course of instruction for those for whom he writes.

Although these discourses are primarily framed to suit the particular circumstances of American life, the general principles brought into prominence, and most of the practical suggestions, are equally suitable for any country.

Miss Mulholland's writing is too well known to render it needful to say much in its praise. In her *Wild Birds of Killeevy*<sup>8</sup> we have a simple but most pleasing tale, with much local colouring about it to give it freshness and interest. The slowly-maturing character of Kevin is well drawn, and both the persons and the incident of the story are well calculated to win and keep the attention of young people. We have not got too

<sup>5</sup> *Maxims and Counsels of St. Francis of Sales for Every Day in the Year.* Dublin : Gill and Son, 1883.

<sup>6</sup> *Spiritual Exercises according to the Method of St. Ignatius.* By Father Belleccio, S.J. Translated by W. Hutch, D.D. Second Edition. Burns and Oates, 1883.

<sup>7</sup> *Original, Short, and Practical Conferences. For Married and Single.* By Father Weninger, S.J. 2 vols. Cincinnati, 1883.

<sup>8</sup> *The Wild Birds of Killeevy.* By Rosa Mulholland. London : Burns and Oates, 1883.

many entertaining books of the kind to put into the hands of young Catholics, and it is to be hoped that the author of the "Wild Birds" will continue to add to the number.

*Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir*<sup>9</sup> announces itself to be but the history of two weeks, but one feels on laying it down as if one knew far more about the characters who move across its stage than so brief an acquaintance could warrant. The author contrives to give the reader a peep at many things besides the interior of Lady Glastonbury's boudoir and its handsome and strong-minded occupant; for within the small compass of an unassuming little volume much is compressed, although nothing is crowded. We are introduced to an apparently formidable "Uncle Bevis," whose past history forms the romance of the tale; to the unscrupulous villain of the piece, whose intrigues the same Uncle is the means of defeating; moreover, we are called upon to witness such startling incidents as a conflagration, which leads to the discovery of a suppressed will; and an attempted assassination and hairbreadth escape, besides more pleasing events, such as the conversion of three of the principal characters and the edifying death of Lady Glastonbury herself. The whole is simply and agreeably told, giving a fair picture of English country life; all winding up at last in the most approved fashion by the happy marriage of the heiress to the estates. High principles are enforced throughout, the hero being the very soul of honour and generosity, and the family motto, *Fais ton devoir defend qui veult*, being held up as the maxim which ought to guide our actions under all circumstances of doubt or difficulty.

A new volume of *Growth in the Knowledge of our Lord*<sup>11</sup> carries on the series of regular meditations to the Seventh Sunday after Pentecost. To these are added Meditations on the Chief Festivals during this period of the year, for the first Fridays in each month, &c. These simple and pious meditations are equally well suited to religious and to those who live in the world.

The means by which England succeeded in crushing out Irish industries have been much discussed of late, and a republication by Messrs. Gill of Hutchinson's *Commercial Restraints of*

<sup>9</sup> *Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir*. By the Author of *The New Utopia*. London: Burns and Oates, 1883.

<sup>10</sup> *Growth in the Knowledge of our Lord*. Meditations for every day in the year. Vol. iii. London: Burns and Oates.

*Ireland*<sup>11</sup> brings under public notice the unscrupulous disregard displayed by the English Government for the interests of Irish manufactures. Hutchinson was for many years Provost of Trinity College. He was a Protestant, and addicted to much jobbery, a pluralist, venal, and ready for any scheme of money-making. At the same time he was a man of extraordinary ability and influence. And in spite of his personal venality and want of principle, he was an active advocate of the national claims of his country, and keenly sensitive to her wrongs. In a series of letters addressed to a "noble lord," he points out how Ireland, if allowed a very moderate amount of liberty, makes rapid advances in internal prosperity, but how that prosperity has been crushed out by English oppression. The most cruel blow of all was the destruction of the woollen trade by a prohibitive duty, imposed simply in the interests of English traders, who dreaded Irish competition. In a careful introduction, Mr. Carroll gives a summary of the matter treated, and prefixes a Life of Hutchinson.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

The first article in the new number of the *Dublin Review* is a bold and very interesting essay by Professor Mivart on Catholic politics. The conclusion to which he tends is, that in England a Catholic of the present day should choose his political party apart from his religion, and he thinks that "with the progress of evolution the distinctness of the just spheres of religious and political activity will be more and more apparent." We are inclined to question this. Any one who recalls the chief political questions of the last dozen years will find religion continually mixed up with them quite as much or more than was the case fifty years ago. As time goes on the war between irreligion and religion waxes warmer and is more prone to affect questions once indifferent. Our best advice to a Catholic as a Catholic would be to be swayed not a little by his religion in his choice of party. And to guide him in his choice we would lay down a principle of which we miss any explicit statement in Professor Mivart's article, that wherever the civil disabilities

<sup>11</sup> *The Commercial Restraints of Ireland.* By John Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College. Re-edited, with a Sketch of the Author's Life, Introduction, &c., by W. G. Carroll, M.A. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

and wrongs, positive and negative, endured by the Catholic Church exceed the privileges and liberties she enjoys, these Catholics as such are naturally Liberal: wherever her privileges and liberties exceed her disabilities and wrongs, these Catholics as such are naturally Conservatives. Whether Professor Mivart would assent to this principle, we leave the readers of the *Dublin Review* to judge. If we do not agree with his article in everything, we cannot but admit its ability and recommend it for its many valuable ideas and suggestions.

The article on Adrian the Fourth on Ireland is excellently timed in face of the recent events in Ireland. Was Adrian's alleged grant of Ireland to Henry the Second a fact or an invention of interested historians? A chapter in the *History of John of Salisbury* is the authority for it; but was this chapter a later forgery? Irish historians who accept it say that Adrian was purposely deceived as to the state of the country and the necessity of English interference. If this was the case they would find in it curious confirmation of their theory respecting a recent Papal letter. But Dom Gasquet regards the Bull as at least doubtful, and brings forward strong evidence for its rejection. Other articles on the Holy Synod, Jane Austen, and the Westphalian poet Freiligrath, and the recent Papal Letter to the Irish Bishops, &c., make up this more than usually interesting number of the *Dublin*.

In the pages of the July number of the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, Father Ehrle gives an account of a new Franciscan College lately erected not far from Florence, destined to inaugurate a fresh era in the theological studies of that Order. Henceforward St. Bonaventura—to whom the College is dedicated—is to be taken as their great authority in lieu of Duns Scotus, to whose teaching they have hitherto adhered. The reasons why the *Doctor seraphicus* is to be substituted for the *Doctor subtilis* are first, because the writings of the latter are less suited for beginners, and also because the teaching of the former being more closely allied to that of St. Thomas, by its adoption the disputes frequent among schoolmen may be avoided. Not only is a new school thus founded in this College of St. Bonaventura, but a new and critical edition of his works is being prepared—a difficult task which has frequently been attempted, but hitherto never successfully carried out. The publication of a history and defence of the policy of the Prussian Government in ecclesiastical matters calls for a protest on the



part of German Catholics, the more so as it is officially sanctioned, and a grant is asked for in Parliament to defray the expenses attendant on the compilation of the work. The object of this anti-Catholic "Bluebook" is to show that the recent action of the Legislature in asserting State supremacy is not only justifiable, but simply a revival of the policy invariably followed by the Hollenzollerns until 1840, during a period of two hundred years, whilst the resistance of Catholics is not only represented as most unjustifiable, but offers an unpleasing contrast to the loyal submission said to be exhibited by their forefathers. Father Schneemann undertakes, in the interest of truth and patriotism, to expose the misrepresentations and misstatement of facts in this Apologia, confining himself for the present to the action of the Government in one province. The readers of the *Stimmen* need not be assured of the ability and success with which he performs his task. In "Sketches from the Netherlands" we have this month some amusing extracts from a political skit, giving a humorous account of a supposed interview between Prince Bismark and a provincial alderman, concerning the possible annexation of Holland. Attention must also be called to a short obituary notice of Father Bauer, a valuable contributor to the pages of the *Stimmen*, whose loss will be much felt. It is owing to his exertions that the library at Maria Laach can now rank amongst the largest and best private libraries in Germany. At the time of the Vatican Council he distinguished himself as a champion of the Infallibility, and was long a scourge in the side of the so-called Old-Catholic faction. It was on the 10th of June last, in the hospital of Kirchrath that he ended his life—which was essentially that of a hospes, a stranger upon earth—as it had been his lot to suffer exile no less than four times.

In the *Katholik* for June will be found an interesting article on the office of a deacon in early times, the necessity for its institution, the manner of election of the deacons, their consecration by imposition of hands, and the duties assigned them. The functions of the diaconate in the primitive Church were very important; to a great extent they are now in abeyance, or have passed into the hands of others. According to its derivation the word deacon originally meant a messenger or escort; its usual signification was that of a helper, or minister, to be taken either in a good or bad sense. In the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul the term is applied to any one employed

habitually in the service of God and of the poor; later on it was confined to a special class of ministers ranking, like the Levite of the Old Dispensation, next below the priest. The conclusion of the subject is reserved for a future article. The same number of the *Katholik* contains the conclusion of the life of M. Paul v. Deschwanden—a simple and pleasing biography of one who devoted his talents neither to gain worldly wealth or win human applause—and also the review of a book lately brought out in Mayence, which will prove an acceptable addition to theological literature. It treats of the discipline of the Church in regard to Penance, being the most comprehensive work on the subject which has hitherto appeared; it has been compiled by Dr. Schmitz, at the cost of fifteen years' careful research and study of all the documents, both printed and MSS., that were within reach. Attention is likewise called to a poem by Behringer, the Rector of the Bavarian College at Aschaffenburg, entitled, "The Apostles of the Lord," which is not as well known as it apparently deserves to be. A general outline of the poem and some extracts from it are given; the conception is powerful—the motive embracing the past, present, and future of Christianity—and the versification varied and vigorous, but we fear the poem, described by the reviewer as almost Homeric in its grandeur and beauty, is not such as will find appreciation among the readers of the present day.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (No. 792) again revives the discussion whether St. John Nepomucene, who is said to have been cast in 1383 into the waters of the Moldau, by order of King Wenceslas, for refusing to reveal secrets confided to him in confession by the Queen, is identical with a Vicar-General of Pomuk, who, about ten years later, incurred the royal displeasure on account of some ecclesiastical appointments. The *Civiltà* is of opinion that preponderating evidence shows these to have been two distinct persons; unless fresh historical records are discovered which throw light on the matter, the date of martyrdom must remain undecided, the day appointed for the annual commemoration of the Saint being the anniversary of his canonization, not, as is usually the case, that of his death. In another article some further comments on the lamentable literary decadence of Italy are given, a result of the new educational code. The false method of instruction has already been noticed, but the inefficiency of the teachers, the bad moral

tone prevalent in the schools, and, most of all, the utter absence of religion, are the reasons now put forward for the growth of the evil. Italian professors now seem to possess a smattering of every kind of knowledge—except that they most need, viz., the way to teach—their instruction being consequently superficial and unproductive; the books placed in the scholar's hands are most objectionable, and the themes proposed for their compositions bad and stupid; irreligion is openly encouraged, nay more, even in the most elementary schools not only are the children not taught to love and fear God, but His existence is denied, and ridicule heaped on any one who ventures to express attachment to the Christian faith; physical fatigue is induced by long hours of study, and mental fatigue through the medley of subjects to be learnt; a lack of wholesome emulation moreover is keenly felt. Such are the results of the liberal modern system, from which the fear of God, which men used to think the beginning of wisdom, is carefully eliminated. The lovers of natural science will be interested in a suggestion for the prevention of explosions in steam-engines; also an account of some cures effected by means of electricity, and of others, still more singular, wherein sensation was restored to limbs long paralysed by the external application of metals.

We must not close our list of magazines without calling the attention of our readers to the *Downside Review*,<sup>1</sup> a very substantial periodical both in its material form and in the excellence of its contents. We cannot attempt to notice or even to enumerate the various and varied articles. It opens with a memoir of Dr. Sweeney, which all who knew him will read with special interest. The memoir is accompanied by a beautiful etching. Besides this there are two other illustrations, one of them a photograph of the altar of the Blessed Sacrament in the new church, with its magnificent reredos.

<sup>1</sup> *The Downside Review*. July, 1883. London: Whittingham and Co.













